MSS. Polynesian. No 6

The Original Manuscript of
"Myths & Songs" by W. W. Gill.
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The original manuscript of "Myths and Songs"
by the Revd. William Wyatt Gill, B.A., LL.D.

Sydney, April 1891

1879

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Myths and Songs

From

The South Pacific.

By the

Revd. William Wyatt Gill, B.A.

of the London Missionary Society.

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29 Lewis Grove
Lewisham S.E.

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GNZ MSS 46
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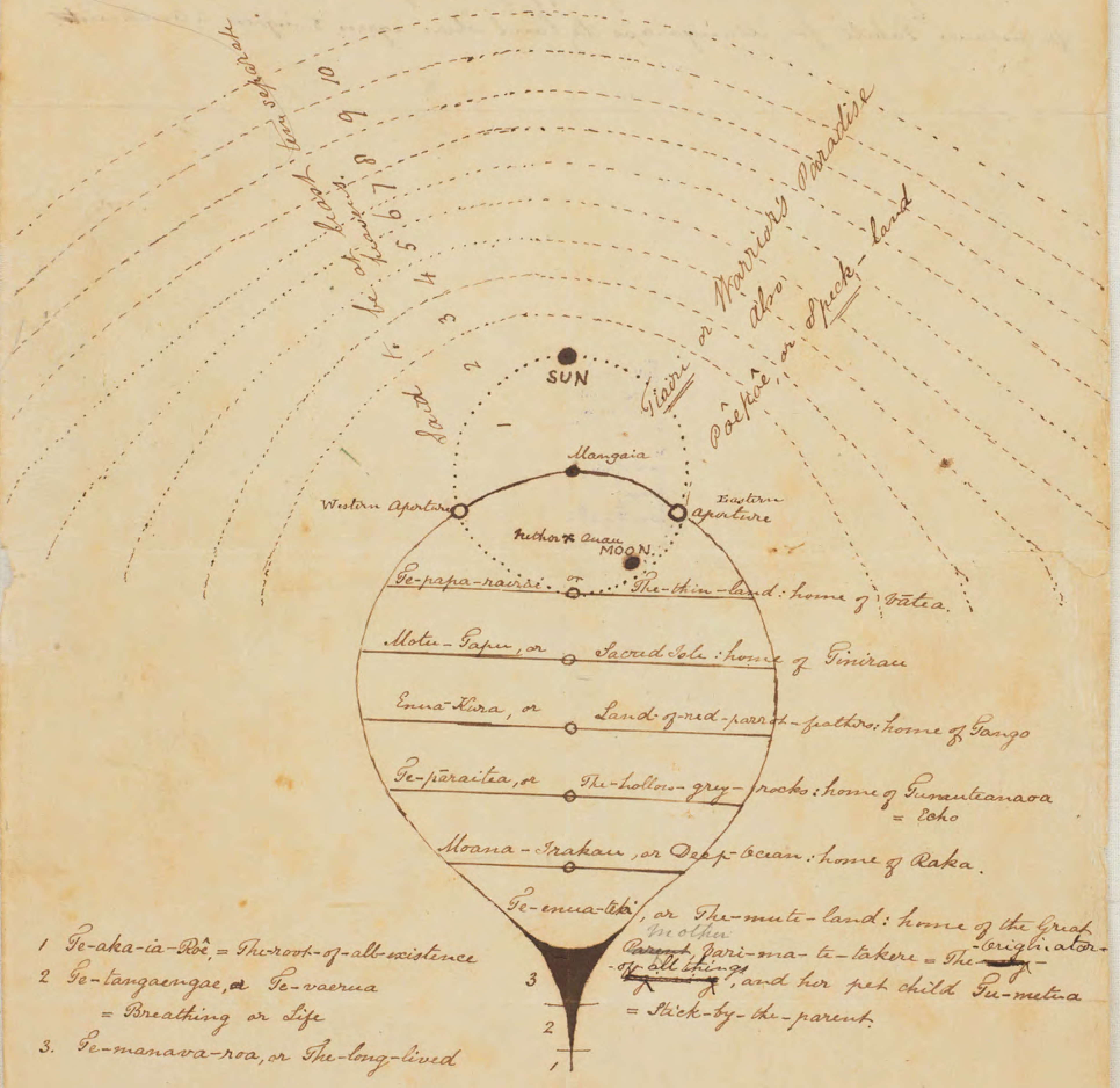
p. 169.

The beginning of all things.

The universe of these islanders is to be conceived of as the hollow of a vast cocoa-nut shell, as in the accompanying diagram.



The interior of this imaginary shell is named Avaiki. At the top is a single aperture communicating with the upper world where mortals (i.e. Mangaians) live. At various depths are different floorings or lands, communicating with each other. But at the very bottom of this supposed cocoa-nut shell is a thick stem gradually tapering to a point, which represents the beginning of all things. This point is a spirit or demon without human form, and is named Te-aka-ia-Roê*, or "The-root-of-all-existence". The entire fabric of the universe is constantly sustained by this primary being.

* Roê = thread-worm. The idea is of a quivering, slender worm-like point, at which existence begins — the extremity of the thread-worm.

This diagram will suit the mythology of many other islands, substituting for instance "Tahiti" for "Mangaia", as the land where egress & ingress to Avaiki exist.

This diagram will apply to the other [illegible] by this race; the aperture in each case being supposed to be in one of their islands; [illegible] the theory evidently belongs to the race, and not to that particular island

named the *iku*, or "tail;" in fact, it is dying away until it becomes, in the S.S.W., merely an *uru*, or "like the touch of a feather." Cyclones, of course, begin in the N.E., and go on increasing in violence until, on reaching the *iku*, or "tail," they moderate. Passing on to the *uru*, or "feathery," there is a perfect calm, mocking the desolations so lately wrought.

The whole of these names have, more or less, a figurative signification. The reader will observe the word *anau* (give birth) several times recurring. Taking, for example, *akarua* for N., the wind, in veering towards the W., becomes *akarua anau*—*i.e.*, "the north giving birth to a new wind" (N. by W.). As the wind veers to the N.N.W. it is called *akarua tu*, that is, "the *akarua* strong enough to stand."

Taking *Maoake* for N.E, when the wind shifts a point it becomes *Maoake anau*—that is, the N.E. giving birth (N.E. by N.). Advancing still towards the N., it is called *Maoake ta*, or the killing or terrible *Maoake* (N.N.E.), on account of the extreme violence of this wind when a cyclone blows.

The vast concave above was symbolised by the interior of a calabash, in the lower part of which a series of small apertures was made to correspond with the various wind-holes at the edge of the horizon. Each hole was stopped up with cloth. Should the wind be unfavourable for a grand expedition, the chief priest began his incantation by withdrawing the plug from the aperture through which the unpropitious wind was supposed to blow. Rebuking this wind, he stopped up the hole, and advanced through all the intermediate apertures, moving plug by plug, until the desired wind-hole was reached. This was left open as a gentle hint to the children of *Raka* that the priest wished the wind to blow steadily from that quarter.

The operator having a good knowledge of the ordinary course of the winds, and the various indications of change, the peril of the experiment was not great.

Providence has supplied these islanders with an *unfailing* natural indication of an approaching cyclone. This is expressed in the phrase, "Kua taviriviri tekao o te meika"—*i.e.*, the core of the true native banana is strangely twisted and contorted some weeks previous to a hurricane, as if to give warning of impending danger. This is usually associated with an extraordinary growth of food. Doubtless the excessive moisture and heat which occasion this rapid growth, and give rise to the strange twists of the wondrously delicate leaves of this banana, are the real causes of cyclones.

Mtn Calendar.

~~D. Macaulay~~

No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write." *

Very noticeable is the close of the second quotation from "In Memoriam"—"kindred brows;" and so absolutely yet undemonstratively self-obscuring is Charles Turner, that his face is here engraved and visible to the student of "In Memoriam" for the first time. It has been wrestled for (so to say). And now look at it, capable reader. You see instantly the "*kindred* brow." You never before have seen it, but you cry out "Tennyson." But it is his brother, not himself—and a brother proudly willing to be hidden in his shadow,—much as St. Andrew sought mainly to be known to posterity as "Simon Peter's brother." The portrait will reward the most penetrative study—and that is all I can venture to say while the original is still among us. With relation to "In Memoriam," it is more than satisfying to find that the elder brother has amply repaid its golden praise, as witness this (in part italicised by us, as throughout in quotations):—

"Vienna and In Memoriam.

"Roused by the war-note, in review I passed
The politics of nations—their intrigues—
Their long-drawn wars and hates—their loves and leagues;
But when I came on sad Vienna, last,
Her scroll of annals, timidly unrolled,

O World, for me ne'er care to weave a crown,
Who hold your smiles as lightly as your frown!
Yet I grow sad to think upon my songs,
For which no man, nor even a maiden, longs.
O my poor flowers, dead in the lap of Spring!
I think it is too sad a harvesting
For such brave hopes, for such kind husbandry!
Yet I must still go singing till I die."

Not altogether, but much of that holds of Charles Turner. Especially the pathetic-tragic

"Yet I must still go singing till I die:"

for day by day, like the birds, the elder brother of the Laureate keeps singing. I am told that those who have the privilege of his friendship and of his letters, look for verses in almost every slightest communication; nor is the "sweet singer" careful to preserve copies or remembrance of them, scattering them as the beech its tawny leaves. Here is a sonnet that reached me the other week from the friend to whom it was sent, and I print it with the modestly-put consent of its author. It will repay to pause over its quaint realism of observation—all the realism of John Clare, but with an added glow of Tintoretto-colour he never could impart:—

"The Felled Oak: Grasby Vicarage

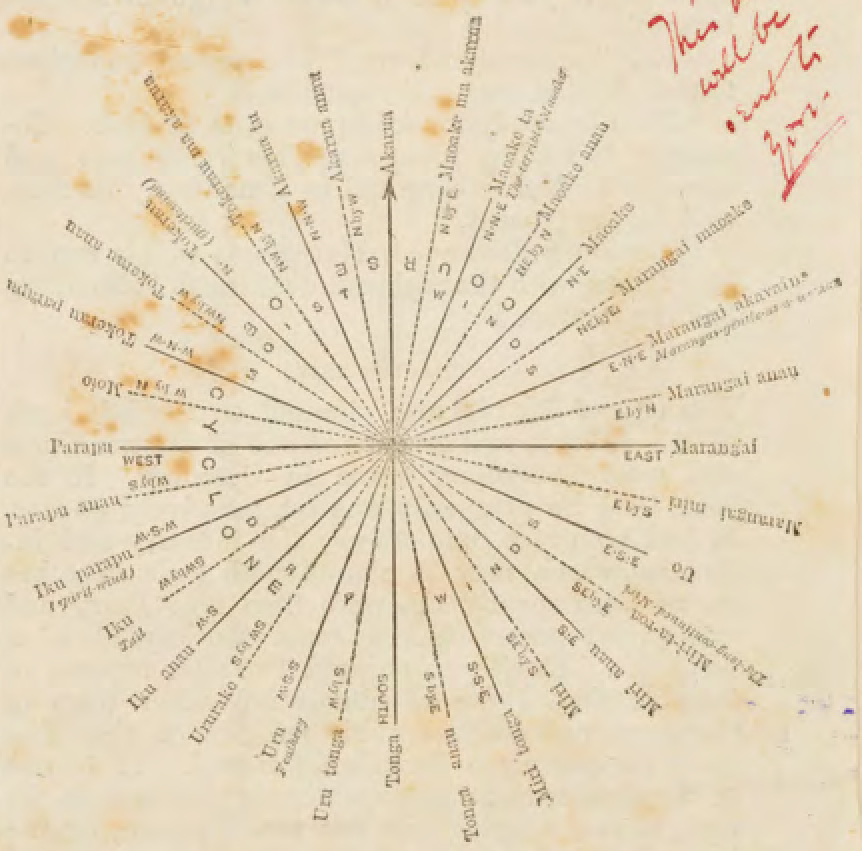
Insertion in Chap 57

1153a

THE MARINER'S COMPASS OF POLYNESIA.

TO the Chinese belongs the honour of inventing the mariner's compass, long anterior to the Christian era. It was known to the Arabs in mediæval times, and from them, through the Crusaders, the knowledge spread over Europe.

This block will be sent to you.



There can be no reasonable doubt that Polynesia was peopled from Asia. Did the original settlers take with them the mariner's compass, or anything analogous thereto? May not the ancestors of the present South Sea Islanders have been far more civilised than their descendants? The absence of iron throughout Polynesia would easily account for the loss of the magnet. Subjoined is a plan of the winds for the Hervey Group from the lips of the ancient priests. With slight variations, it will do for many other groups in the Pacific. The number of wind-holes in this plan exactly corresponds with the points of the mariner's compass. In the olden time, great stress was laid on this knowledge for the purpose of fishing, and especially for their long sea voyages from group to group. At the edge of the horizon are a series of holes, some large and some small, through which *Raka*, the god of winds, and his children, love to blow. Hence the phrase in daily use, "*rua* matangi," or "wind-*hole*," where Europeans would simply speak of "wind." The "head" of the winds is supposed to be in the east; by the time it has veered round to s.w. by w. it is

MEMORANDUM.

From HENRY S. KING & CO.
PUBLISHERS,
65, CORNHILL,
LONDON.

Oct 8 1875.

To Messrs Clowes

Myths & Songs

The annexed is to be added & is to come after the Calendar.

C.W.

the old city and the new. Both had the form of an irregular square, while the old city was connected with the opposite bank of the Elbe by a ship bridge, supported in the middle of the river by a small island. The town was surrounded by ditches and strongly fortified, and so well had its defences been planned, that it was, and indeed is now, reckoned to be all but impregnable.

Such, at least, did General Tilly find it. In the latter part of February of the year 1631, he had surrounded the city on the land side, erected batteries on the other side of the water, and so effectually cut off all communication, that not a person could approach the city even by the river without imminent risk of life. But though he had enclosed the town, though after the first fortnight all the outworks had been carried and destroyed, and although his guns were now playing upon the walls, the siege had lasted nearly three months, and he saw himself no nearer a surrender than before. A general assault he dared not venture upon, for the walls were high, and not a single breach had yet been made. More-

Kua ē te Tautiti nei — Where the dance is performed in silence,
Aore e kite i te tara ē! — And the gift of speech is unknown.

"Tu-metua" is usually shortened into "Tu" a principal god in most of the Polynesian mythologies, (to whom the 14th night in every "moon" was sacred.) On Cook's second visit to Tahiti, he found the king to be "Otoo", ancestor of the present Pomare. "Otoo" should be written "Tu", the O being a mere prefix to all proper names. This mythological name was adopted in order to secure for its owner the superstitious reverence due to the gods which are unseen by mortals. "Tu" was the tutelar goddess of Moorea. "Tu" here was invariably linked with her nephew Tangaroa; but was little regarded. The second islet of Hervey's Island is known as "the kingdom-of-Tu" (au-o-Tu).

At Raiatea "Tu-papa" = "Tu-of-the-lowest-depths" (the same as Tu-metua) becomes the wife of "Rā", the Sun-god, whose too frequent visits to her home required to be checked by Maui.

discover no trace of the fair one. He searched in all directions for her; — but in vain. At length it occurred to him that her home might be in some dark cavern communicating with a land lower than his own, from which the fair one was in the habit of ascending to "The-thin-land" to pay him nocturnal visits. To test the correctness of this supposition, Vātea scraped a quantity of cocoa-nuts and scattered handfuls down all the chasms in his territory. Some time afterwards he found that from the bottom of one cave named Taeva-rangi or "The-celestial-aperture" the rich white food had entirely disappeared. A fresh lot of the same dainty food was now thrown down, whilst Vātea from behind a projecting crag cautiously peered down. It was not long before a slender hand, very unlike his own, was slowly extended towards the coveted morsels. Vātea at once concluded that this must belong to the woman he had seen in his dreams. With a favouring current of wind, he descended to the bottom and caught the fair thief. His visions were realised; this lovely one confessed that she had again and again ascended to his house above in "The-thin-land" in order to win him as her future husband.* She correctly guessed that Vātea would never rest until he had discovered the whereabouts of the fair coquette and made her his wife. She informed her lover that she was "Papa" or "Foundation", the daughter of "Timātekore" or "Nothing-more" and his wife "Tamaiti-ngavaringavari" or "Soft-bodied". The famed Papa thus became the cherished wife of Vātea; both ascended by another eddy of wind through the chasm to "the-bright-land-of-Vātea"!

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* It was from "The-thin-land" that Potai sagely conjectured that Capt. Cook had come. "Era, e te matakeinanga, no raro Te-papa-rairai i Vātea" = "Surely, friends, he has climbed up from The-thin-land, the home of Vātea". How? By breaking through the solid sides of the vast cocoa-nut shell.

It was deemed by Vari very unseemly that Vātea's land which originally was immediately above her own, should be underneath and so to speak be invaded, by his younger brothers. "The-very-beginning" therefore altered the relative position of "The-thin-land";* placing it directly under the opening from this upper world; so that the law of primogeniture was established, the lands of all the younger brothers thus lying underneath the territory of "Noon-day".

Vātea in his dreams several times saw a beautiful woman. On one happy occasion he succeeded in clutching her in his sleep, and thus detained the fair sprite as his wife in his home in Te-papa-rairai.

Another account asserts that on Vātea's waking from sleep he could discover no trace of the fair one. He searched in all directions for her; — but in vain. At length it occurred to him that her home might be in some dark cavern communicating with a land lower than his own, from which the fair one was in the habit of ascending to "The-thin-land" to pay him nocturnal visits. To test the correctness of this supposition, Vātea scraped a quantity of cocoa-nuts and scattered handfuls down all the chasms in his territory. Some time afterwards he found that from the bottom of one cave named Taeva-rangi or "The-celestial-aperture" the rich white food had entirely disappeared. A fresh lot of the same dainty food was now thrown down, whilst Vātea from behind a projecting crag cautiously peered down. It was not long before a slender hand, very unlike his own, was slowly extended towards the coveted morsels. Vātea at once concluded that this must belong to the woman he had seen in his dreams. With a favouring current of wind he descended to the bottom and caught the fair thief. His visions were realised; this lovely one confessed that she had again and again ascended to his house above in "The-thin-land" in order to win him as her future husband! She correctly guessed that Vātea would never rest until he had discovered the whereabouts of the fair coquette and made her his wife. She informed her lover that she was "Papa" or "Foundation", the daughter of "Timātekore" or "Nothing-more" and his wife "Tamaiti-ngavaringavari" or "Soft-bodied". The famed Papa thus became the cherished wife of Vātea; both ascended by another eddy of wind through the chasm to "the-bright-land-of-Vātea"!

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Dramatic song of Creation.

For the fête of Potiki, circâ 1790.

Noo mai Vari i te āiti, I te tuturi i te memenge. E Rongo ē, a kake!	Call for the dance to begin with music	The home of Vari is the narrowest of all, Knees and chin ever meeting.— It was reserved for Rongo to ascend.[x]
Taipo ē!	(Solo)	What more?
O Vātea kite i tena vaine; I moe ana paa i reira e!	Chorus	'Twas in the shades Vātea first saw his wife, and fondly pressed her to his bosom
Aē!	(Solo)	Aye!
Te ui a te metua i anau ai Ia Timātekorē!	Chorus	When asked who was her (Papa's) father, She said Timātekore! (Nothing-more).
Ia Timātekorē! Aore o tatou medua, ua tu e, I Vari ua mai ē!	Solo	Most truly, Timātekore. But we have no[+] father whatever: Vari alone made us.
Noo mai Vari ē! I te āiti aē!	Solo.	That home of Vari is The very narrowest of all!
Noo mai Vari i te āiti; E tuarangi kai taro mata I na turanga pure ē! O Vātea metua e pua ua ake.	Chorus.	Vari's home is in the narrowest of spaces, A goddess feeding[‡] on raw taro At appointed periods of worship! Thy mother, Vātea, is self-existent.
Pua ua o Vātea, O Papa i te itinga, O Vari-ma-te-takere I tapākāu ana ē!	Solo	Vātea sprung into existence. Papa is bright as the morn. Vari-the-originator-of-all-things Sheltered her (Papa) under her wing.

Finale

Te taia ia Maukurautaroa Te rua i te matangi, e Vātea ē!	Call to begin	Let the storm be restrained In favor of Vātea, O thou god of winds!
Taipo ē!	(Solo)	What more?
Taotao matangi na Ina Te kumutonga	Chorus	Awake the gentle breeze of Ina That bore her to her lover.

O nai matangi riki ē
Ka arara'i oki toku tere
Ki raro ē!

(Solo) O for a soft zephyr to bear me (Vātea)
Prosperously on my way
To the shades!

A taia e te matangi

(Solo) Be lulled, ye winds.

Taia e te matangi
O Tukaiaa te tai mākoakoa.

(Chorus) Aye, they are lulled. No storm
Now sweeps o'er the treacherous sea.

Koakoa ē o tei po
Kai matangi rueke ē!

(Solo) Ye inconstant winds of nether-land
Bear me down to her gloomy abode.

× Rongo often came up from the shades to this upper world; Vari never.

† Papa could boast of father & mother; but the children of Vari were simply moulded out of bits of her own body. An allusion is intended to the ~~fact~~ belief that the three original tribes are descended from the three illegitimate sons of Tevaki

‡ As a matter of fact however Vari and Vātea had no altars and no separate worship; but the grandchildren of Vari had.

Tangaroa and Rongo were the ~~twin~~ children of Vātea and Papa. These boys were the first beings of perfect human form, having no second shape.

Tangaroa should have been born first, but gave precedence to his brother Rongo. A few days after the birth of Rongo, his mother Papa suffered from a very large boil on her arm. She resolved to get rid of it by pressing it. The core accordingly flew out; it was Tangaroa! Another account, equally veracious, says that Tangaroa came right up through Papa's head. The precise spot is indicated by "the crown" with which all their descendants have since been born!

Vātea's third son was Tongaiti, whose visible form was the white and black spotted lizards. Under the named of "Mata-rau," or "The-two-hundred-eyed" i.e. "The-sharp-sighted", Tonga-iti was an object of worship here. The fourth son of Vātea was Tangiia; the fifth and last son was "Tane-papa-kai" or "Tane-piler-up-of-food". Both Tangiia and Tane were principal gods of Mangaia.

The home of Rongo was "Auau" (afterwards named Mangaia) in Avaiki. As an individual consists of two parts, viz. body and spirit, so this island has a sort of "essence or "spirit", the secret name of which is "Akatautika" i.e. "The-well-poised", only used by the priests and kings of ancient days. When in after times the earthly form, or "body," of Auau was dragged up to light, there remained behind in the obscurity of nether-world the etherial form or "spirit" of "The-well-poised":

Now Tangaroa was altogether the cleverest son of Vatea; he instructed his brother Rongo in the arts of agriculture. Their father wished to make Tangaroa lord of all they possessed; but the mother Papa objected, because as parents they dared not taste the food or touch the property of Tangaroa, the eldest by right. The mother had her own way. Hence when a human sacrifice was offered to Rongo, the refuse (i.e. the body when thoroughly decayed) was thrown to his mother, who dwelt with Rongo in the shades, in order to please her.

Government, arrangement of feasts, the drum of peace, i.e. all the fountains of honor and power, were secured to Rongo, through the selfish craft of Papa.

Nearly all sorts of food too fell to the share of the younger twin-god. The division was made on this principle, — all the red on earth or in the ocean became Tangaroa's; the rest, i.e. the great bulk, was Rongo's. Thus of the numerous varieties of taro, only one — a reddish sort (kakā kura) was Tangaroa's; the rest being sacred to Rongo. Amongst the multitudinous varieties of "meikas",+ only the plantain was the property of Tangaroa's, on account of the redness and uprightness of its fruit. The very name, "the upright ~~fr~~ fruit" (uatu), testifying to the dignity of the eldest of the gods. Bananas of all sorts belonged to Rongo. The plantain being the "kokira" or "head" of the great "meika" family does not bend its head; just as Tangaroa is the "kokira" or the first in the family of the gods.

Of three kinds of chestnuts, but one, the red-leafed, is sacred to Tangaroa. Of the two sorts of the indigenous yam, the red is Tangaroa's. Of the double variety of cocoa-nuts, one belongs to Tangaroa. All the bread-fruit was sacred to Rongo

In regard to the wealth of the ocean, Rongo was decidedly the gainer. But four sorts of fish — all scarlet, besides lobsters, fell to Tangaroa. The silvery, striped, spotted, and black were all Rongo's.

Thus Rongo became very rich; Tangaroa comparatively poor. The twin gods made a grand feast, each collecting only his own food, to which Vatea and Papa were invited. Tangaroa made one great pile of red taro, yams, chestnuts, cocoa-nuts; the top garnished with red land crabs and all the red fish he could find in the sea, &c.

Rongo's pile was immensely greater. The treasures of earth and ocean were there. The parents declared that Tangaroa carried the palm for beauty; whilst Rongo excelled in abundance.

Upon the same principle all fair-haired children (rauru keu) in after ages were considered to be Tangaroa's (the god himself had sandy-hair); whilst the ~~dark~~ dark haired, which form the great majority, are Rongo's. Now Rongo's hair was raven black, as became

+ The term "meika" includes bananas and plantains

* The great navigator counted 49 skulls on the marae of "Oro" at Tahiti, and witnessed the placing of the fiftieth. When he himself received divine honors at the Sandwich Islands, he was not aware that it was as the blood-stained "Rongo", whose home was supposed to be in these southern islands, and at whose shrine those 50 reeking heads had been offered during ~~the life-time of~~ a single generation.

"e atua po" or "god-whose-home-is-the-shades." Now and then a stray child here might be claimed for Tangaroa, whose home is in the sky i.e. far-beyond the horizon; the majority of his fair-haired children live with the ~~sandy~~ fair-haired god in distant lands. Very few natives have light hair, a color greatly disliked amongst themselves, but in their view suitable to foreigners. To this day a golden-haired child is invariably addressed, in playful allusion to this myth, as "the fair-haired progeny of Tangaroa". Hence in the ancient legend about Tarawri, the prince of reed-throwers, this famous son of Tangaroa is represented as being with his brother "fair-haired"

Romance

Ext Berry

Tarawri i te puti angaiia e Pinga Ei uke i te mate ē!	Tarawri, the waif brought up by Pinga, Avenged the disgrace of his brother.
Taipo ē!	What more?
Anau keu a Tangaroa, Kua piri paa i te ao	The fair-haired children of Tangaroa Doubtless sprung from dazzling light.

Hence when Cook ~~touched here~~ discovered Mangaia the men of that day were greatly surprised at the fair hair and skin of their visitors, and at once concluded that these were some of the long-lost fair children of Tangaroa!

It was but natural that Tangaroa should be displeased at the preference always shown to his brother Rongo. He therefore collected a vast quantity of red food of all kinds and set out on a voyage in search of some other land where he could reign alone. He made a long journey and touched at many islands, scattering everywhere the blessings of food piled up for the purpose in his canoe. Finally he settled down on his beloved islands Rarotonga and Aitutaki, leaving "Auau", or as it was afterwards designated Mangaia, in the quiet possession of Rongo = "The-Resounder"*

* In winter tree-fruits disappear; whereas taro, bananas, &c. are in season all the year round. The reason for this is, that the former belong to Tangaroa who merely permits his gifts to be seen and tasted here in the land of Rongo on their way (in winter) to realms where he reigns undisturbed.
On this account these fruits were not regarded as private property, but as belonging to all the inhabitants of the district in in which they grew.

"Rongo" or "Rono" who had gone to Tahiti would return to Hawaii in a canoe of a remarkable shape. This seemed realised in the visit of Capt. Cook

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Remarks — Ed. Berry

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* Rongo or O Rō was the chief object of worship at Tahiti and most of the Leeward Islands. His seat was the marae at Opoa on the island of Raiatea; whence this worship extended to all the neighbouring islands, and throughout the Paumotu Group. Human sacrifices were continually offered to the great Polynesian god of war, to obtain success in their cruel enterprises. (see Note I at the end)

When Captain Cook visited the Sandwich Islands, he was regarded as the incarnation of Rongo, or in their dialect "Orono" or "Rono", and accordingly received divine honors. An ancient prophecy asserted that "Rongo" or "Rono" who had gone to Tahiti would return to Hawaii in a canoe of a remarkable shape. This seemed realised in the visit of Capt. Cook

×

with his two wonderful vessels from Tahiti. Here it was Tangaroa that was expatriated, without hope of return; Rongo was regarded as being in possession,× although resident in the shades. His marae is called O-Rongo, and was first set up on the eastern side of the island; but was ultimately removed to the west, where the great navigator held communication with these islanders. It is singular that the "voyages" do not allude to his great stone image, the secondary representation of Rongo, which must have been visible from the boat of the "Resolution". Reference is made to the residence of the shore king, the guardian of the great national idol.

The principal god of Rimatara was "Rono", or Rongo, to whom human sacrifices were offered.

The wife of Rongo was Tākā, who bare a daughter named Tavake. In the course of time Tavake grew up and gave birth successively to Rangi, to Mokoiro, and to Akatauira, — all illegitimate! Rongo wished his three grandsons, who were also his sons, Note II to live with him in "Auau" in the shades. But Rangi was resolved to pull up this land "Auau", afterwards called Mangaia, from Avaiki. This ~~[illegible]~~ was a most arduous task; but with the assistance of his brothers the brave Rangi succeeded in dragging up this little island to the light of day. Rangi, Mokoiro, and Akatauira took up their permanent abode in this upper world. Thus the three brothers were the first inhabitants of Mangaia, and in the course of years gave rise to the original tribes which peopled this island. Three small rocks, united at the base, close to the marae of Rongo and the altar for human sacrifice, ~~are~~ are pointed out as symbolizing the threefold lords of the soil.

Rongo continued to live in Avaiki, in the invisible or nether "Auau", of which this island was asserted to be but the outward Note III expression! ~~He~~ directed Rangi to offer bleeding sacrifices on his marae in the upper world from time to time, — the decayed corpse to be invariably thrown in the bush to his mother Papa.

Mangaia, now for the first time emerged to the light of day, became the centre of the universe. Its central hill was ~~[illegible]~~ accordingly designated "Rangimotia" = "The centre of the heavens". The inhabitants of Mangaia were veritable men and women, as contrasted with the natives of other outlying islands who were only "tuarangi" or "evil-spirits" in the guise of humanity!

Vātea or Avatea (= Noonday) was thus "the father of the gods and men", Note III the three original tribes being regarded as the direct offspring of Rongo all subsequent settlers and visitors ~~were~~ regarded as interlopers, to be if possible slain and offered in sacrifice. ~~to Rongo~~

In song the gods are called "te anau atea" i.e. "te anau a Vātea" = "children of Vātea". The same shortened phrase is in use at Rarotonga; at Aitutaki and Atiu the full form "avatea" is used, e.g. "kia kakā te mata o Avatea Nui" = when the eye of Great Avatea (= noon)

× The word is often used as equivalent to "deadly hate": "Ku a noo Rongo i roto" = "Rongo = deadly hate fills his heart", in allusion to his being the author of bloodshed and war.

is open"; in other words, "when the sun is in its full glory"; still in contrast with the darkness and gloom of Avaiki or Nether-world,

6

The ocean was known as "Ranaika Nui" or The-vast-outspread-plantain-leaf"; — that leaf being the largest+ in the world. The ocean was sometimes designated "the sea of Vatea"; at other times "the sea of Tane".

Above it was the blue vault of solid stone, sustained originally by the frail props of Rū on the central hill of Mangaia, but afterwards permanently raised to its present height by the tremendous exertions of Māui. In all, there were said to be ten separate heavens, rising one above the other into immensity. These constituted the Elysium of the brave. Here too was the home of Tangaroa, the scarcely worshipped god of day.

Upon the brow of a hill, facing the setting sun, and near to the great marae of the war-god it is asserted that there once existed a deep, gloomy chasm (long since closed up) known as "Tiki's hole" (Te rua ia Tiki). This constituted the regular road to Avaiki, like the single aperture at the top of a cocoa nut. Through it the three brothers descended to Avaiki or ascended to the light of day, at pleasure.

The three brothers are always described as joint "kings" or "Nga ariki". The entire body of their descendants were therefore called by the shorter form "Ngariki". To Rangi Rongo gave "the drum of peace"; to Mokoiro the direction over food of all kinds; to the pet — the youngest — Akatauira was given the "karakia" or "prayers" and the sway over his brethren.

Rangi, Mokoiro, and Akatauira were doubtless veritable persons, chiefs of the first settlers on Mangaia. Their wives were respectively named Tepotatango×, Angarua, and Ruange. Then came Papaaunuku, son of Tane-papa-kai or Tane-giver-of-food. When Tane died he was worshipped by his son, who was sent for by Rangi as his priest. But Rangi was not pleased with Tane, as he spake only as a man, without frenzy, through his son Papaaunuku. His grandfather Rongo lived only in the shades; Rangi wished for a god who would live with him in this upper world. He therefore sent to Rarotonga to ask Tangiia, a renowned warrior-king of that island to send him over one of his sons "who had grown up under the sacred shade of the tamanu leaves" to be his god. Rangi's wish was gratified, and Motoro was fixed upon by his father for the purpose

× Bottom of Hades.

Tangaroa had one marae, and that almost neglected, the only offering ever presented being the first-fruits of all newly planted cocoa-nut groves, — the tiny buds, which eventually become nuts. This was simply a recognition of his primogeniture. But the island was supposed to belong to Rongo and Motoro; the one god ruling the dead; the other the living!

Doubtless the worship of Tangaroa, Rongo, Tane, & possibly the Lizard god of Tongaiti, represented a much earlier & more widely diffused system of idolatry than prevailed here in historical times, when the children of Tangiia were deified.

+ A plantain leaf lying before me is 11 feet long and 3 broad

Note I At Atiu "Te-rongo", the Rongo of Mangaia, was represented as a son of Tangaroa. At Raiatea "Oro" was in like manner regarded as a son of the great Tangaroa. At Samoa "Rongona" is represented as the son of Tangaroa by Sina.

Note II. That these children of Tavake should be Rongo's is attested by the well-known couplet:

Tai anau kakaoa,	The three royal bastards
Na Rongo paa ïa tama e!	Offspring of the god Rongo!

[Ngariu's fete circa 1790]

(Gyn note III)

Note II The Hervey Group consists of seven inhabited islets. Each is supposed to be the body, or outward form, to which a spirit, bearing a distinct name, located in Avaiki, belongs.

Body	Spirit
1. "Rarotonga" = "western Tonga" i.e. in loving memory of "western Tonga" or Tongatapu	1 "Tumutevarovaro" = "echo."
2 "Auau" = "hot" (The later name "Mangaia" means "peace" "Mangaia-Nui-Neneva" = "Mangaia-monstrously-big").	2 "Akatautika" = "well-poised"
3 "Aitutaki" = God-led	3 "Arawra" = "fragrant wreaths for dancing"
4 "Atiu" = eldest-born (name of first-settler).	4 "Enua-manu" = land of birds
5 "Mauke" = land of Uke (the first inhabitant).	5 "Akatoka" = stony Some say: "Tarae-o-te-pau" = "The lip of the drum"
6 "Mitiaro" = "face of the ocean"	6 "Nukuroa" = "vast host"
7 "Manuae" = "home of birds"	7. "Enua-Kura" = land-of-red-parrot-feathers

It is said that the "spirit" name of "Tahiti" is "Iti" i.e. "iti nga" = "sun-rising". "Tahiti" simply means "East" or "Sun-rising", from "hiti (or iti) to "rise": ta being causative. That island was known here by the name "Iti" or "East"; it is only of late years the full name "Tahiti" has become familiar.

(Gyn note IV)

Note III. Yet the great "Vatea" possessed no marae, had no wooden or stone representative: nor was any worship ever paid to him.

The heathen intellect has no conception of a Supreme Being creating a universe out of nothing. At Mangaia the idea of divinity was pared down to a mere nothing. Whenever the gods make anything, the existence of the raw material, at least in part, is presupposed.

The primary conception of these islanders as to spiritual existences is a <u>point</u>. Then of something <u>pulsating</u>. Next of something greater, <u>everlasting</u>.

Now comes the Great Mother and Originator of all things. For the first time we meet with the ideas of <u>volition</u> and <u>creation</u>. "Vari" is represented as a female on account of fecundity, she being the original of all the gods and, remotely, of mankind. The arrangement of various lands in Avaiki and the apportionment of the different functions of air, earth, and sea, are hers. The ninth night of every moon was sacred to her. Yet "Vari" is incapable of speech and lives in darkness, her solace being the constant society of an affectionate daughter.

In the description of her first-<u>made</u> (<u>not</u> born) son "Bright Noon" (Avatea, or Vatea), one of whose eyes is the Sun, we gain the first idea of <u>majesty</u> as associated with divinity. The ocean is his; his children, born like ourselves, are the great gods who direct the affairs of the universe and are worshipped by mortals. To them belong the maraes and idols; they receive offerings of food and listen to the prayers of mankind.

And yet, strangely enough, associated with these original gods are the deified heroes of antiquity, in no wise inferior to their fellow divinities.

Birds, fish, reptiles, and insects, specially inspired priests, were reverenced ~~by mortals~~ as incarnations, mouth-pieces, or messengers of the gods.

The gods were supposed to have distinct functions; their quarrels were reflected in the wars of men. But <u>none create</u>, in the proper sense of that term. The Great Mother approximates nearest to the dignity of

creator; but when she makes a child, it is out of a bit of her own body. She herself is dependent on three prior existences ~~without~~ destitute of human form.

The earth is not made, but is a thing dragged up from the Shades, and is but the gross outward form of an invisible essence still there. At least ten heavens are built of azure stone, one above another, (to correspond with the different lands in nether-world), with apertures for inter-communication; — but the stones were pre-existent.

The principal words used by the ancient sages in speaking on this subject are —

1 "Vari" = "Beginning". This important word is used when describing the ~~beginning~~ commencement of any new order of things. The Great Mother herself is "Vari-ma-te-takere".

Strangely enough, at the sister island of Rarotonga this word no longer means "beginning"; but "mud"; agreeing however with the sense of the Mangaian ~~and~~ reduplicate "varivari" = "muddy".

Evidently then, apart from their mythological views, these people imagined that once the world was "a chaos of mud", out of which some mighty unseen Agent, whom they called "Vari", evolved the present order of things.

2 "Pua ua mai" = "Bud forth or blossom", as of a tree. Evidently here is no ~~fit~~ conception of creative power.

In seeking for an equivalent for בָּרָא, the first Missionaries chose the word "anga" = "made". Undoubtedly this is the best word; its original narrow sense being enlarged by the constant perusal of the Bible, &c. The magnificent conception of real creation is as unattainable to a heathen sage as the sublime conception of a ~~[illegible]~~ Supreme Deity.

* Footnote

* The "Ruanuku" of Mangaian mythology is the "Uanuku" of Rarotonga. Uanuku is represented by their 'wise men' as the <u>eldest</u> son of Tangiia.

"Motoro" is said to signify "to approach to a woman"; so that it is equivalent to "Ερως in the sense of libido. He was so called by his father Tangiia in allusion to his own passionate love for his wife Moetuma. Tangiia in his wanderings married two Mauke girls, Moetuma and her younger sister Puatara.

Chapter II ~~Idea of deity~~ Deified men. Derivation of the Polynesian word for God.

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8

Deified Men.

Some 500 years ago there lived on Tahiti two powerful chiefs; the younger named Tangiia, the elder Tutapu. Now the lands of the younger adjoined those of their only sister; and it chanced that one or two branches of a bread-fruit tree of hers growing close to the boundary line extended themselves over the soil of the irritable Tangiia. As is frequently the case with this tree, one half of this breadfruit was almost barren, whilst the branches extending over the land of her brother were heavily laden with fruit. Tangiia claimed the fruit as his, as it grew on his side of the boundary line: naturally enough the sister felt herself to be harshly dealt with.

The elder brother Tutapu hearing of the quarrel interfered on behalf of their sister. Thenceforth the brothers became deadly foes; and after many angry words Tutapu resolved to collect his dependents and upon a certain night to make a final end of his brother and his family. Tangiia obtaining timely notice of his intention ~~and~~ fled with wife, children, and friends to the neighbouring island of Huahine; but was pursued by the irate Tutapu. Tangiia was chased by his brother throughout the Leeward Islands, until finally finding that there was no rest for him in that group, he committed himself to the trackless ocean. Fortunately for him he reached Atiu, where he staid awhile. But the insatiate Tutapu followed him even to Atiu, many hundreds of miles from Tahiti. Tangiia again took flight; — this time to Rarotonga, which was destined to become the home of this renowned chief.

Tutapu remained a considerable time on Atiu. Children were born to him; some of his descendants afterwards reached Mangaia in a drift canoe, founding a tribe devoted to furnish human sacrifices

Hearing that Tangiia was prospering on Rarotonga, Tutapu again manned his large double canoe which is said to have had three masts and to have carried 200 warriors and started off once more in quest of his brother. Upon entering the harbour at Rarotonga which bears the name of Nga-Tangiia*, the brothers prepared for a final encounter. In the conflict which ensued, Tangiia assisted by Karika's party defeated the invaders and slew "Tutapu-aru-roa" = "Tutapu-the-relentless-pursuer", whose body was eaten by the victors.

Tangiia himself never landed on ~~the~~ Mangaia, the island, which is so intimately associated with the history of several of his children. It is needful to distinguish this Tangiia, who is unquestionably an historical character, from the mythical Tangiia descended from Vatea, and one of the gods of Mangaia, whose iron-wood form is deposited in the museum of the London

* = Ngati-Tangiia, i.e. The tribe of Tangiia

Missionary Society"

The sages of Rarotonga erroneously assert that Mangaia was first discovered and inhabited by the famous brother of Tutapu. This is foreign and new. Unquestionably Rangi and his friends were the first settlers on Mangaia from Savaii. Other canoes came. In the presence of the new comers, the children of the original settlers, wishing to establish their pre-eminence, boldly asserted that Rangi, &c. came "up"; not as in truth from the sun-setting, but out of the earth from (S)avai(k)i, the original home of men and gods, a land in some places much like this, in others filled with horrors. It was, in their opinion, self-evident that all drift canoes were mere waifs predestined to destruction in the presence of a race who grew, as it were, out of the soil!

The Karika family at Rarotonga expressly state that their ancestor came from Manu'a, the easternmost island of the Samoan group. The family marae of the Makea tribe is therefore named Rangi-Manuka or "Manu'a (= Manuka) in the skies"; as we say New Britain, New Caledonia, New England, &c. &c. They even state that Karika's great canoe in which he performed his wonderful voyage had "two masts" and carried 170 people ("okoitu").

It has been already stated (p.) that Rangi requested the invincible warrior Tangiia to send him one of his sons as a god. Accordingly Motoro was sent with two of his brothers, Ruanuku and Kereteki. Utakea, the third son of Tangiia, started for Mangaia some time after his brothers. Motoro was the fourth and best beloved son of the great Rarotongan chief. When the three brothers, — Ruanuku, Kereteki and Motoro, — were half-way on their voyage to this island a violent quarrel sprang up; the two elder brothers united in throwing Motoro into the sea where he miserably perished. The fratricides safely landed opposite to the marae of Rongo, and were pleased to see a deep hole in the reef through which the fresh water from the interior is poured into the ocean. One is surprised to find a large body of pure spring water gurgling up in the midst of the sea. Here they resolved to refresh themselves with a bath after their adventurous voyage. But as the aperture in the sharp coral will not admit of two large men bathing together, the point was hotly contested, who should get in first. It was finally settled that the first-born should enjoy the first bath. The instant Ruanuku's head was under water, his long hair was firmly grasped by Kereteki to prevent him from raising it again. After a time Kereteki dragged ashore the body of the murdered Ruanuku and buried it!

At a well-known spot on the South of the island afterwards landed Utakea, who lived peaceably with his brother Kereteki. Both lived

and died on Mangaia. Very strangely indeed, the cruel ~~fratricide~~ Kereteki, twice a fratricide, and his brother Utakea were worshipped as gods in the next generation. — As if in penitence, Kereteki set up the marae sacred to his slain brother Motoro. Here the spirit of Motoro was supposed to reside; and down to the destruction of idolatry in 1824 this spot was regarded as being the most sacred in the interior; as the ~~[illegible]~~ marae of Rongo was the most sacred on the sea-shore. A flourishing plantation of plantains now occupies the place of the idol grove.

It was well-known that Motoro's body was devoured by sharks; but then it was asserted that his spirit ~~travelled~~ floated on a piece of hibiscus* over the crest of the ocean billows until it reached Mangaia, where it was pleased to "inhabit" or "possess" Papaaunuku, and driving him into a frenzy compelled him to utter his oracles from a foaming mouth. This was just the sort of divinity that Rangi, the first king of Mangaia, wanted. Motoro was at once recognized as the great chief's own god, and Papaaunuku & his descendants as the priests of the new divinity. As Rongo lived and reigned in the "night" or the shades, so Motoro should live and reign in "the day" or this upper world. The three original tribes, — and the kings, invariably worshipped Rongo and Motoro; but many are said to have disapproved of the new worship, correctly regarding Rongo as the great original heathen divinity of Mangaia. Until 1824 both were conjointly worshipped as the supreme deities of this island, Rongo taking the first place.

The family of the first priest of Motoro was named the "Amama" or "the-open-mouthed"; to intimate that they were "the mouth-pieces" of that divinity. To this day this apellation is kept up, although but few know the reason for it.

Makitaka, the last priest of Motoro, embraced Christianity and died in 1830. The idol itself has long reposed in the museum of the London Miss'y. Society.

The worshippers of Utakea and Kereteki were in later times offered in sacrifice to Rongo and Motoro!

Motoro was proudly called "te io ora" or "the-living-god", because he alone of "the gods of day" would not permit his worshippers to be offered in sacrifice. The other divinities were styled "io mate" or "dead-gods"; as their worshippers were ever eligible for the altar of dread Rongo, who lived in the shades.

The word "io" commonly used for "god," properly means "pith" or "core of a tree." What the core is to the tree, the god was believed to be to the man. In other words, the gods were the life of mankind. Even when a worshipper of Motoro was slain in fair fight, it was supposed that the enraged divinity would by some special misfortune or disease put an end to the offender. Most appropriately and beautifully do ~~the~~ natives transfer the name "io ora" or "the-living-God" to Jehovah, as His worshippers never die!

* The sacred men assert that this is the reason why au (hibiscus) comes also to mean "reign" or "rule".

Motoro, Keretaki, and Utakea were represented by iron-wood idols in the god house of the king. On entering that rude reed hut, the dwelling-place of the chief divinities of Mangaia, the first idol was Rongo, in the form of a conch shell. (trumpets) Next came the honored Motoro, the guide of daily life. Then came Tane and 10 other objects of worship, amongst which were Keretaki and Utakea.

The iron-wood idol called "Tane" merely was assorted to represent the fifth son of Vatea; and yet was only third in order of dignity. Tangiia ~~—~~ the ~~fifth~~ fourth son of Vatea was the last in regard to dignity and order. Of the innumerable objects of fear and worship only thirteen were admitted to the honor of a place in this rude Pantheon as national gods.

Tiaio, king and god.

The history of this sovereign of Mangaia is well-known. A body of invaders from Atiu was utterly routed by the warlike chief Tiaio. To this day the natives of Atiu make pilgrimages to the spot where their countrymen fell in the olden time.

Tiaio became deservedly famous for this exploit. But some years afterward his pride led him "to defile the sacred district of Keia," the favourite haunt of the gods, by wearing some beautiful red ~~flowers~~ Chinese roses (kaute) in his ears! Now anything red was forbidden in that part of the island as being offensive to the gods; the redness of the flower being emblematical of the shedding of blood. Even the beating of native cloth was forbidden, lest the repose of the gods should be disturbed by the noise.

A hot dispute took place about this mark of disrespect to the gods, in which Mouna ~~the~~ priest of "Tane-the-man-eater" slew the king with a blow on his head. The blood of Tiaio mingled with the waters of the brook running past the marae of Motoro and eventually mixed with the ocean. Thenceforth that stream was held to be sacred, and it was fabled that a great fresh-water-eel — "Tuna" — drank up the blood of the murdered king, whose spirit at the same time entered the fish. "Tuna" made its way to the dark deep fissure running underneath the rocks into the sea. The indomitable spirit of Tiaio having thus succeeded in reaching the ocean, forsook the form of the eel and took possession of the large yellow shark, the terror of these islanders. The new divinity had a little marae set apart for his worship close by the more sacred grove of Motoro and but a few yards from where he fell by the hand of the jealous priest.

The "Mautara" or priestly tribe gave up their ancient divinity "Tane" in favor of this new god. The greatness of "Tiaio" marks the political supremacy of that

Song of the shore king, high priest of Rongo.

Composed by Vaepo for Raoa's fete circa 1815

Mariu te tapu o Motoro,
Te taka ra i Vairorongo
I te koukou anga vai ē!
O turuki o Rongo i kake ei

Kua kake atu au ra i te pa,
E atua noo ata i te kea,
E tau ariki nei.

Ariki Tamatapu i noo i Marua
Taea 'i aupi i te vai
O nga ariki e puipui aere.

Mariua Rongo te tapu i tai e!

I lay aside the sanctity of Motoro
Ere bathing in this sacred stream.
'T was here his spirit landed
On this pebbly beach devoted to Rongo.

It landed on this narrow shore, —
a god whose shade ever rests
On the sandstone sacred to kings.

Tamatapu once spent a night at Marua,
When the entire valley was flooded.
Such was the might of that king!

I lay aside the sanctity of the shore-dwelling Rongo!

It is uniformly stated that all their gods were originally men, whose spirits were supposed to enter into various birds, fish, reptiles, & insects, and into inanimate objects such as the conch shell, ^particular trees cinet, sandstone, bits of basalt, &c. &c. The greater gods alone had carved images for the convenience of worshippers; the lesser were countless, each individual possessing several. The gods were divided into two orders, "dwellers in day", and "dwellers in the shades or night." All the 13 principal gods, save Rongo, were "dwellers in day" i.e. were continually busy in the affairs of mortals, moving though unseen in their midst, yet often descending to "night" or to "Avaiki", the true home of the major divinities. In like manner those who "dwelt in night" were supposed frequently to ascend to day to take part in the affairs of mankind; but generally preferred to dwell in spirit-land. A few were supposed to remain permanently in the obscurity of "Avaiki" or "night".

The "dwellers in day" were believed to hover about in the air, hide themselves in unfrequented caves, besides taking frenzied possession of men and women. These were the divinities of recent human origin.

The lowest depth of heathen degradation is unconsciously reached in the worship of phallic stones, such as still ~~exists~~ exist on Tinian, one of the Ladrone Islands. The scene ~~is graphically depicted by Mr. [illegible]~~ was one of great interest, — a natural grotto converted into a heathen temple, outside of which these degrading rites were performed. The original significance of this embruting form of idolatry is lost, although its symbols are still preserved.

"back" as the essential part of the word, misled by a desire to

× Polynesian Researches vol. II p. 201

Song of the shore king, high priest of Rongo.

Composed by Vaepo for Raoa's fete circa 1815

Mariu te tapu o Motoro,	I lay aside the sanctity of Motoro
Te taka ra i Vairorongo	Ere bathing in this sacred stream.
I te koukou anga vai ē!	'T was here his spirit landed
O turuki o Rongo i kake ei	On this pebbly beach devoted to Rongo.
Kua kake atu au ra i te pa,	It landed on this narrow shore, —
E atua noo ata i te kea,	A god whose shade ever rests
E tau ariki nei.	On the sandstone sacred to kings.
Ariki Tamatapu i noo i Marua	Tamatapu once spent a night at Marua,
Taea 'i aupi i te vai	When the entire valley was flooded.
O nga ariki e puipui aere.	Such was the might of that king!
Mariua Rongo te tapu i tai e!	I lay aside the sanctity of the shore-dwelling Rongo!

It is uniformly stated that all their gods were originally men, whose spirits were supposed to enter into various birds, fish, reptiles, & insects, and into inanimate objects such as the conch shell, particular trees, cinet, sandstone, bits of basalt, &c. &c. The greater gods alone had carved images for the convenience of worshippers; the lesser were countless, each individual possessing several. The gods were divided into two orders, "dwellers in day"; and "dwellers in the shades or night." All the 13 principal gods, save Rongo, were "dwellers in day" i.e. were continually busy in the affairs of mortals, moving though unseen in their midst, yet often descending to "night" or to "Avaiki", the true home of the major divinities. In like manner those who "dwelt in night" were supposed frequently to ascend to day to take [illegible]

Derivation of the Polynesian word "Atua" or God

The great word for God throughout Eastern Polynesia is "Atua" (Akua). Archdeacon Maunsell derives this from "ata" = shadow, which agrees with the ~~English~~ idea of spirits being shadows, but I apprehend is absolutely unsupported by the analogy of dialects.

Mr. Ellis[x] regards the first a as euphonic, considering "tua" = "back" as the essential part of the word, misled by a desire to

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warlike clan, which is of recent origin. Tiaio was "a food-eating" god; generally associated with Motoro. His oracles invariably ended with demands for a feasting. This jolly-tempered divinity's last priest was ~~my friend~~ Teraavai, who died a valuable deacon of the church in 1865. A few cocoa-nut trees now mark the site of "Mārā", the deserted marae of the shark-god.

Rori's life was spared by Manaune expressly that he might carve the rough iron-wood representation of Tiaio, which with the rest now quietly reposes in the Society's Museum.

Koroa refers to this in his "crying" song for his friend Ata, recited at the "death-talk" of Arokapiti, circa 1817. * (Insert in the text).

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Tane-Ngakiau.

That is Tane-striving-for-power. This pretended god was a brave warrior who gave important assistance to Rangi in the first battle ever fought on this island, in which the invaders from Tonga were defeated with great loss. As his reward, he received the chieftainship of Ivirua. After his death his family deified him, and erected in his honor the famous marae "Maputu", which stands a lasting memorial of cruelty. The entire centre was filled with reeking human heads cut off in cold blood to mark his canonization. It was asserted that whenever this detested divinity took up his abode in any individual, it was made evident by his skin assuming a blood-red color, and the dying man would with supernatural strength fight imaginary foes, or rather unseen demons!

This uncomfortable sort of god had a carved iron-wood form and was one of the thirteen principal gods of Mangaia now in the Museum.

Tekuraaki

This god was introduced by Tui from Rarotonga. So long as "the royal Tama-tapu", the chief of "the-red-marked-tribe" maintained their supremacy, this divinity was popular. For some generations prior to the introduction of Christianity, this tribe was almost extinct, and the separate worship of Tekuraaki almost unknown. Yet the carved iron-wood idol remained in the Pantheon until 1824, when it was surrendered to Messrs Williams and Platt.

* (Text)

Kua tae paa i te tiangāmama	Cruel misfortune has again o'ertaken
Ia Teakatauira e kotia;—	This royal tribe.
Kotia o Ata o Tukua raua.	Ata and his father Tukua have fallen!
O Turou o Mouna o Tane-kai-aro,	E'en as once Turou and Mouna inspired
Kai-aro ra ia Marua.	By Tane-the-man-eater struck down
E tainga taito ia nei, ia kora atu,	Tiaio the king in the olden time.
I tai paū o Tiaio i te toru, ua tutua ē!	Long, long ago was that great man slain.

assimilate it with the "tev" of the Aztec and the "deva" of the Sanscrit. Occasionally when expressing their belief that the divinity is "the essential support" they express it by the word "ivi-mokotua" = "the back-bone" or "vertebral column"; never by the mere "tua" = "back." End Building

Larke That the "a" is an essential part of the word is indicated by the closely allied expressions "atu" ("Fatu" in Tahitian and Samoan), and "aitu"; in the latter the "a" is lengthened into "ai".

A key to the true sense of "atua" exists in its constant equivalent "io", which (as already stated) means "the core" or "pith of a tree". Analogically God is the pith, core, or life of man.

Again; "atu" stands for "lord, master"; but strictly and primarily means "core" or "kernel". The core of a boil and the kernel of a fruit are both called the "atu", i.e. the hard and essential part. (The larger kernels are called "katu"). As applied to a "master" or "lord" the term suggests that his favor and protection are essential to the life and prosperity of the serf. By an obvious analogy, the welfare of mankind is derived from the divine "Atu" or "Lord", who is the Core and Kernel of humanity. In the nearly related word "Atua" = "God", the final "a" is passive* in form but intensive in signification, as if to indicate that He is "the very Core or Life" of man.

A person who at a critical moment has lost courage is said to be "topa i te io" i.e. "forsaken by his god", — that divine something which imparts courage to fight or to endure. At Rarotonga the 13th phase of each moon is called "Maitu"; at Mangaia "Atua" (See Calender).

The word "rimu" means "moss"; "rimua" = moss-grown, the final "a" as in the word "Atua" being intensive. Thus it comes to pass that "eternity" or "for-ever" is expressed by the phrase "e rimua ua atu" — the essential part of which is "rimua". The idea is of a lofty tree covered all over with moss, the growth of untold ages. So that the phrase might be rendered "until covered with the moss of ages", i.e. "for-ever and ever."

"Tupu" means "grow, happen". In the phrase "mei tupua roa mai"

* All nouns may be converted into verbs by means of suffixes.

(the essential part of which is "tepua") the sense is "from the very beginning" i.e. from the time when things first began to "tupu" = grow or happen.

A very comprehensive designation for divinities of all kinds is "te anau tuarangi" or "the-heavenly-family" ("tu-a-rangi" = like-the-heaven or sky). Strangely enough this celestial race includes rats, lizards, beetles; eels and sharks; and several kinds of birds! The supposition was that "the-heavenly-family" had taken up their abode in these birds, fish, and reptiles.

A common and expressive name for God is "tatua manava" = "loin-belt or girdle", as giving strength to fight.

A human priesthood needed.

The gods first spake to man through the small land birds; but their utterances were too indistinct to guide the actions of mankind. To meet this emergency an order of priests was set apart, the gods actually taking up their abode, for the time being, in their sacred persons. Priests were significantly named "god-boxes" (pia-atua), — generally abbreviated to "gods", i.e. living embodiments of these divinities.

Whenever consulted, a present of the best food accompanied with a bowl of intoxicating "piper mythisticum" was indispensable. The priest throwing himself into a frenzy delivered a response in language intelligible only to the initiated. A favourite subject of inquiry was "the sin why so and so was ill"; no one being supposed to die a natural death unless decrepit with extreme old age. If a priest cherished a spite against somebody, he had only to declare it to be the will of the divinity that the victim should be put to death or be laid on the altar for some offence against the gods. The best kinds of food were sacred to the priests and chiefs.

Although unsuited for the delivery of oracles, birds were ever regarded as the special messengers of the gods to warn individuals of impending danger; each tribe having its own feathered guardians.

Of their many priests the leading place ever belonged to the "mouth-pieces" of Motoro. These men, significantly known as "the Amama" or "open-mouthed-tribe" in reality ruled the island from the time of Rangi downwards; first as priests of Motoro, and latterly by right of conquest. The two districts belonging to this tribe are the only ones which have not changed lands.

From the gluttonous habits of these priests is derived the phrase "to gormandize like a god" (kai atua).

This beautiful constellation was of extreme importance in heathenism, as its appearance at sunset on the eastern horizon determined the commencement of the new year, which is about the middle of December. The year was divided into two seasons,

or tau; – the first when in the evening these stars appeared on or near the horizon; – the second when at sunset ~~when~~ the stars were invisible.
The re-appearance of Pleiades above the horizon at sunset, i.e. the beginning of a new year, was in many islands a time of extravagant rejoicing.

A chase that never ends.

The only children of Potiki ~~and his wife~~ were twins; the elder, a girl, was named Piri-ere-ua or "Inseparable"; the younger was a boy. These children were naturally very fond of each other; whatever the sister wished the brother agreed to. Unhappily however their mother Tarakorekore was a scold, and gave them no peace. One night the mother went torch-fishing on the reef. The tide rising at midnight put an end to her sport; but not before she had obtained a basket full of small bony, red fish, called "kūkū". Upon arriving home, according to invariable native custom, she woke her husband and cooked the fish. Four divisions were made;— the parents eating their portions at once. The mother would not agree to her husband's suggestion to wake the children to partake of the warm and savoury midnight feast. However she carefully put away their portions into their baskets.*

Now "Inseparable" and her twin brother were all the time awake; but did not let their parents know the circumstance. In vain they waited for their mother to fetch them to share the good things. Potiki and Tarakorekore enjoyed a thorough good supper; but their children were not to get a taste until morning! The twins wept in secret. As soon as their parents were soundly asleep, "Inseparable" proposed to her brother that they should flee away for ever. At first the boy hesitated; but eventually agreed to comply with his sister's wishes. Cautiously opening the sliding door of their house, they started on their journey. Upon reaching an elevated point of rock, they sat down and again wept, each filling a little natural hollow in the rock with their parting tears, without however in the least relenting in their purpose. At last they leaped up into the sky, "Inseparable" holding on to the extremity of her brother's girdle.

As soon as the morning star became visible, the mother went to rouse the children, so that they might eat their fish and taro: but they were gone! Their little bed of fragrant dried grass was cold, though moist with tears. Hastily summoning her husband, a strict search was made;— the path taken by the twins was traced by their tears. The little hollows filled from their eyes ~~of the twins~~ revealed the spot where they had last rested on earth. But no further trace could be discovered. In utter perplexity the now sorrowful and repentant parents

* Throughout the islands each member of the family has a separate food-basket; so that if hungry at night he should only take his own share and not encroach upon his neighbour's.

looked up at the sky, where the sun had not yet risen, and to their great surprise saw their beloved children shining brightly there! Vainly they called on "Inseparable" and her brother to return. To stay longer on earth without these dearly-loved though ungrateful children could not be thought of: so then father and mother leaped right up into the heavens in hot pursuit of the "Twins." But the children had got the start of their parents, and made the best of their way through the azure vault. This strange chase is still going on; for the parents have never yet succeeded in overtaking their truant children. All four shine brightly: the parents Potiki and Tarakorekore being larger exceed their children in brilliancy. Brother and dearly-loved sister, still linked together, pursue their never-ceasing flight, resolved never again to meet their justly-enraged parents.

Song of the Twins.

Eaa te ara i ooro ai nga tamariki a Tarakore kore?	Wherefore fled the children of Tarakorekore?
Noa riri paa i te ai kūkū na Potiki;	Anger at the cooked fish of Potiki.
I tu ai i ooro ai; i tu ai i ooro ai!	They stealthily rose and ran and fled for ever.
Ua vaia au i teia e, eita ua taana e!	Alas! that a mother should thus ill-treat her children.
E kore au e ta; o te ui maie ua atu,	Such was not my (father's) wish, and when I interceded
Ua kore ake oi ē!	She will not relent.
Ka akakutu ta ua'i; ka akakutu ta ua'i.	She thrashes them; — is always at it.
I moe ana au i Karanga; i moe ana au i Karanga	If one sleeps at Karanga or elsewhere,
I tau metua vaine: kore ua ka rerua ikona ē! koe	Still there is no peace; only threats & blows.

These lines were composed by Reinga for a fete held circa 1815. a play is intended on the mother's name "Tarakorekore", which means "never-speak-at-all"

"Inseparable" and her brother are the ~~two stars~~ double star μ^1 and μ^2 Scorpii. The irate parents are the two bright stars υ and λ Scorpii

The Revd. W. Ellis in his "Researches" erroneously calls them Gemini, or "The Twins." Vol. III, p. 172, second edit.

I once heard a native preacher say, that Christ and the Christian should be like these twin stars ever linked together; come life, come death. The allusion was happy and was perfectly understood by all present, the story being a favourite one throughout the islands.

Pleiades or Matariki

These stars were originally one. Its bright effulgence excited the anger of the god Tane who got hold of Aldebaran (Aumea) and Sirius (Mere) and chased the offender. The affrighted fugitive ran for his life and took refuge behind a stream. But Sirius drained off the waters, thus enabling Tane to renew the chase. Finally Tane hurled Aldebaran bodily against the exhausted fugitive, who was thereby splintered into six shining fragments. This cluster of little stars is appropriately named "Mata-riki" or "little-eyes", on account of their brightness. It is also designated "Tau-ono" or "the-six", on account of the apparent number of the fragments; the presence of the seventh star not having been detected by the unassisted native eye.

Reinga thus sings of the wars of the star-gods —

Ua riri paā Vena ra ia Aumea,	Vena[x] was enraged against Aumea (Aldebaran),
Noa kite ake i te kakenga.	On account of the brilliance of his rising
Noa ui atu i te ara i pao ai Matariki ma	She demanded if he recollected the fate of the Pleiades
E Mere ma ē!	Shivered by Sirius and his friends.
Tuārangi maiti! Tuārangi maiti!	Alas, ye bright-shining ~~gods~~! Bright-shining gods!

[x] Vena was a goddess, represented by the star Procyon (Canis Minor).

We have already seen that the Sun was known as "the-eye-of Avatea or Vātea" (Noon-day) i.e. the right-eye: the left eye of Vātea being the Moon.

Venus, as the morning star, was called "Tamatanui", i.e. "the eye of Tane". The evening star was regarded as a different planet, being known as "Takurua-rau". Jupiter was often mistaken for the morning star.

The rainbow was designated "the-girdle-of-Tangaroa", by which the eldest of the gods was accustomed to descend to earth.

The Magellan clouds are known as "nga māū," or the upper and lower "mists."

The Sun and Moon.

A curious myth obtained in the now almost extinct Tongan tribe relative to the origin of the sun and moon. Vātea and Tonga-iti quarrelled respecting the parentage of the first-born of Papa, each claiming the child as his own. At last the infant was cut in two.

Vātea, the husband of Papa, took the upper part as his share, and forthwith squeezed it into a ball and tossed it into the heavens, where it became the Sun!
Tonga-iti sullenly allowed his share, the lower half, to remain a day or two on the ground. Seeing the brightness of Vātea's half, he resolved to imitate his example by compressing his share into a ball and tossing it into the dark sky during the absence of the Sun in Avaiki, or nether-world. Thus originated the moon, whose paleness is attributable to the blood having all drained out and decomposition having commenced!

This myth was rejected by the victorious tribes; not on the ground of its excessive absurdity; but on account of its representing Tonga-iti as a husband of Papa instead of being her third son. By this account the almost extinct tribe of Tongans should take the precedence of their hereditary foes, the descendants of Rongo.

The origin of this myth seems to be this:

Day (Vātea) and Night alternately embrace fair Earth (Papa). Their joint offspring are the sun and moon. The cutting of the babe in two was invented in order to account for the paleness of the moon.

A celestial fish-hook.

16

The tail of the constellation "Scorpio", consisting of eight stars, two of which are double, is here known by the curious designation of "the great fish-hook of Tongareva". The monstrous myth associated with it is as follows,

Vātea, the father of gods and men, whose home was in a part of Avaiki or nether-world called "The-thin-land", one day went fishing in the deep blue ocean. He carried with him a great fish-hook which he baited with a star (doubtless an allusion to the bright star, the last in the tail). Notwithstanding this brilliant bait, he caught nothing. Vātea now resolved to imitate the conduct of his mother Vari-ma-te-takere i.e. The-very-beginning: accordingly he pulled a piece of flesh off one of his own thighs and baited his big fish-hook afresh. This time he found that he had got a prize; but it was extraordinarily heavy. Fortunately however the line attached to the hook was the strongest known, consisting of many strands of cinet cord plaited round. Vātea pulled away lustily at this line and was rejoiced at seeing a large dark round mass slowly rising to the surface. This proved to be the island of Tongareva, which had till then lain at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Vastly pleased with this achievement, Vātea hung up his great fish-hook in the sky. Hence its name "the great fish-hook of Tongareva"

In some islands this constellation is known as "the fish hook of Maui", with a somewhat similar myth to account for it.

It is not a little remarkable that this group of stars was so called here long before any European had discovered the island in question. When found, it was designated in the charts as "Penrhyns", without its native name "Tongareva" being known until a schooner in 1853 had the misfortune to go ashore there. When discovered the inhabitants of Penrhyns knew of the existence of "Auau" (or Mangaia), and asserted that Tavai, the erring wife of their great ancestor Mahuta was a native of this island.

100

End Uhorall

7

The fire-god's secret.

Māui No. 1.

Originally fire was unknown to the inhabitants of this world, who of necessity ate raw food.

In nether-world (Avaiki) lived four mighty ones; Mauike, god of fire; the Sun-god Rā; Rū, supporter of the heavens; and lastly, his wife Buataranga guardian of the road to the invisible world.

To Ru and Buataranga was born a famous son Māui. At an early age Māui was appointed one of the guardians of this upper world where mortals live. Like the rest of the inhabitants of the world, he subsisted on uncooked food. The mother Buataranga occasionally visited her son; but always ate her food apart out of a basket brought with her from nether-land. One day when she was asleep, Māui peeped into her basket and discovered cooked food. Upon tasting it, he was decidedly of opinion that it was a great improvement upon the raw diet to which he was accustomed. This food came from nether-world: it was evident that the secret of fire was there. To nether-world, the home of his parents, he would descend to gain this knowledge; so that ever after he might enjoy the luxury of cooked food.

On the following day Buataranga was about to descend to Avaiki (nether-world) when Māui followed her through the bush, without her knowing it. This was no difficult task, as she always came and returned by the same road. Peering through the tall reeds he saw his mother standing opposite a black rock, which she addressed as follows;—

Buataranga i tona rua, e rarangatu koe. Buataranga, descend thou bodily through this chasm.
E anuenue i akarongoia atu ei. The rainbow-like must be obeyed.
— Opipirë×, Oeretue-i-te-ata e! As two dark clouds parting at dawn,
Vāia, vāi akera i te rua i Avaiki, nga taae! Open, open up my road to nether-world, ye fierce ones

At these words the rock divided and Buataranga descended. Māui carefully treasured up these magic words, and without delay started off to see the god Tanè, the owner of some wonderful pigeons. He earnestly begged Tanè to lend him one; but the loaned pigeon not pleasing Māui, was at once returned to its owner. A better pigeon was offered to the fastidious borrower; but was rejected. Nothing would content Māui but the possession of "Akaotu" or "Fearless", a red pigeon, specially prized by Tanè. It was so tame that it knew its name, and wander wherever it might, it was sure to return to its master. Tanè, who was loth to part from his pet, extracted a promise from Māui that the pigeon should be restored to him uninjured. Māui now set off in high spirits,

× names for the two clouds which are parted by the rising sun.

carrying with him his red pigeon, to the place where his mother had descended. Upon pronouncing the magic words which he had overheard, to his great delight the rock opened and Māui entering the pigeon descended. Some assert that Māui ~~changed~~ transformed himself into a small dragon-fly, and perched upon the back of the pigeon, made his descent. The two fierce guardian demons of the chasm enraged at finding themselves imposed upon by a stranger, made a grab at the pigeon, intending to devour it. Fortunately however for the borrower, they only succeeded in getting possession of the tail, whilst the pigeon, minus its beautiful tail, pursued its flight to the shades. Māui was grieved at the mishap which had overtaken the pet bird of his friend Tane.

Arrived at nether-land, Māui sought for the home of his mother. It was the first house he saw: he was guided to it by the sound of her cloth-flail. The red pigeon alighted on an oven house opposite to the open shed where Buataranga was beating out cloth. She stopped her work to gaze at the red pigeon, which she guessed to be a visitor from the upper world, as none of the pigeons in the shades were red. Buataranga said to the bird, are you not come from "daylight"? The pigeon nodded assent. Are you not my son Māui? inquired the old woman. Again the pigeon nodded. At this Buataranga entered her dwelling, and the bird flew to a bread-fruit tree. Māui resumed his proper human form and went to embrace his mother, who inquired how he had descended to nether-world and the object of his visit. Māui avowed that he had come to learn the secret of fire. Buataranga said, This secret rests with the fire-god Mauike. When I wish to cook an oven, I ask your father Ru to beg a lighted stick from Mauike. Māui inquired where the fire-god lived. His mother pointed out the direction, and said it was called "Are-aoa" = "House-of-banyan-sticks". She entreated Māui to ~~very~~ be careful, for the fire-god is a terrible fellow, of a very irritable temper.

Māui now walked up boldly towards the house of the fire-god, guided by the curling column of smoke. Mauike, who happened at the moment to be busy cooking an oven of food, stopped his work and demanded what the stranger wanted. Māui replied, A fire-brand. The fire-brand was given. Māui carried it to a stream running past the bread-fruit tree and there extinguished it. He now returned to Mauike and obtained a second firebrand, which he also extinguished in the stream. The third time a lighted stick was demanded of the fire-god, he was beside himself with rage. Raking the ashes of his oven, he gave the daring Māui some of them on a piece of dry wood. These live coals were thrown into the stream as the former lighted sticks had been.

Māui correctly thought that a fire-brand would be of little use, unless he could obtain the secret of fire. The brand would eventually go out; but how to reproduce the fire? His object therefore was to pick ~~up~~ a quarrel with the fire-god

and compel him by sheer violence to yield up the invaluable secret, as yet known to none but himself. On the other hand the fire-god, confident in his own prodigious strength, resolved to destroy this insolent intruder into his secret from the upper-world.
Māui for the fourth time demanded fire of the enraged fire-god. Mauike ordered him away, under pain of being tossed into the air; for Māui was small of stature. But the visitor said he should enjoy nothing better than a trial of strength with the fire-god. Mauike entered his dwelling to put on his war-girdle (ume i tona maro): but on returning found that Māui had swelled himself to an enormous size. Nothing daunted at this, Mauiki boldly seized him with both hands and hurled him to the height of a tall cocoa-nut tree. Māui contrived in falling to make himself so light that he was in no degree hurt by his adventure. Mauiki, maddened that his adversary should yet breathe, exerted his full strength and next time hurled him far higher than the highest cocoa-nut tree that ever grew. Yet Māui was uninjured by his fall; whilst the fire-god lay panting for breath.

It was now Maui's turn. Seizing the fire-god he threw him up to a dizzy height, and caught him again like a ball with his hands. Without allowing Mauike to touch the ground, he threw him a second time into the air and caught him in his hands. Assured that this was but a preparation for a final toss which would seal his fate, the panting and thoroughly exhausted Mauike entreated Māui to stop and to spare his life. Whatever he desired should be his.

The fire-god, now in a miserable plight, was allowed to breathe awhile. Māui said, "Only on one condition will I spare you; — tell me the secret of fire, where is it hidden? How is it produced? Mauike gladly promised to tell him all he knew, and led him inside his wonderful dwelling. In one corner there was a quantity of fine cocoa-nut fibre: in another bundles of fire-yielding sticks, — the "au", the "aronga", the "tauinu"; and particularly the "aoa", or banyan-tree. These sticks were all dry and ready for use. In the middle of the room were two smaller sticks by themselves. One of these the fire-god gave to Māui, desiring him to hold it firmly; whilst he himself plied the other most vigorously. And thus runs —

The fire-god's song.

Ika, ika i taku ai ē! Te aoaoaoa.	Grant, O grant me thy hidden fire, Thou banyan tree!
Tutuki i te pupu; Ka ai i te karakia. Te aoaoaoa.	Perform an incantation; Utter a prayer to (the spirit of) The banyan tree!

Kia ka te ai a Manike
I nunga i te pāpānga aoa e!

Kindle a fire for Manike
Off the dust of the banyan tree!

By the time this song was completed, Māui to his great joy perceived a faint smoke arising out of the fire dust produced by the friction of one stick upon another. As they persevered in their work, the smoke increased; and fanned with the fire-god's breath, a slight flame arose, when the fine cocoa-nut fibre was called into requisition to catch and increase the flame. Manike now called to his aid the different bundles of sticks and speedily got up a blazing fire, to the astonishment of Māui.

The grand secret of fire was secured. But the victor resolved to be revenged for his trouble and his tossing in the air, by setting fire to his fallen adversary's abode. In a short time all nether-world was in flames, which consumed the fire-god and all he possessed. Even the rocks cracked and split with the heat: hence the ancient saying, "The rocks at Orovaru× (in the shades) are burning."

On leaving the land of ghosts, Māui carefully picked up the two fire-sticks, once the property of Manike; and hastened to the bread-fruit tree where the red pigeon "Fearless" quietly awaited his return. His first care was to restore the tail of the bird, so as to avoid the anger of Tane. There was no time to be lost, for the flames were rapidly spreading. He re-entered the pigeon, which carried his fire-sticks one in each claw, and flew to the lower entrance of the chasm. Once more pronouncing the words learnt from Buataranga, the rocks parted and he safely got back to this upper world. Through the good offices of his mother, the pigeon met with no opposition from the fierce guardians of the road to the shades. On again emerging into light, the red pigeon took a long sweep, alighting eventually in a lovely, secluded valley which was thenceforth named "Rupe-tau" or "The-pigeon's-resting-place". Māui now resumed his original human form and hastened to carry back the pet bird of Tane.

Passing through the main valley of Keia, he found that the flames had preceded him and had found an aperture at "Teaoa", since closed up. The kings Rangi and Mokoiro trembled for their land; for it seemed as if everything would be destroyed by the devouring flames. To save Mangaia from utter destruction, they exerted themselves to the utmost and ultimately succeeded in putting out the fire. Rangi thenceforth adopted the new name of "Matamea" or "Watery-eyes", to commemorate his sufferings; and Mokoiro was ever after called "Auai" or "Smoke."

The inhabitants of Mangaia availed themselves of the conflagration to get fire and to cook food. But after a time the fire went out; and as they were not in possession of the secret, they could not get new fire.

But Māui was never without fire in his dwelling; a circumstance that excited the

× Equivalent to saying, "the foundations of the earth are on fire"

19

surprise of all. Many were the inquiries as to the cause. At length he took compassion on the inhabitants of the world and told them the wonderful secret — that fire lies hidden in the hibiscus, the "aronga" (urtica argentea), the "tavinu", and the banyan. This hidden fire might be elicited by the use of fire-sticks, which he produced. Finally he desired them to chant the fire-god's song, to give efficacy to the use of the fire-sticks.

From that memorable day all the dwellers in this upper world used fire-sticks with success, and enjoyed the luxuries of light and cooked food.

1

To the present day this primitive method of obtaining fire is still in vogue here; cotton however being substituted for fine cocoa-nut fibre as tinder. It was formerly supposed that only the four kinds of wood found in the fire-god's dwelling would yield fire.

"Aoa" means "banyan-tree"; for intensity and for rhythm the word is lengthened into "aoaoaoa". The banyan was sacred to the fire-god.

The spot where the flames are said to have burst through, named "Te-aoa", or "The banyan-tree", was sacred until Christianity induced the owner to convert the waste land into a couple of excellent taro patches.

Often when listening to the story of this Polynesian Prometheus, the question has been proposed to me, Who taught your ancestors the art of kindling fire?

At Rarotonga Buataranga becomes Ataranga; at Samoa Talanga.

In the Samoan dialect Mauike becomes Mafuie.

* Wherefore Teka sings (1794)

Tuporetuki i te rangi, Force up the sky, O Ru,

E Ru e, ua marewa. And let the space be clear!

Sherm[?] 20

The sky raised; or the origin of pumice stone. ~~Maui~~ No. 2

The sky is built of solid blue stone. At one time it almost touched the earth; resting upon the stout broad leaves of the "teve" (which attains the height of about six feet) and the delicate indigenous arrow-root (whose slender stem rarely exceeds three feet). The unique flattened-out form of these leaves like millions of outspread hands pressing upwards, is the result of having to sustain this enormous weight. In this narrow space between earth and sky the inhabitants of this world were pent up. Ru whose usual residence was in Avaiki, or the shades, had come up for a time to this world of ours. Pitying the wretched confined residence of its inhabitants, he very laudably employed himself in endeavouring to raise the sky a little. For this purpose he cut a number of strong stakes of different kinds of trees, and firmly planted them in the ground at Rangimotia, the centre of the island and of the world. This was a considerable improvement, as mortals were thereby enabled to stand erect and to walk about without inconvenience. Hence Ru was named "The sky-supporter".* One day when the old man was surveying his work, his graceless son Maui contemptuously asked him what he was doing there. Ru replied, "Who told youngsters to talk? Take care of yourself or I will hurl you out of existence". "Do it then", shouted Maui. Ru was as good as his word, and forthwith seized Maui, who was small of stature, and threw him to a great height. In falling Maui assumed the form of a bird and lightly touched the ground perfectly unharmed. Maui now thirsting for revenge in a moment resumed his natural form, but exaggerated to gigantic proportions, and ran to his father saying —

Ru tokotoko i te rangi tuatini, Tuatoru, ka ruatiarauraau!	Ru, who supports the many heavens — The third even to the highest, ascend!

Inserting his head between the old man's legs, he exerted all his prodigious strength and hurled poor Ru, sky and all, to a tremendous height; — so high indeed that the azure sky could never get back again. Unluckily however for "the-sky-supporting-Ru", his head and shoulders got entangled among the stars. He struggled hard, but fruitlessly, to extricate himself. Maui walked off well pleased with having raised the sky to its present height; but left half his father's body and both his legs ingloriously suspended between heaven and earth. Thus perished Ru. His body rotted away,

and his bones, of vast proportions, came tumbling down from time to time and were shivered on the earth into countless fragments. These shivered "bones of Ru" are scattered over every hill and valley of Mangaia to the very edge of the sea.

"The district (said my narrator) where Ru's bones are supposed to have fallen is on the northern part of the island and derives its name from this circumstance. It belongs to me."

It is true that what is universally known in these islands as "the bones of Ru" (te ivi o Ru) is found all over the island in small quantities. Upon repeated careful examinations these "bones" proved to be common pumice stone. The largest "bone" I have ever seen here is about the size of a man's fist. The peculiar lightness and bone-like appearance of pumice stone doubtless suggested the idea that it was the veritable remains of a famous hero of antiquity. The younger natives now know pretty well the volcanic origin of these mythical "bones."

In 1862 when at Pukapuka or Danger Island, where two years afterwards the first "John Williams" was wrecked, the natives brought me a large collection of idols of secondary rank. They piled them up in a heap before me. My curiosity was aroused by seeing an old man, formerly a priest, carrying what seemed to be a large lump of coal with apparent evident ease. Upon carefully looking at it, this god proved to be merely pumice stone blackened by long exposure to rain and wind. Of course it had drifted from some other island. It was known as "te toka māmā" i.e. "The light-stone", and was regarded as the god of the winds and the waves. Upon occasions of a hurricane, incantations & offerings of food would be made to it. Such worship will be offered no more; for it is now deposited with other gods in the Museum of the University of Sydney. Pumice stone was not regarded as being sacred in this group.

The Sun made captive.

Māui had secured fire for the advantage of mortals; had elevated the sky; but there remained one great evil to be remedied, — the sun had a trick of setting every now and then, so that it was impossible to get through any work. Even an oven of food could not be prepared and cooked before the sun had set. Nor could a "karakia," or incantation to the gods, be chanted through ere they were overtaken by darkness. Māui resolved to remove this crying evil.

Now "Rā" or "The Sun" is a living creature and divine; in form resembling a man, and possessed of fearful energy. His golden locks are displayed morning and evening to mankind. Buataranga advised her son not to have anything to do with "Rā" or "The Sun", as many had at different times endeavoured to regulate his movements, and had all signally failed. But the redoubtable Māui was not to be discouraged. He resolved to capture ~~Rā~~ The Sun-god Rā, and compel him to obey the dictates of his conqueror.

Māui now carefully plaited six great ropes of strong cocoa-nut fibre, each composed of four strands and of a great length. These wonderful cords of his were named by the inventor "Aei-ariki" i.e. "Royal-nooses." Māui started off with his ropes to the distant aperture through which the sun climbs up from Avaiki, or the land of ghosts, into the heavens, and there laid a slip noose for him. Further on in the sun's path a second trap was laid. In fact all the six ropes were placed at distant intervals along the accustomed route of "Rā" or "The Sun."

Very early in the morning the unsuspecting Sun clambered up from Avaiki to perform his usual journey through the heavens. Māui was lying in wait near the first "royal noose" and exultingly pulled it; but it slipped down the Sun's body and only caught his <u>feet</u>. Māui ran forward to look after the second noose; but that likewise slipped. Luckily however it closed round the Sun's <u>knees</u>. The third caught him round the <u>hips</u>; the fourth round the <u>waist</u>; the fifth <u>under the arms</u>. Still the Sun went tearing on his path scarcely heeding the contrivances of Māui. But happily for Māui's designs, the sixth and last of the "royal nooses" caught the Sun round <u>the neck</u>! "Rā" or "The Sun" now terribly frightened struggled hard for his liberty, but to no purpose. For Māui pulled the rope so tight as almost to strangle the Sun, and then fastened the end of his rope to a point of rock.

"Rā" or "The Sun", now nearly dead, confessed himself to be vanquished;

and fearing for his life gladly agreed to the demand of Māui that in future he should be a little more reasonable and deliberate in his movements through the heavens, so as to enable the inhabitants of this world to get through their employments with ease.

The Sun-god, whose proper name is Tare, was now allowed to proceed on his way; but Māui wisely declined to take off these ropes, wishing to keep "Rā" in constant fear. These ropes may still be seen hanging from the Sun at dawn and when he descends into the ocean at night. By the assistance of these ropes he is gently let down into Avaiki, and in the morning is raised up out of the shades.

Of course this extravagant myth refers to what English children call "the sun drawing up water"; or, as these islanders still say, "Tena te taura a Māui!" = "Behold the ropes of Māui!"

It is interesting to note that the great Polynesian name for the Sun-god is "Rā", as was the case in Ancient Egypt — entering into the composition of the regal title "Pharaoh", &c. ~~[illegible]~~. The rule of each great temporal sovereign was indifferently called a "mangaia" = "peaceful reign", or a "koina-rā" = "bright shining of the sun". The sovereign chief of course being the Sun. Sometimes he was called "the man who holds the Rā (sun)"; at other times "the Sun (rā) - eater". At death, or the transference of the supreme temporal power, it was naturally said, "the Rā has set."

"Rā" was the tutelary god of Borabora.

Such are the three great achievements of Māui. Nothing more is related of him here save that he was driven away by Rangi for setting the rocks on fire!

A husband is lovingly called by his wife her "rua-rā" = "sun-hole", in allusion to the preceding myth, as from him comes the light of her life. The husband gallantly calls the wife his "are-rau" = "well-thatched house," — where his affections repose. These are not outbursts of fun, but standard expressions in hourly use.

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The myth of the Cocoa-nut tree.

Ina-moe-aitu, or Ina-who-had-a-divine-lover, daughter of Kui-the-blind, once dwelt at Tamarua under the frowning shadow of the cave of Tautua, so like the entrance of a gigantic edifice. A sluggish stream abounding in eels ran near her dwelling and finally disappeared beneath the rocks. At dawn and sunset Ina loved to bathe near a clump of trees. On one occasion an enormous eel crept up the stream from its natural hiding place under the rocks, and startled her by its touch. Again and again this occurred, so that Ina became in a measure accustomed to its presence. To her surprise one day, as she fixed her eyes upon the eel, its form changed and the ~~reptile~~ fish assumed the appearance of a handsome youth, who said to Ina, "I am Tuna (eel), the god and protector of all fresh-water eels. Smitten by your beauty, I left my gloomy home to win your love. Be mine." From that day he became her attached admirer in his human form, always resuming the eel-shape upon his return to his proper haunts so as to elude notice. Some time after he took his farewell of the lovely Ina. "We must part," said Tuna, "but as a memorial of our attachment I will bestow on you a great boon. To-morrow there will be a mighty rain, flooding the entire valley. Be not afraid, as it will enable me to approach your house on yon rising ground in my eel-form. I will lay my head upon the wooden threshold. At once cut it off and bury it; be sure daily to visit the spot to see what will come of it."

Ina saw no more of her handsome lover, but was that night roused from sleep by rain falling in torrents. Remembering Tuna's words she remained quietly in her dwelling until daylight, when she found that the water streaming down from the hills had covered the taro patches and had risen close to the entrance to her hut. At ~~this~~ moment a great eel approached her and laid its head upon her threshhold. Ina ran to fetch her axe and forthwith chopped off the head, and buried it at the back of her hut on the hill-side. The rain ceased, and in the course of a day or two the waters were drained off by the natural passage under the rocks, — the true home of Tuna.

According to her promise to her lover, Ina daily visited the spot where the enormous eel's head was buried; but for many days saw nothing worthy of notice. ~~On one occasion~~ At last she was delighted to find a stout green shoot piercing the soil. Next day the shoot had divided into two. The twin shoots thus gradually unfolding themselves, were very different from other plants. They grew to maturity and sent forth great leaves exciting the wonder of all. After the lapse of years flowers and fruit appeared. Of these twin cocoa-nut trees, sprang from the two halves of Tuna's brains, one was red in stem,

branches and fruit; whilst the other was of a deep green. And thus came into existence the two principal varieties of the cocoa-nut; the red being sacred to Tangaroa and the green to Rongo. In proof of its being derived from the head of Tuna, when husked on each nut is invariably found the two eyes and mouth of the lover of Ina!

The white kernel of the cocoa-nut is commonly called "te roro o Tuna" or "the brains of Tuna". In heathenism it was unlawful for women to eat eels; and to this day they mostly turn away from this fish with the utmost disgust.

The extremity of a great cocoa-nut leaf, termed the "iku kikau" and comprising 10 or 12 lesser leaves, when cut off and neatly bound with a bit of yellow cinet by "the priest of all food", constituted the fisherman's god. Without this "Mokoiro", as the divinity was called, no canoe would venture over the reef to fish.

The same device was used in inviting great chiefs to a feast; the sacred cinet however being omitted.

The principal taro patch in each district was analogically designated the "iku kikau", as its possession indicated chieftainship.

All "rau" or tapoo restrictions were and are still indicated by means of an entire cocoa-nut leaf plaited after a certain ancient pattern.

The preceding myth is evidently designed for the glorification of the "Amama" or priestly tribe, who were worshippers of "Tiaio" under the double form of shark and eel. In the year 1855, at the very place indicated in this story, an enormous eel measuring seven feet in length was caught by day light in a strong fish net. In heathenism this would have been regarded as a visit of "Tiaio", and the dainty morsel allowed to return under the rocks unmolested. As it was, it furnished several families with a good supper.

/ In a figurative sense, Rongo's cocoa-nuts are human heads. Hence the common phrase respecting the beginning of war, "kua vāi i te akari a Rongo" = "the cocoa-nuts of Rongo have been broken"; in other words, men have been clubbed.

The mass of the people, chiefs included, never struck off the top of a cocoa-nut in order to drink; but were content to suck the refreshing liquid through the hole which nature provides. The cocoa-nuts of the priests were invariably struck off (tipi take) when drank by them, symbolical of the fact that with them lay the power of life and death. Chiefs & warriors were merely instruments of their vengeance.

Tahitian Myth of the Cocoa Nut Tree.

A king named Tai (=sea) had a wife named Uta (shore) who was anxious to visit her relatives. But Tai did not like her to go without a present. He therefore inquired of the oracle what would be most suitable. The god directed him to send his wife to the stream to watch for an eel; that she should cut off the head of the first that presented itself, and deposit it in a calabash and carefully plug up the aperture. The ~~body and tail~~ eel was ~~then~~ to be thrown back into the water, and the calabash carried to the husband.

Upon Uta's return from the stream, the king inquired whether she had been successful. The wife joyfully said, Yes, and laid the well-plugged calabash at his feet. Tai now advised her to start on her intended journey and present the precious calabash to her parents and brothers, "for there is a wondrous virtue in it." He told her that it would grow into a cocoa-nut tree and would ~~then~~ bear delicious fruit never before seen. He enjoined her on no account to turn aside from the path, nor to bathe in in any tempting fountain, not to sit down, nor to sleep on the road, and above all not to ~~sl~~ put down the calabash.

Uta gladly started on her journey. For awhile all went well; but at length the sun being high in the heavens she became very hot and weary. Perceiving a crystal stream she forgot her promise to her husband, put down the calabash and leapt into the inviting waters. After luxuriating for some time in this manner she cast a glance at the calabash, but lo! it had sprouted,— the eel's head had become a young tree with strange leaves! Grieved at her own folly, she ran to the bank and

strove with all her might to pull it up; but could not, for its roots had struck deep.

Uta wept long and bitterly. Perplexed now what to do, with joy she perceived a little messenger bird from her husband directing her to return. She went back to the king with shame and fear, and related to him all that had befallen her. Tai sadly said to her, Go back to the place where thou didst see the eel whose head was cut off and deposited in the calabash. Seek for the living, wriggling tail. When found, get a stick and kill it: then come back and tell me.

Uta did as she was desired; but as soon as she entered their dwelling her husband expired in expiation of her sin.

Baldry 24

The ~~demon~~ iron-wood tree.

The iron-wood tree (casuarina) was originally introduced by the Tongans and planted in a deep sequestered valley at Tamarua named Angaruaau. In the course of years it attained to a great size; and the fame of this graceful and stately exotic spread over the island. Vārangi and his four friends hearing of its various uses in other lands resolved to appropriate it to themselves and thus to gain a superiority over the rest of their countrymen. In a secret conference about the matter, some advised Vārangi to have nothing to do with the tree, as it was an impersonation of an evil spirit named Vaotere. Vārangi however resolved that the famous tree should come down, in order to furnish him new and better weapons of war.

Thief-like they started by night on their ill-starred expedition, each provided with a sharp stone axe and a candle-nut torch. Arrived at the hill-side, they easily found the tree so utterly unlike all others, in its long slender branches and wiry leaves, and towering above all its companions. It had four gigantic roots, gnarled and twisted in fantastic shapes. The torches were placed on the ground around the tree, making the night light as day. The four woodmen zealously set to work upon the four great roots, whilst Vārangi sat at a little distance to watch their progress. From time to time they changed all round, as some made cleaner and deeper cuts than others. But curiously enough, when each returned to the root which had nearly been severed, he found it restored to its original condition, as if no axe had ever touched it. The astonished men desisted awhile to consult with Vārangi who, resolved to attain his object, advised that each should keep to his own root until entirely severed. Again they attacked the gigantic roots; carrying out the advice of Vārangi they eventually succeeded in their endeavours. At dawn the tree fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. By full day-light the top had been lopped off, and the ponderous trunk lay on the soil. They had triumphed. They resolved now to return home to rest; to-morrow they would come back to finish their task.

At this moment the four men were taken ill and began to vomit blood, the redness of the blood answering to the redness of the inner bark of the iron-wood tree which had been so injured by them. They staggered to the stream which winds through the valley and sought relief in its waters; but kept on vomiting until two of their number died and their unburied bodies were left in the tall fern.

Vārangi and the two surviving woodmen went off with heavy hearts. Upon reaching the crest of the hill overlooking the scene of their midnight toil,

to their utter astonishment they saw that the great tree they had so recently felled was growing as stately as ever. They retraced their steps, in order carefully to note this wonderful phenomenon. There was no mark whatever of an axe on the resuscitated tree; even the chips all around had disappeared. The tree was restored to its former condition, with this difference however, — the trunk, branches, and leaves were now all of the brightest red, as if resenting the treatment it had received it bled at every pore.

They slowly wended their way homewards; but ere long the two surviving woodmen fell dead in the road. Ūarangi greatly annoyed at his failure, resolved that his next attempt should be made by daylight, in the hope of better success. With a number of friends he returned one day to the valley in quest of this tree. Upon arriving at the summit of the hill where the tree could first be seen, their eyes became totally blinded. With difficulty they descended to the bottom of the valley and wearied themselves in searching for the tree. But after wandering about all day in its immediate neighbourhood, they groped their way homewards at nightfall without having found it at all.

Ūarangi had done his utmost, but had been foiled by the malicious demon of the iron-wood tree, and soon after died. But was there no one who could overcome Vaotere and render the wood of the tree useful to mankind? Ono came from the land whence this tree was originally derived, and had in his possession a remarkable iron-wood spade named Rua-i-paku (="the-hole-where-it-must-fall") given to him by his father Ruatea ere he set out on his ~~an his~~ voyagings for any dangerous emergency. This talisman was ~~very~~ valuable as a club. Armed with Rua-i-paku he resolved to do battle with the demon Vaotere. Upon reaching the shady valley of Angaruaau, he carefully surveyed the coveted tree, and began his operations by digging up the earth about the roots, being careful however to avoid injuring any of the main ones. Day after day, entirely unassisted, the brave Ono persevered in his arduous task in pursuing the roots in all their deviations over the valley and hill side. Upon their becoming small and unimportant, although exceedingly numerous, he fearlessly chopped them with his famous spade. The chips flew in all directions over hill and vale under his mighty blows. After many days' toil ~~this way~~ all the surface roots were bared and severed at their extremities, so that the tree began to totter. The tap-root alone remained. Ono dug ~~deep~~ to a great depth into the red soil and then at a blow divided it. At this critical moment the head and horrid visage of the evil spirit Vaotere became visible, distorted with

rage at being again disturbed. ~~And His~~ open jaws filled with terrible teeth prepared to make an end of the impious Ono, who perceiving his danger with one well-directed blow of his spade-club luckily succeeded in splitting the skull of Vaotere.

The victorious Ono now leisurely removed the four great gnarled roots which were in sooth the arms of the fierce Vaotere, and afterwards divided the enormous trunk — the ~~bleeding~~ body of the demon — into three unequal portions; — one to furnish a quantity of long spears; another to be split into arâa or "skull-cleavers"; the third to furnish "aro" or wooden swords. All this was accomplished by the versatile qualities of Rua-i-paku, which was used first as a spade, then as a club, and now as an axe!

The thousand chips from the small roots of this wonderful tree falling everywhere over hill valley and sea shore originated the iron-wood trees now covering the island; but happily Vaotere can no more injure mankind.

Until a few years ago this was believed to be the true origin of all the iron-wood on the island. It is not surprising that the heavy wood which in past times furnished all the deadly implements of war, should have been regarded as the embodiment of an evil-spirit. The possession of land and the slaughter of men were alike the results of the use of this famous tree. "Toa" signifies indifferently "iron-wood", and what most resembles it, "warrior."

A series of songs on the exploits of Ono once existed. They are believed to have been several hundreds of years old. Such compositions are called "pee manuiri" i.e. "songs relating to visitors"; they are known to be the oldest extant.

The following fragment relates to the preceding myth.

Ono fells a famous tree

Tumu	Introduction
Kotia rai te toa i Vaotere	The iron-wood tree of Vaotere is felled:
Kua aka-inga.	It lies low on the earth.
Tu e tawri te rakau e!	Once it stood erect; now it is prostrate.
Papa	**Foundation**
Uriuri ana rai	Turn the log over and over, —
Kua kotia ia rakau	The tree thus laid low.
Uriuria o te vao	Formerly it was the glory of the valley,
Tu e tawri te rakau e!	Once it stood erect; now it is prostrate.

Wanderings of Ono

Tumu

Rupitia ra Ono e te matangi,
Tau akera i tai motu.
O te rorongo i kauvare a Iva e!

Papa

Kua nui ua rai;
Kua tokarekare rire.
Ka ara Ono iaku nei
~ Kauvare a Iva e!

Unuunu tai

Ka ara ra koe ra iaku nei e!
Iaku nei e!
E enua tauria e te manu.
Kua kai ana i Ono e,
O te ua o te pitai
Kura ra i motu e!
~ Kauvare a Iva e!

Papa Rua

E ua te matangi
E te matangi tere ariki
~ Kauvare a Iva e!

Unuunu Rua

Tei te matangi tere ariki e,
Nai ariki no Ono e,
Ka araara i Iva nei
E taia e Murake.
Ka eva ra Ono-kura
I te puka maru.
~ Kauvare a Iva e!

Introduction

Ono tossed about by a tempest,
Eventually reached this isle.
Alas for the haunts of loved Iva!

Foundation

How terrific the ocean!
The waves covered with foam!
A punishment for the sins of Ono.
~ Ne'er more will Iva be seen!

First offshoot.

How great must be thy sins
Against the gods!
This isle is but the home of birds.
Ono is driven to satisfy hunger
With wild fruits and berries
Growing, ruddy, over this isle.
~ Ne'er more will Iva be seen!

Second Foundation

Through rain and fierce winds
On a peaceful errand we sail.
~ Ne'er more will Iva be seen!

Second Offshoot.

On a peaceful errand we come.
Ono, denied his regal honors,
Still longs for Iva the Great.
Alas for those slain by Murake!
Ono the Handsome chants mournful so.
Under the shade of the laurel trees
~ Ne'er more will Iva be seen!

This song is complete in itself & ~~seems to be a sort of~~ is an introduction to the narrative of his exploits and sorrows. The style is very unlike that of later times, when the art of song-making became a national passion. There is no reference to the known history of this island.

It was under the rule of the Mautara tribe ~~and subsequently~~ that the poetical faculty of these islanders was most highly cultivated; — i.e. during the past 150 years of their history.

ot note

Tanè = husband, or the generative principle in nature. Tanè is equi-valent to [illegible]. Innumerable modifications of this dance-loving god were worshipped throughout eastern Polynesia.

* Fr

A bachelor god in search of a wife.

Amongst the 13 principal gods of Mangaia which at the establishment of christianity were ~~given up to Messrs Williams and Platt~~ surrendered to the missionaries, were four bearing the name of *Tane. They were simply pieces of iron-wood carved roughly into the human shape, once well wrapped up in numerous folds of the finest native cloth. Of these four Tanes three — Tane Ngakiau, Tane-i-te-utu, and Tane Kio — were considered to be inferior to the first who was ~~usually~~ called Tane, sometimes however Tane Papa-kai i.e. Tane-piler-up-of-food. In order of rank Tane came after Rongo and Motoro, the chief deities of Mangaia. Tane was said to be a deified man; the fifth son of Vatea born in Avaiki or nether-world. The following is the extravagant myth of Tane's exploits when in search of a wife.

At Ukupolu there lived a woman named Tekura-i-Tanoa i.e. The-ruddy-one of Tanoa, possessed of uncommon attractions. But she had one sad defect, — her right foot was afflicted with elephantiasis. The chief Ako was violently in love with her; but the fair one disdained his advances, saying "if it had been Tane, she would have thought favourably of the proposition". Now Ako was a great friend of Tane's; so that he at once paddled off to Avaiki to fetch Tane, who cheerfully consented to accompany him. The two friends started for Ukupolu, each in his own canoe. A day or two after their arrival Ako confessed to Tane the real motive of getting him to pay a visit to Ukupolu, and earnestly entreated his assistance in winning The-ruddy-one of Tanoa. Tane good-humouredly promised his aid.

Ako had two sisters to whom he applied for two garlands for the neck of sweet-scented flowers, — one for himself and one for his friend, against their projected visit to the inexorable beauty. The sisters were to arrange it so that the fragrant garland intended for Ako should have numerous sprigs of myrtle intermixed with the flowers; whilst Tane's should be spoiled by the admixture of offensively smelling leaves. When tastefully arranged, these garlands were carefully enclosed in a thin white layer of the banana stalk, according to the invariable custom of the olden times. A mark was set upon the outside, so as to prevent mistake. Now Tane was a god, and was not to be deceived in this way. According-ly when these friends, now become at heart rivals in love, were both arrayed in their best garments, and their hair glistening with sweet-scented oil, Tane took out the fragrant garland of flowers and put it on. Ako to his dismay perceived that his crafty friend had by some means got possession of the best garland: being thus outwitted, he declined

to put on his own, lest Tane should twit him with his ill-faith. Off these rivals started to the dwelling of The-ruddy-one-of Tanoa. Tane first entered bearing in his hands a gift consisting of several highly-scented garments; the rich perfume filled the house. Ako now ~~entered~~ made his appearance; each pleaded his suit with great earnestness, for Tane was at first-sight smitten with the charms of the fair girl. But ~~strange to relate~~ the capricious Tekura-i-Tanoa accepted the advances of Ako, and Tane retired in disgust. He resolved to return at once to Avaiki. With this purpose in view he walked to the sandy beach ~~at once~~ to launch his canoe and start for his home; but upon examination found a large hole in its bottom made by his treacherous friend Ako. Tane sat down and loudly bewailed his misfortunes in these words;–

{ Kua viivii e! Kua vavaiia ra tâu vaka e Ako
{ I tua o Avaiki. Ringiringiia toku nei roimata

{ Unhappy me! My canoe has been destroyed by Ako.
{ How shall I return to Avaiki? I will rain down my tears

Tane fell musing what he had best do. Upon looking up he now for the first time noticed a gigantic _bua_ tree (beslaria laurifolia) spreading forth its noble branches. In a trice Tane got up the trunk of this tree and clambered to the extremity of one of the longest branches. Tane gave the far-stretching limb on which he sat a mighty jerk and thus swung himself fairly into another land, Enuakura i.e. The land-of-red-parrot-feathers. After walking about this newly discovered island, he came upon an old woman named _Kui-the-Blind_ who was busy cooking yams on a fire. In all she had ten yams cooking; at her side were ten calabashes of water. After awhile the old blind woman took a yam off the fire and scraped it clean with a cockle shell. She then devoured the entire yam, washing it down with a calabash of water. But Kui-the-Blind did not know that the moment she took up a yam, Tane helped himself too, and at the same time emptied a calabash of water.

The old woman had no sooner finished her first yam and her first calabash of water, than she carefully counted the remainder with her fingers, when to her amazement she found a yam and a calabash _missing_. She angrily exclaimed, What thief has come here? Had I my sight I would devour him,

Having thus vented her indignation, she ate another yam and drank another calabash of water; Tane helping himself in

silence as before. Again the old woman counted the remaining yams and calabashes with her fingers and found that only six of each remained. Once more she gave vent to her anger against the unknown thief. Tane uttered not a word to reveal his presence.

In this way the ten yams and ten calabashes of water disap--peared. ~~in a most unaccountable manner~~ Each time Kui-the-Blind missed a yam and a calabash of water her anger grew hotter. At last her meal, but half the usual quantum, was finished, and she resolved upon immediate vengeance. Accordingly she rose and entering her house felt in the accustomed place for her great fish-hook, which she had never yet used in vain. Whilst adjusting the long line she slowly chanted this ominous couplet:–

{ Oi au ka rave, ka rave i te tautai a Kui matapo.
{ Āā poiri i te ika a te tupuna e! Ara tatia!

{ Here am I about to fish. It is the angling of Kui-the-Blind
{ The old woman must have her fish (i.e. human victim). Here goes for it!

As she uttered these last words she violently swung round the dreadful sharp-pointed fish-hook. Tane, prepared for this, held in his hand a banana stump to catch the hook, which he retained for a second deluding Kui into the belief that she had caught the struggling thief. The malicious old creature pulled vigorously at the line hoping to get a victim to eat, when she grasped a miserable banana stalk! Chafing with indignation at her failure, she disengaged the stump and again whirled the hook, uttering the same words. This time a low bush bearing edible red berries was used by Tane to tease the old woman. Kui pulled away at her hook with great satisfaction, but found only a bush! Her anger now knew no bounds, having never before missed her victim. A third time she threw her hook, using the old formula. This time Tane allowed himself to be caught. Kui was delighted that she had at last secured the thief. She grabbed him tightly whilst demanding his name. He calmly said, "I am Tane". Kui instantly forgot her anger and exclaimed, "Why, you are my own grandson Tane! Stay with me."

Some time afterwards Tane again feeling very thirsty asked his old grandmother for some water to drink. Kui-the-Blind said, "There is no water in this country, save in the nuts of yonder tall cocoa-nut tree. But you had better not attempt to climb it, or you

will surely die. You will be slain by my children the guardians of the tree; viz. the lizard, the centipede, the beetle, and the mantis." Tane resolved to climb the tree, whose top seemed to reach the sky. Kui said to the fearless Tane as he began to ascend, "Do not injure my children who live in this tree. This solitary cocoa-nut tree, the property of the blind grandmother, was remarkable for the wonderful profusion of fruit on it, and for a great accumulation of dry branches under-neath the green limbs. In these withered branches were hidden the fairy guardians of the fruit, the mantis excepted who kept watch on the under side of the green leaves. Their duty was to see that no one stole any of the fruit. At the sight of the intruder Tane climbing up the tree, a large lizard advanced boldly from its hiding place to drive him away. Tane caught the lizard, tore it in two, and threw the pieces down. Tane now began to clear off the dry branches and cloth-like coverings, when a great centipede came out wrathfully intending to sting Tane to death. But the brave grandson of Kui deliberately killed this foe also. The dry branches were falling in all directions and the work was nearly completed, when a feeble beetle came forth to defend the precious fruit. But the beetle speedily shared the fate of the lizard and centipede, and Tane climbed up into the great living branches and sat down to rest awhile. At this moment a mantis of unendurable smell assailed the intruder, spreading out its gay red wings; but Tane served the mantis as he had already served the others. Thus he had conquered all foes. With great admiration he viewed the vast clusters of nuts on every side. Plucking two or three of the nuts, he husked them on the "rōrō" or unopened sheath* containing the young flowers and fruits.

Tane leisurely slaked his thirst. Then violently swinging this lofty cocoa-nut tree until its top hung over the very land where Tane's home was, he

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*It is an ~~wonderful~~ interesting fact, of which thieves do not fail to avail themselves in seasons of scarcity, that it is quite practicable to husk the hardest cocoa-nut and pierce the eyelet upon the point of the closed sheath referred to, without descending to the ground. Ordinarily a sharp stake is fixed in the earth near the foot of the tree for the purpose of husking the nuts that are thrown down: but nature has provided a sharp-pointed stake at the top of the tree, where the nuts grow and the climber finds a sure foothold, for cases of emergency.

shook off all the nuts as food against the day of his return. But Tane still kept his place at the top of the wonderful tree, which rebounding resumed its former position in Enuakura, The-land-of-red-parrot-feathers. There remained on the tree only two tiny nuts, each about the size of a small pebble. Tane plucked one of them and descending to the ground said to Kui, Turn your face towards me. The old woman did so, when she received a smart blow on her right eye from the nut. She cried out in agony; but in a second found her sight restored.

Tane now procured the second little nut, and again said to Kui, Look at me. Upon doing so, she received a blow on her left eye from the nut. Her anguish was extreme; but the reward was great, for she could now see well with both her eyes.

Kui was delighted with the achievements of her grandson, for she who had hitherto been called Kui-the-Blind was now Kui-the-Seeing. Tane asked her, Have you any daughters? Yes, said Kui, I have four. Take whichever you please as your wife. Now all these daughters were at some distance at work. After a short time the eldest, named Ina, came and was not a little surprised to see a stranger and her mother's sight restored. Tane was not pleased with Ina, who subsequently married the Moon (Marama nui).

Tane now inquired after the other daughters of Kui. The second soon made her appearance; — it was Ina-who-disappears-with-the-day. Though fair, she did not please Tane. Kui called her third daughter, Ina-who-disappears-at-midnight. She was very lovely, yet did not captivate the fastidious Tane. I have but one daughter more, remarked Kui. I will summon her. She came: it was Ina-who-rivals-the-dawn. She was, as her name implied, surpassingly beautiful. She became the wife of Tane, who considered himself to be well recompensed for restoring sight to Kui once called The-blind.

But after a time Ina became jealous of her husband. They quarrelled, and Tane resolved to return to his own land. With this view he climbed up the famous cocoa-nut tree, the glory of The-land-of-red-feathers, and brought down a branch, which he

wove into a basket of the sort known as the "clam-shaped" i.e. without an opening. He now procured a second branch and therewith wove a second basket of a similar shape. Fastening one to each arm, he used these long baskets as wings and with their friendly aid took his final flight to his own land Avaiki, from which he had so long been absent, and thus escaped from the tongue of the lovely but jealous Ina-who-rivals-the-dawn.

The scene of this story is laid in nether-land. ~~or the shades~~ This myth unquestionably points to Samoa, the group from which these people originally came. "Ukupolu" is evidently Upolu, and "Avaiki" is only another form of Savaii.

Stories like this constituted the religious faith of heathenism, being the esoteric teaching of the priests of Motoro and Tane. The ~~heathen~~ Polynesian idea of a god is mere power, without any reference to goodness. Their gods being merely deified mortals, they had all the faults of heathen men and women in an exaggerated degree.

The centipede, lizard, &c. were sacred; hence their appearance in the myth as minor divinities.

End Romance

Ina-oro-ake i-te-ata-aiai

turnap

Sina Aere

Buddy

Echo; or the cave fairy.

30

Rangi was the first man; for Vātea was half-man and half-fish, and lived in the invisible world. When Rangi complacently surveyed the land which he had succeeded in dragging up from the shades, he resolved to explore every nook and corner, to ascertain whether there were any other inhabitants in his territory.

After travelling some distance along the northern division of the island without discovering the slightest trace of any living creature, he approached a romantic pile of rocks overhanging a tremendous gorge by which the waters of the neighbouring valleys discharge themselves into the ocean. A number of caves converge at this point, the pathway to which is obstructed by vast boulders.

Here Rangi shouted, as was his wont, Ō̄ ("Hallo there!"). To his surprise a voice from the rocks distinctly replied Ō̄. Rangi asked, What is your name? Instead of a satisfactory reply, came the defiant query, What is your name? Rangi bursting with indignation now demanded of this unseen fellow-resident, Whence do you come? Still the invisible speaker declined to reveal herself; and the ears of Rangi were assailed with the irritating words, Whence do you come? Unable to endure this any longer, he cursed the hidden inhabitant of the cave, nicknaming her "Aitu-mamaoa" i.e. "the ever-distant" or "the hide-and-seek-spirit"; but forthwith heard himself cursed in exactly the same tone and words. Evidently this satirical, unseen being was no respector of persons. Rangi fell immeasurably in his own estimation at being thus unceremoniously addressed, and felt sure that it was intended as a reflection upon his illegitimate origin

The first sovereign of Mangaia now resolved at any cost to get a sight of the insolent creature pertinaciously hiding in the rocks. Cautiously leaping from boulder to boulder, he entered the gorge inquiring as he proceeded for the hitherto invisible inhabitant, but receiving for his pains only sarcastic replies. The chasm grew darker and narrower; but Rangi bravely kept on his way. Upon suddenly looking up, to his astonishment he found that the semicircular roof was everywhere covered with transparent glittering pendants (stalactites); white like a row of formidable teeth, almost touching his person; drops of cold water meanwhile falling like rain upon the stone flooring! Underneath was a row of stumps (stalagmites), rising from the basement of the cave. Awe-

stricken at the sight of these vast open jaws, apparently about to swallow him up, he instinctively retreated a few steps, and looking up once more, for the first time caught a glimpse of the face of a female fairy heartily laughing at his terror.

As soon as Rangi recovered his equanimity, he inquired the proper name of this formidable apparition. Her reply was, "I am Tumuteanaoa" or Echo (literally, "the cave-speaking-sprite"). "I am the being that everywhere inhabited the rocks of Mangaia ere you set feet on the soil." Rangi now asked whether she had any children. Echo replied, "I have a very numerous offspring, named "Tumu-te-erue ma", or Earth-diggers. Where are they? demanded the inquisitive king. "They are on the mountains, roaming about in the fern", replied the complaisant spirit of the cave.

Rangi now left Echo, and went in search of her children. He had not advanced far up the side of the nearest mountain, trampling down the fern and tall reeds, when he came upon a troop of these "earth-diggers" or rats! Rangi wondered that the progeny were so unlike their mother, who could on no account be persuaded to leave her favourite haunts in the rocks.

The cave where Rangi first made the acquaintance of Tumuteanaoa or Echo was thenceforth named "Aita-*mamaoa" or "the home of the ever-distant or hide-and-seek spirit".

In the course of his subsequent explorations, Rangi often met with this notable nymph Echo, who seemed to be ubiquitous, and learnt that besides the "earth-diggers" in the dry grass and fern of the mountains, she had another numerous offspring inhabiting the valleys and the dark waters of the little lake in Veitatei, viz. shrimps, eels, and other fresh-water fish abounding there and in the interior gorges and chasms of the adjacent rocks, — her own constant resort.

Rangi thus found that his little world was already teeming with inhabitants, all descended from the great Tumu-te-ana-oa. No disturbance or difficulty ever arose therefrom, as Echo was a nymph of a gentle and harmless disposition; her only fault being that she was a little satirical when addressed by strangers.

It was often contested by the sages of former times, whether Rangi after all was rightly designated the first inhabitant of Mangaia, seeing that he found Echo already in possession of the rocks and caves. They came at last to the conclusion, that whilst Rangi was the first man and king, Echo was the first and parent fairy, the numerous sprites inhabiting rocks, valleys, hills, and streams constituting the prolific

progeny of "the cave speaking sprite"

At the Marquesas to this day divine honours are paid to Echo, who is supposed to give them food and who "speaks to the worshippers out of the rocks."

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* The writer, in company with the Revd. J. Chalmers, once explored "Aitu-mamaoa" for half-a-mile, until the torches were nearly burnt out and the roof necessitated a creeping posture. About midway a running stream crossed our path. We sang a number of hymns and were delighted to hear at a great height above our heads in utter darkness a most perfect echo; as if an unseen choir had resolved to sing in perfect unison with our torch-lit company.

Chapter VI Ina, the fairy voyager. Berry

32

Ina's voyage ~~on a shark's back~~ to the "Sacred Isle"

The only daughter of Vaitooringa and Ngaetua was Ina, whose brothers were Tangikuku and Rupe. The parents of Ina were the wealthiest ~~richest~~ people in the land of Nukutere, boasting as they did of a rich breast-ornament, abundance of finely-braided hair, beautiful white shells as armlets worn on the arms, and more precious than all these a gorgeous head-dress ornamented with scarlet and black feathers with a frontlet of berries of the brightest red.

Early one morning the parents for the first time left their home in the care of Ina; the mother charging her to put these treasures out to air; but should the sun be clouded, be sure to take them back into the house. For Ngaetua knew well that in the bright beams of the sun the arch-thief Ngana would not dare to come; but if exposed on a lowering, cloudy day the envious foe would not fail to try his luck.

In a short time the sun shone brightly; not a cloud could anywhere be seen. The obedient Ina carefully spread out these treasures on a piece of purest white native cloth. But the foe ~~and~~ Ngana was on the watch; very cautiously did he approach through the neighbouring bushes in order to get a good sight of these much-coveted articles. He forthwith used an incantation, so that the sun suddenly became obscured. Ngana now fearlessly emerged from the thicket and endeavoured to grab the long wished for ornaments. But Ina was too quick in her movements to permit this. Ngana now with affected humility begged permission to admire and to try on the various ornaments, for her to see how he would look in them. Ina was very loth, but after great persuasion consented that Ngana should put them on inside the house. To prevent the possibility of his taking away any of these treasures she closed the doors. The crafty Ngana now arrayed himself in these gorgeous adornments, excepting the head-dress which Ina still held in her hand. Ngana by his soft words at length induced her to give that up too. Thus completely arrayed he began to dance with delight; and contrived to make the entire circuit of the house; careering round and round in hope of seeing some loophole through which he might escape with his spoil. At last he espied a little hole at the gable end, a few inches wide, through which at a single bound

he took his flight and for-ever disappeared with the ~~much desired~~ treasures. Ina at first had been delighted with the dancing of her visitor; but was in utter despair as she witnessed his flight and heard the parting words;

Tamu tamu tai tara }
E Ina e tou reka } —

/ { Beware of listening to vain words
{ O Ina, the fair and well-meaning!

Not long afterwards the parents of Ina came back in great haste, for they had seen the arch-thief passing swiftly and proudly through the sky, magnificently attired. A fear crept over them that all was not right with their own treasures. They asked the weeping girl the cause of her tears. She said, "your choicest possessions are gone". "But is there nothing left"? demanded the parents. Nothing whatever, said the still weeping Ina. The enraged mother now broke off a green cocoa-nut tree branch, and broke it to pieces on the back of the unfortunate girl. Again and again Ngaetua fetched new cocoa nut branches and cruelly beat Ina. The father now took his turn in belabouring the girl, until a divine spirit ("manu") entered & took possession of Ina and in a strange voice ominously said;—

{ E kiri taputapu tana kiri
{ E kiri akaereere tana kiri
{ E kave au i Motu-tapu
{ Na Tinirau e tata i tana kiri

{ Most sacred is my person
{ Untouched has been my person
{ I will go to the "Sacred Isle"
{ That Tinirau alone may strike it.

The astonished father desisted: her younger brother Rupe cried over his beloved sister. After a while Ina got up, as if merely to saunter about; but no sooner had she eluded the eyes of her parents than she ran as fast as her legs could carry her to the sandy beach. When nearly there, she fell in with her elder brother Tangi-kūkū, who naturally asked her where she was going. She gave an evasive answer; but fearing lest he should inform her parents of her flight, she snatched his bamboo fishing rod, broke it in pieces with her foot, and selected one of the fragments as a knife.× She now said to her brother, Put out your tongue. In an instant she ~~had~~ cut off its tip. Tangikūkū in vainly essayed to speak; so that Ina was certain that he could not reveal the secret of her sudden departure. She kissed her maimed brother and pressed on to the shore, where she gazed long and wistfully towards the setting sun where the "Sacred

× The only knife known in these islands formerly, save red flint

Isle" is. Looking about for some means of transit, she noticed at her feet a small fish named the "avini". Knowing that all fishes are subjects to the royal Tinirau, she thus addressed the little "avini" that gazed at the disconsolate girl;—

Manini tere uta koe i teia manini ?
Manini tere tai koe i teia manini?
Oro mai takitakina atu au
Ki taku tane ariki kia Tinirau
Matoto atu au i reira.

Ah little fish, art thou a shore-loving "avini" ?
Ah little fish, art thou an ocean-loving "avini"?
Come bear me on thy back
To my royal husband Tinirau;—
With him to live and die.

The little fish at once intimated its consent by touching her feet. Ina mounted on its narrow back; but when only half-way to the edge of the reef, unable any longer to bear so unaccustomed a burden it turned over, and Ina fell into the shallow water. Angry at this wetting she repeatedly struck the "avini"; hence the beautiful stripes on the sides of that fish to this day called "Ina's tattooing."

The disappointed girl returned to the sandy beach to seek for some other means of transit to the "Sacred Isle". A fish, named the "paoro", larger than the "avini", approached Ina. The intended bride of the god Tinirau addressed this fish just as she had the little "avini"; and then, mounted on its back, started a second time on her voyage. But like its predecessor the "paoro" was unable long to endure the burden, and dropping Ina in shallow water sped on its way. Ina struck the "paoro" in her anger, producing for the first time those beautiful blue marks which have ever since been the glory of this fish.

Ina next tried the "api" which was originally white; but for upsetting Ina at the outer edge of the reef was rendered intensely black, to mark her disgust at her third wetting.

She now tried the sole, and was successfully borne to the edge of the breakers, where Ina experienced a fourth mishap. Wild with rage the girl stamped on the head of the unfortunate fish with such energy, that the underneath eye was removed to the upper side. Hence it is that unlike other fish it is constrained now to swim flat-wise, one side of its face having no eye!

At the margin of the ocean a shark came in sight. Addressing the shark in words very like those formerly used, to her great delight

the huge fish came to her feet and Ina mounted triumphantly on its broad back, carrying in her hand two cocoa nuts to eat. When half-way on the dangerous voyage to the "Sacred Isle," Ina felt very thirsty, and told the shark so. The obedient fish immediately erected its (para tua) dorsal fin, on which Ina pierced the eye of one of her nuts. After a time she again became thirsty, and again asked the shark for help. This time the shark lifted its head, and Ina forthwith cracked the hard shell on its forehead. The shark smarting from the blow dived into the depths of the ocean, leaving the girl to float as best she could. From that day there has been a marked protuberance on the forehead of all sharks, called "Ina's bump".

The king of sharks named Tekea the Great now made his appearance: Ina got on his wide back and continued her voyage. She soon espied what seemed to be eight canoes in a line rapidly approaching her. When near they proved to be eight sharks resolved to devour Ina. Ina in an agony cried to her guardian shark, O Tekea! O Tekea! What is it, inquired the shark? See the canoes? said the girl. How many are they? Eight, replied Ina. Said her guardian shark, Say to them "Mangamangaia, mangamangaia aea koe e Tekea Nui" = Get away, or you will be torn to shreds by Tekea the Great."

As soon as Ina had uttered these words the eight monstrous sharks made off. Delivered from this peril, Ina again went on her long voyage to the "Sacred Isle" But one more danger threatened her; — what seemed a fleet of ten canoes, but which proved to be ten ground sharks, started off from the very shores of of the "Sacred Isle" to make an end of Ina. Again they were driven away by the fear of the king of sharks. At length the brave girl reached the long sought-for "Sacred Isle", and Tekea the Great returned to his home in mid ocean.

Upon going ashore and cautiously surveying her new home, she was astonished at the salt water ponds, full of all sorts of fish, everywhere to be seen. Entering the dwelling of Tinirau (= Innumerable), the lord of all fish, she found one noble fish-preserve inside. But strangely enough the owner was nowhere visible. In another part of the house she was pleased to find a great wooden drum and sticks for beating it by the side. Wishing to test her skill she gently beat the drum, when to her astonishment the sweet notes filled the whole land and even reached to Pa-enua-kore (= No-land-at-all) where the god Tinirau was staying that day. The king of all fish returned to his islet dwelling to discover who was beating his great drum. Ina saw him approaching and in fear ran to hide herself behind a curtain. Tinirau entered and found the drum

and sticks all right; but fortune could not discover the fair drummer. He left the house and was on his way back to No-land-at-all, when the coy girl unwilling to lose so noble a husband again beat the wonderful drum. Tinirau came back and found the blushing girl, who became his cherished wife. Ina now discovered that it was the might of Tinirau that inspired her with a "manu" or strange spirit, and then provided for her safety in voyaging to his home in the "sacred islet".

In the course of time Ina gave birth to the famous Koro-mau-ariki, commonly called Koro. Besides this boy she had a girl named Ature.

Her younger brother Rupe longed much to see his sister Ina who had long since disappeared. Rupe asked a pretty "karawau" (a bird of the linnet species) kindly to convey him where Ina lived. The bird consented, and Rupe entering the linnet fled over the deep blue ocean in search of the "Sacred Isle" where his beloved sister had her home.

It happened one morning that Ina noticed on a bush near her dwelling a pretty linnet, just such a one as she used to see in her old home. As she complacently gazed upon it, the bird changed into a human form. It was Rupe himself! Great was Ina's delight, but after a brief stay Rupe insisted in going back to tell his parents of the welfare of Ina. They were rejoiced to hear of their daughter, for whom they had long grieved. A feast was made and the finest cloth prepared for Ina and her children. Mother and son now entered two obliging linnets, and laden with all these good things flew off over the ocean in search of Ina. Arrived safely at the "Sacred Isle" mother and daughter embraced tenderly; the past was forgiven. Three whole days were spent in festivities on account of Koro and Ature the children of Ina. The visitors returned to their home over the sea; and Ina was left happy with Tinirau the king of all fish.

"Sacred Isle" is an islet in the harbour at Ngatangiia. "No-land-at-all" is the residence of the chieftainess "Pa" on the mainland.

This very popular legend seems designed to support shark worship. It is expressly said to be an account of the origin of tattoo, although another myth refers that to Rongo's ill-treatment of his brother Tangaroa. It is however true that the tattooing of this island was simply an imitation of the stripes on the "avini" and the "paoro".

"Tinirau" literally means "forty millions". Doubtless ~~it stands for~~ "Innumerable"; referring to the impossibility of counting the small fish-spawn supposed to be under his special care at the "Sacred Isle". Tinirau was second son of Vari, The-very-beginning.

This heroine is known as "Ina, daughter of Ngaetua", to distinguish

her from the four Inas born of Kui-the-Blind.

Song of Ina.

Tuka's contribution to Akatonui's fete circa 1815.

E manini au na Ina ē! A ta te reu o Tautiti E paoro ina i te apainga ē!	Call for the music & dance to begin	Here are we Ina's little fish[×] On whom the tattoo was first performed As we bare her on her voyage.
Taipo ē!	(Solo)	Go on!
Riūnga atū na ia Tinirau Na Ina Tekea i ta ē!	Chorus	On her way to Tinirau Ina invented tattooing
Manini tere uta!	(Solo)	Ah, thou shore-loving little fish!
Eiā Ina tata ïa i te reu ē, Motu te tatau ra ē?	Chorus	When did Ina imprint so distinctly Those lines on thy body?
Takitaki atura na te manini aē!	Solo	As I a little fish bare her on my back
Takitaki atū na te manini Anau tama i te akatapungā Tautiti e Koro ē!	Chorus	Brave fish that bare her to her husband, So that she became the happy mother Of the dance-loving Koro!

[×] Literally Here are we Ina's avini and paoro, from which mortals i.e. Mangaians, derive their tattooing.

"Te tatau a Rongo" i.e. "the tattooing of Rongo", as opposed to that of Ina, – means the bloody marks inflicted by spears in war.

Final stanza of the day-song for Tenio's fete.

By Koroa, circa 1814.

Ua pururu ua te eta
I maunga Opoa.

Purui tataka i te ara
Era vaine taia e te matangi.
Tarotaro Ina i te pa ika,
Oro mai ana tatakina 'tu au,
E Tekea, i tau tane ariki
Ta Tinirau i te moana.
Vāia te upoko, tipitake te akari
I te pane o mango,
I te mimi o Ina ia takavirivirí,
Ta tae au i Motutapu.
Titi kaara na Ina.
Ua rongo Tinirau.
Ua kanga Unga ē ōi!

Ka urauura pia; e ura te tere o Tautiti.
E numi te tere o Avaiki ka aere!

Solo

The stars have all set
Behind the western hills.

Chorus

Like a tall solitary tree is the fairy
Who committed herself to the winds.
Ina invoked the aid of many fish
To bear her gaily on their backks;—
The lordly shark-~~king~~ to convey her safely
To the royal Tinirau o'er the sea.
Alas the bruised head of the angry monster
Who hitherto had obeyed the trembling maiden

Chorus

Who opened a cocoa-nut
On her voyage to the "Sacred Isle".
Softly she beats the drum.
Tinirau is enchanted
By the music of the lovely one.

Our sport is over: the visit of Tautiti is ended.
The guests from spirit-world are gone!

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The voyage of Ina;

For a female reed-throwing match circa 1814.

By Koroa.

Patutu i Tekea Nui Ei tarotaro na Ina ē!	Solo	Tap gently the head of the shark king And invoke his aid, fair Ina
Tena Tane-ere-tue Te apai atu na i te anau ika I uta i te naupata kura I Motutapu e ià Tinirau	Chorus	Here comes Tane-the-fierce Driving along shoals of young fish To cover the white sandy beach Of the "sacred islet" of Tinirau.
Tinirau taua tanē!	(Solo)	Yes, Tinirau my future husband.
Aore au e keu i to Iva tangata. Ua ii i te kare i te matangi I te moana i Rangiriri — I Rangiriri te aroaro ariki.	Chorus	I will be no bride to the men of Iva. My feet are wet with the ocean waves Foam-sprinkled I press on to Rangiriri × To Rangiriri, the home of my royal husband.
Aroaro ariki i kakea ē!	(Solo)	At the home of my husband I land.
Oro mai tapoki ake au. Te āni maira Ina Paenuakore; Pou enua tapu i taea mai nei.	Chorus	Come, throw a garment o'er me. Ina has reached 'No-land-at-all;' A sacred spot attained by few.

× The name of a place at Rarotonga near the "Sacred Isles"

Baldry

The Taairangi or Dolphin.

Vātea, the elder brother of Tinirau, lived in "The-thin-land" and was lord of the ocean; whilst Tinirau, whose home was the "Sacred Isle" was king of all fish from the shark to the tiniest minnow. The "taairangi" or Dolphin was not counted with other fish, as it is covered with pure fat or blubber. How came this to be so? Why Vātea, himself half fish and half man, imitating the conduct of their great mother Vari-ma-te-takere i.e. "The-very-beginning", tore off a portion of his own person and made it into a Dolphin. Thus this fish is of necessity unlike all others. Whales were often seen but never tasted on Mangaia in heathenism. Had they been obtained, these islanders might have learnt that other fish besides the "sky caught" are covered with pure fat.

As the ocean was the undisputed property of Vātea, it soon became alive with "Taairangi" sporting about in it. Tinirau became jealous of this magnificent ocean fishpond, seeing that his own subjects were in danger of dying in the too contracted, though very numerous, fish-ponds of the "Sacred Isle". So he craved his brother's permission to let some of his small fish go into the great sea. Vātea would consent only on one condition, — that Tinirau would add a portion of his own territory of the "Sacred Isle" to the land of Vātea. With immense difficulty this was accomplished: the two brother gods had to get under the "Sacred Isle" in order to break off a part of it. This done, Tinirau liberated a portion of his finny population, and thus the ocean became swarming not only with the great half-divine Taairangi, but with fish of all sorts and sizes.

The finny subjects of Tinirau.

By Teriavai, for his fete 1823.

Vaia mai i te akeke i Aitutaki O te pa ika na Tinirau e Koro ē!	Call for dancing & music to lead off	Throw open the fish-ponds of Aitutaki[x] Where sport the fish of Tinirau & Koro.
Taipo ē!	(Solo)	Go on!
Vaia mai te tino ika nei, e Vātea, Ei taairangi, e Tanē!	Chorus	Tear off part of the half-fish body of Vātea That it may become a dolphin, O Tanē.
Aē!	(Solo)	Aye.
E utu oki i te kava rauriki, E roaka mai ai.	Chorus	Pour out a libation of "kava" To win the favor of the gods.
Vaia mai ē i te akeke aē!	(Solo)	Yes, throw open the fish-preserves,
Vaia mai i te akeke; Tei te moana te ikatauira a Tanē.	Chorus	Throw them all open, O Tane That the little fish may sport in the ocean.
Aē!	(Solo)	'T is done.
Takave mai i te uru kare Na Tane-ure-tuē, Ka aere e tauri atu i te akau.	Chorus	See, they are borne on the crest of the billows, Driven by Tane-the-Fierce, And are ~~thrown~~ lying in shoals on the reef.

[x] The "Sacred Isle" is here confounded with Aitutaki; both lands apparently lying in the vast unknown.

Numeration and the art of fishing invented.

Vātea prepared an enormous net which he entrusted to six fishermen, the first of their order. But the subjects of his brother Tinirau were too crafty to be easily caught. Day after day the finny tribes were hunted in vain. At length the aid of Raka, the god of winds, was invoked to make the surface of the ocean rough and thus to hide the great net of Vātea from the sight of the fish below. Their younger brother Raka willingly lent his aid, and the net was completely filled; but it was not in the power of the six fishermen to hold the net. Tane, son of the great Vātea, came to the rescue and resolutely held on to the captive fishes. Eight days and nights the finny prisoners raced through the wide ocean carrying the net with them. At last they became exhausted, and Tane exultingly dragged the rich spoil to the feet of his father. Vātea turned out the fish one by one pronouncing for the first time the various names by which each kind has since been known, and thus also originating the useful art of counting. At last utterly wearied with reckoning, he gave up the remainder as being in truth innumerable. The exhausted inhabitants of the ocean lay in heaps on the reef and sandy beach until the rising tide carried them out again to their proper element, none the worse for this first experiment in fishing.

The origin of dancing.

Tinirau and his son Koro, whose proper home was at the "Sacred Isle", occasionally lived on the northern part of Mangaia. The son had repeatedly noticed that his father disappeared by night and remained away from their home two or three days at a time. Where the sire went was a mystery. One thing greatly attracted the admiration of Koro;— whenever his father came back, he was adorned with a fresh necklace of ~~f~~ fragrant pandanus seeds, yellow and red. Determined to solve this mystery, one night Koro craftily hid away Tinirau's girdle, and then lay down to sleep. Not long afterwards the old man sought everywhere for his girdle; but in vain. At last he woke up his boy, who rose and gave it to his father. Koro pretended to go to sleep again; but in reality was narrowly watching his father's movements. Tinirau having adjusted his royal girdle went outside; and in a short time Koro slipped out unperceived and hid himself in the shadow of the house. The old man now passed over his ankles some strong bark in the usual fashion, and climbed a cocoa-nut tree. But to the great astonishment of Koro he used only his right hand, and did not even permit his chest to touch the tree itself. Tinirau twisted off the ripe nuts one by one and throwing them on the ground descended, as he had gone up, with the assistance of only one hand. On reaching the ground, still with one hand, he husked the nuts, clave them in two, and scraped out their contents upon the broad leaf of a variety of gigantic taro[x] called "pongi." This finely grated cocoa-nut was then carefully wrapped up in the same great leaf, and secured with bark string was carried by Tinirau to the sea, a distance of a mile, over rough rocks, by a narrow path overhung with lofty trees. On reaching the beach he took up his station on a point of rock, still called "Akatangi" or "the-calling-place", and which runs into the waters of the reef. Koro hid himself in the low bushes growing out of the sand a few yards behind his sire. "The king of all fish" now liberally scattered the scraped cocoa-nut over the waters whilst chanting a long incantation to his finny subjects. Koro quickly caught up the words and treasured them in his memory for his own use at some future period. To the infinite delight of the son, the smaller inhabitants of the reef at once obeyed the call of their lord and came to taste the food provided for their entertainment. At length the voice of Tinirau was heard by the larger fish in the great ocean who hurried to the feet of their

x arum costatum

sovereign. Ere the incantation ended, the "Sacred Isle" itself came bodily from its proper place to the edge of the reef! Thus the entire throng of Tinirau's obedient subjects assembled on the moving "Sacred Isle", and changing their forms into a partial resemblance to human beings came dancing to meet their lord, who being himself in his true attributes half-man and half-fish gladly united with them in their dance, which was of the famous sort called "Tautiti", in which hands and feet all move at the same time. The subjects like their sovereign were all arrayed in necklaces of sweet-scented pandanus seeds which grow plentifully over the native home of Tinirau. The "Sacred Islet", king, finny subjects and all started off and were speedily lost to sight in the distant ocean. Koro returned home to the interior satisfied as to the real cause of his father's frequent disappearance in past times.

A day or two afterwards Tinirau returned to his son all fragrant as before with a pandanus fruit necklace, but entirely ignorant that Koro had witnessed his proceedings on his last visit to the "Sacred Isle". It was some time ere "the king of fish" started off again on a midnight expedition; but when he did so he did not escape the vigilance of his watchful son, who was anxious to perfect his knowledge of the necessary invocations. Again with a single hand the old man climbed the tree, threw down the nuts, and descended to the ground. Again he traversed the lonely path to the sea by moonlight, carrying with him a great quantity of finely scraped cocoa-nut. At the projecting piece of rock overlooking the ocean, he scattered food for his marine children. The invocation over, fish, islet and all came again to the feet of the mighty Tinirau, who exultingly joined his merry subjects in their favourite employment of dancing by moonlight. Koro gained his object; he had learned the magic words, and therefore went home well satisfied with himself. On the following night he in his turn climbed a cocoa-nut as his father had done, and then carried the finely scraped kernel to "the calling place" where Tinirau had performed his wonderful feats. Now was the time to test his own powers as the son of the king of all fish. Reciting the prayers he scattered the rich food on the waters, when to his delight the fish obeyed the summons

swimming in shoals to his feet. The "Sacred Isle" too with all its vast ponds of fish (preserves) soon hove in sight. Amongst its finny inhabitants he had the joy of recognizing his own father Tinirau in the merry throng of moonlight dancers. Koro at once joined this novel assembly, when his father greeted him thus, "Son, this then is why you hid away my girdle." End Ballad

Arrayed like the rest in beautiful necklaces of fragrant pandanus berries, father and son that night, and ever after when so inclined, enjoyed the pleasure of a prolonged midnight dance with their finny subjects on the "Sacred Isle". It was the renowned Koro who conferred on the inhabitants of Mangaia the favor of planting the first pandanus tree close to the spot (Akatangi) where he was accustomed to summon his scaly friends. He instructed the inhabitants in the mysteries of dancing. His time was spent half at the "Sacred Isle" and half on the northern shore of Mangaia, which is thence named "Atua-Koro"[x] i.e. "the land of the divine Koro."

[x] Every return of March shoals of bream (= ature) find their way to Atua-Koro. The name of Tinirau's daughter is Ature. Of course there is a play upon the name of the beautiful silvery fish which every year visits that part, & that only, of the island, as if the sister and her attendants were paying a visit to the chosen home of her brother Koro.

A song for Temio's fete, by Vaarua.

Circa 1874.

Tautiti au ē!
O te ara ra i Taipau, e Tanē!
Taipo ē!
Tanumia te ara i te Atuakoro ē!
Aē!
Tautiti rava ki tonga i makatea oopu
Nai makatea oopu ē!
O te ara kura o Tautiti ei mai ē!

Unuunu Tai.

E māu te ara ē tei Taipau aē! Solo—
E māu te ara i Taipau,
No Tautiti kake mai ē!
Aē!
Tere maira te ara no tai tuamotu ē!
Patiki io i te kea ē!
Patiki io i te kea ē!
O te ara ra i Taipau, e Tanē!
Taipo ē!
Tanumia te ara i te Atuakoro ē!
Aē!
Tautiti rava ki tonga i makatea oopu
Nai makatea oopu ē!
O te ara kura o Tautiti ei mai ē!

Unuunu Rua.

E te opu, e te opu!
Eaa ra? Eaa ra?
Tei tai! Tei tai!
Ae! Ae!
A kitea! A kitea!
Tautiti kake mai.
Kitea mai, e Tane ē!
Maniania, o maau tara mea.
Maaraara'i au ē!
O te iva taumara a te rā ē!

I am Tautiti.
(call for the dance to begin) O Tane, the fragrant pandanus on the beach is mine.
Solo: Go on.
Chorus: That fragrant tree was first planted ~~at~~ (by the divine Koro. ~~Atuakoro~~)
Solo: Aye!
Chorus: Tautiti's favourite wreaths grow in yon gullies.
Solo: Yes, in those gullies grow
Red pandanus berries to adorn the dance.

First Offshoot.

Groves of pandanus cover yon sandy beach.
Chorus: Yes, groves of fragrant pandanus
For Tautiti, whenever he may come up.
Solo: Aye.
Chorus: This famous tree came from some other isle
To grace the sacred sandstone.
Solo: Yes, to grace the sacred sandstone.
O Tane, the fragrant pandanus on the beach is mine.
Solo: Go on.
Chorus: That fragrant tree was first planted ~~at~~ (by the divine Korō ~~Atuakoro~~)
Solo: Aye!
Chorus: Tautiti's favourite wreaths grow in yon gullies.
Solo: Yes, in those gullies grow
Red pandanus berries to adorn the dance.

Second Offshoot.

Solo: Entwine sweet-scented fern leaves.
Chorus: What is going on yonder?
Solo: At the margin of the sea?
Chorus: Aye! Aye!
Solo: The god reveals himself!
Chorus: Tautiti himself has come up (out of nether world)
Solo: O Tane, he stands revealed!
Chorus: Pleasure thrills through my body.
Solo: I would I were
A dragon-fly exulting in the sun-beam.

The prince of reed-throwers.

Upon one occasion Tangaroa chanced to see the lovely Ina-ani-vai i.e. Ina-solicited-at-the-fountain bathing at a stream named Kapuue-rangi, and at once became enamoured of her charms. The god unfastened his ~~dazzling~~ girdle which mortals call the rainbow, and by this ~~dazzling~~ pathway descended to earth. The fair but frail Ina could not resist the advances of the great Tangaroa; and in the course of time she gave birth to Tarauri and Turi-the-Bald. She chose to live apart from her friends, so that the divine origin of her offspring was long unsuspected. Both Tarauri and Turi were flaxen-haired.

There was at the same time a man named Pinga whose seven sons were alike noted for their shortness of stature and for their proficiency in the art of reed-throwing.* The clever stumpy sons of Pinga induced Turi-the-Bald to try his luck in this game. Again and again was Turi beaten by the clever sons of Pinga, so that he wept with vexation and shame.

Now the elder brother had taken no part in these games. But he was distinguished for his skill in wrestling with lads of his own age; and for catching a small fresh-water fish called "kokopu", abounding in the tiny streams which thread the valleys. The mode of angling said to have been invented by Tarauri, and still in use amongst enterprising lads, was curious. The leaves of the pandanus, or thatch, tree are furnished with somewhat formidable thorns. The serrated edges of a stout leaf are pared off; the narrow pieces ~~are~~ then carefully tied together with a bit of hibiscus bark, care being taken that there be at least two thorns or tiny fish-hooks on either side and that these little hooks point upwards. The slit midrib of a long cocoa-nut frond furnishes the fishing rod;– the thorny hooks being secured to the tapering end. The sport is enjoyed wherever the ~~stream~~ is dammed up for the purpose of irrigating the little taro-patches of the valleys, or to enable women and children the more easily to fill their empty calabashes with water. The voracious little "kokopu" leaps to catch the bait – its favourite morsel the shrimp; when it finds itself a prisoner on one of the thorns of this quaint fish-hook.

The "seven short sons of Pinga" were delighted with the adroitness of Tarauri, although as yet his name and that of his brother were unknown. Pinga

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* This popular game was practised by men, the women being spectators; or by women, the men being spectators: never by men and women together, as in some islands.

desired his sons expressly to ask the lads, — a most unpleasant duty to a South Sea Islander. The boys good-naturedly readily told their names, but not the secret of their divine origin. As soon as Pinga heard their names he astonished his "seven short sons" by exclaiming, "Why, these are my grand-children; bring them here."

Very willingly did the lads take up their abode with their newly-found grandfather for awhile. One day "the seven short sons of Pinga" made preparations for their favourite amusement of reed-throwing, purposing this time to measure their skill with Tarawri himself. They started off to the deepest recesses of the valleys where the longest reeds grow. Tarawri with affected modesty declined to accompany his seven stumpy uncles, saying to them "Your broken reeds will be good enough for a clumsy fellow like me." After awhile they returned each with a bundle of fine reeds and sat down to get them ready. First of all it was necessary to secure with a piece of strong bark the thick end of the reed, which might strike against a stone and be broken. Then the smaller end was nicely rounded, so as not to injure the finger of the player; finally, the reeds were slightly singed over a fire in order to render them perfectly straight.

The game commenced; but still Tarawri was without a single reed (tao). "The seven short sons of Pinga" having each thrown his reed, called upon Tarawri to come forward and try his luck. They were all on the tiptoe of expectation to see what he would do in this emergency. Tarawri rose from the ground, and advancing towards the appointed place for throwing thus invoked the aid of his father Tangaroa,

Kauō iake, kauō iake,
Uō iake te mārama, te mārama,
Ia Ruanuku e, Ruanuku ma Tangaroa,
Omai taku tao, ei teka nāku,
Ei teka ki te taua ē!

O be propitious, O be propitious,
Grant me light and success,
Great Ruanuku associated with Tangaroa,
Send me a reed for this game,
That the victory may be mine!

At these last words there fell from the skies at the feet of Tarawri a noble reed, perfectly straight and gaily adorned with red-parrot feathers, the first ever seen on the island. Thus the divine parentage of Tarawri was discovered. Confidently advancing to the place for throwing the reeds, Tarawri swung his arms jauntily in preparation, and again invoked

divine aid;

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Apai na, apai na rava ïa, e Tarawri, i te tai karongata,
Taki na wri e kai ai, e rere ai ē, tu arangaranga.
Apai na, e Tangaroa, to manga!

Bear it away, O bear it far away, for Tarawri's sake, to the treacherous ocean
Guide the flight of my reed, that it may rise to a dizzy height.
Great Tangaroa, here goes thine own!

At this, "the seven short sons of Poinga", dreading a disgrace to themselves, rushed to encircle Tarawri, so as to render it apparently impossible for him to exhibit his divinely acquired superiority in the art of reed-throwing over these well-practised but mere human players. A second time the invocation was repeated to Tangaroa; but again the jealousy of his newly-found relatives prevented him from throwing his gaily ornamented reed. A pause ensued; when Tarawri observing that the legs of one of the seven were a little open, in an instant drove the heaven-sent reed through the gap of the living enclosure. Wonderful indeed was the flight of the reed; — it rose and rose in the air until lost in the azure skies, where it remained eight whole days! At last the slender shaft fell at Areuna, the original marae of the Mautara or priestly tribe! Thus did Tangaroa redeem the disgrace of his younger son Tewi-the-Bald. And great indeed was the chagrin of "the seven short sons of Poinga" to be thus beaten by young Tarawri who thus at his first trial, aided by his divine parent, proved himself to be the true patron and chief of all reed-players.

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1 By some this myth is placed in "the land of Ukupolu" i.e. Upolu. The very archaic form of the invocations attests the antiquity of this story.

2 "Areuna" is on the south of the island, and is regarded as the ancient home of the priests of Motoro, who swayed Mangaia, as priests first and afterwards as chiefs, down to the establishment of Christianity.

3 The early part of this myth may serve to explain why in heathenism all illegitimate children were designated "tamariki na te atua", i.e. "children of the gods".

Of the many songs for reed-matches, none would be complete without a reference to Tarawri the chief patron of the game!

End
Larke

Rimarei

The origin of Kite-flying

Tane in the shades once challenged Rongo to a game of kite-flying But the issue of this trial of skill was the utter discomfiture of Tane by his elder brother Rongo, who had secretly provided himself with an enormous quantity of string. From this first kite-flying mortals have acquired the agreeable pastime, the condition of each game being that the first kite that mounts the sky should be sacred to, and should bear the name of, Rongo, the great patron of the art. The names of all subsequent kites were indifferent. To this contest reference is made in —

A kite song for Tenio's fete.

By Koroa, circa 1814.

Ua kapi te puku i Atiu! Na tere manu a Raka ē!	Call for the dance [illegible]	The hill-top[1] Atiu is covered with kites,— Pets of Raka who rules o'er the winds.
Ka aka ē!		Dance away!
Taipo ē!	Solo	Go on.
Ua kapi te puku i Atiu! Na tere manu a Raka ē!	Chorus.	See, yon hill-top Atiu covered with kites,— Pets of Raka god of winds.
Aē!	Solo	Aye.
E manu pēru au ē!	Chorus	I am a bird[2] (i.e. kite) of beautiful plumage
Tomo i te rangi koukou ē!	Solo	~~Cleave~~ then the dark clouds.
Moaia ea koe e Tautiti.	Chorus	Take care lest Tautiti gain the day.
Taumoamoa e Tane e na Rongo oki; Tere manu aitu ki Iva ē!	Solo	Once Tane and Rongo tried their skill With divine kites in spirit-land.
Naai te ao i poto ē!	Solo.	Who was beaten?
Na Tane, tei raro io na kumu ē!	Chorus	Tane; for his string fell short.
E mano o te ao!	Solo.	Two-thousand fathoms of string!
Na Rongo; Te vai ra i te aka i te rangi ē!	Chorus.	Yes; 'twas Rongo's, Whose kite touched the edge of the sky.

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1 A hill on the east of Mangaia is so named in memory of Ake's visit to ~~Mangaia~~ the island.

2 Kites were either "egg-shaped," club-shaped, "or bird-shaped"; as the latter were more difficult

to make, they were scarce and greatly admired by the childish old men who delighted to fly them on the hill tops of Mangaia.

Uti's torch; or Will-a-wisp.

Riding across the island alone one dark rainy night, I was delighted to see just ahead what seemed to be a man carrying a lighted torch. I shouted to my supposed companion to wait a little until I could get up to him. Receiving no reply, I spurred my horse; but as the creature made its way with difficulty through the deep mire, I was not a little annoyed to see the light dancing on and on. But as it kept to the path I suspected nothing. A clump of trees now hid the windings of the road: this mocking companion seemed to dart through its gloomiest recesses in a most inexplicable manner. After a long a weary chase the light forsook the beaten track and hovered over the deep waters of the little lake in that neighbourhood. I had been chasing a ~~Will-a-wisp~~ ignis fatuus! Upon reaching home that night and relating ~~my~~ adventure, the natives jestingly remarked, "Uti has been lighting up your path with her torch."

In the very ~~depths~~ of nether-land is a district named "Manomano" or "Countless", ~~owned~~ swayed by a female fairy called "Uti". Her delight is to climb up at night to this world of ours, provided with a torch, in search of food. Sometimes Uti's torch may be seen slowly moving along the reef; now on the rocky shore; occasionally she threads the damp vallies where prawns abound and thence will glide up mountain ridges; But Uti's chief resort is the neighbourhood of the lake already referred to. Sometimes the fairy ~~moves~~ alone; at other times attended by one or more of her daughters, each taking a different route. It was Uti who first taught the women of this upper world the ~~favourite~~ pastime of catching the sleeping[x] fish by torch-light, or waylaying crabs ashore, or shrimping in her favourite lake on the south of the island.

Hence the old song,—

Tungia te ai, e Uti,	Light thy famed torch, O Uti,
Ei turama ia Manomano.	That illuminates spirit-world. (lit. = Manomano)
Kua pou Rurapu	Our taro has been robbed;
Ma raua o Tevakaroa.	Our lands are all bare.
E tu te anau a Vatea,	Wake up ye children of Vatea;
E ara te po,	Keep watch through the night,—
Aore e karo i te rangi.	The gloomiest, wettest night—

[x] There can be no doubt that most kinds of fish do sleep or remain in a sort of torpor during the night. Not so predatory fish, sharks, &c. &c.

E Iro ua tātāi mai raro mai	When Iro creeps up to play his pranks
Nai te papa ia Tu.[x]	From the depths inhabited by Tu.

The first night of the native calendar was sacred to Iro (in Tahitian Hiro) the patron of thieves, as being his natal night; or as sceptical moderns think a moonless night is naturally favourable to a thieving expedition. It is hoped that the great divinities i.e. "the children of Vatea", will not allow Iro's tricks to pass with impunity. Uti is invoked to come to the aid of the sufferers, by lighting her torch over the taro patches to be robbed: for the boldest thief would be terrified by the sight, and would precipitately retire.

Vaangaru lamenting (circa 1815) for his dead mother-in-law Anau sings,—

Taumata ra i te tai:	She glances at the sea
Kua eke i Kopuaterua.	And plies her torch-fishing.
Tunu mai i te ai ramarama.	Then resting awhile at Araoa
Tunu maira i te rama	Cooks part of the spoil.
I runga i Araoa i te takanga	Ere leaving that pleasant spot
I tangi e moimoi aroa.	She carefully relights her torch—
Tungia rava te rama na Uti!	As taught by the fairy Uti.

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x Sometimes called "Otu"; but correctly "Tu", a shortened form of "Tu-metua" = "Stick-by-the-parent" who lives in the lowest department of Avaiki with the Great Mother Vari in silence, but with intelligence. Here it merely expresses the great depth from which the fairy clambers up.

"The-long-lived."

A glance at the rough map on the opposite page will show the hilly formation of Mangaia. In the middle is a hill, half-a-mile long and 250 feet wide, named Rangimotia or "Centre-of-the-heavens", from which the lesser hills branch out on every side.

This central hill was considered very sacred in the olden time. For there the kings of past generations adjusted the sacred girdle on warriors bound on secret murdering expeditions in the name of Rongo. The condition of wearing this girdle was, "succeed or die". About a century ago a rash chief named Uarau resolved to celebrate his accession to supreme temporal power, by holding a grand feast on this sacred spot. The leading men of the day were sure that such an act of daring impiety would draw down the anger of the gods; and therefore deprived Uarau of his chieftainship. The reason alleged for the sacredness of this hill is this:

A god, Te-manava-roa[×] or "The-long-lived" lies buried, face downwards, at Rangimotia. His proportions are wonderful: the length of the level hill—half-a-mile, being the measurement of his back! His head is at Butoa, towards the sun-rising. The marked depression between, is the neck of "The-long-lived". His right arm is the line of hills stretching away to the S.E. a distance of two miles and touching the mission premises at Tamarua! His left arm is represented by a hill-range of equal length on the opposite side side of the island. The right leg of "The-long-lived" is the line of somewhat irregular hills extending about 3 miles on the S.W. of the island. The left leg is a chain of equal length on the N.W.

These "arms" and "legs" serve one important purpose;— to mark off the different districts into which the island is naturally divided.

It is in allusion to this myth that the Southern half of Mangaia is invariably called "the right side"; and the northern half "the left side." The eastern part of Mangaia is always termed the "pauru" or "head".

Whenever, in the olden time, a large stranded fish was obtained, this fancy guided the cutting up and presentation of the different parts of the fish. The head as a matter of course went to the two chiefs at "the sunrising", where the head of "The-long-lived" was supposed to lie. The central part of the fish would go to the two chiefs of the central portion of Mangaia;— the fish being divided along the back bone, in order that the shares might be equal. The tail was divided between the two remaining chiefs, whose homes are at "the sun-setting".

The larger portions were subdivided, until each individual had a minute share. But these subdivisions were not made until the name of the chief of the entire district had first been proclaimed!

× One of the three primary stationary spirits bears this name; but must be distinguished from this buried giant.

To this day, in all great feasts, the etiquette is after calling out the name of the king to announce in a prescribed order the names of the six chiefs of Mangaia, beginning with one of the chiefs on the east and then going round in regular order until the second chief on the east has been called out, and the circuit of the island completed. This is done now partly as a matter of custom, and partly as a matter of real convenience, — jealousy being thus prevented. Few of the younger people understand the ancient reason for the practice.

End Rundered

Human arts and inventions

The employments of mortals are mere transcripts of what was supposed to be going on in Avaiki; their knowledge and skill derived from the invisible world. The first axe ever seen on earth (i.e. Mangaia) was, handle and all, of stone from the shades. The grand secret of fire was introduced by Maui from nether-world. The female employment of cloth-beating was derived from the she-demon Muru, who in the shades is ever beating the flail of death. The art of torch-light fishing was gained from the goddess Uti, who on damp nights loves to come up from Avaiki with a lighted torch (ignis fatuus) to wander over the island. The art of stealing would infallibly come to grief, did not Iro himself come up on moonless nights from spirit-land, for the express purpose of assisting mortals in playing their thievish tricks. The ovens in daily use, especially the enormous ovens for cooking ti (dracoenae terminalis) roots, are derived from Miru's awful oven ever-blazing in Hades. The art of war was learnt from Tukaitaua and Tutavake, denizens of nether-land. The intoxicating draught was copied from that which the hateful mistress of the invisible world presents to her victims. The pleasant and harmless game of ball-throwing was first taught to Ngaru by fairy-women; and introduced by him to this world. Vèetini came from the dead to instruct mankind, how to mourn for their deceased relatives.

An obvious explanation of this style of thought is the universal tendency of the heathen mind to trace to a supernatural source everything on earth, air, or sea. Another suggestion I would make;— their ancestors undoubtedly brought with them the knowledge of necessary and useful arts from Savaii, the "Avaiki" and original home of these islanders. In the Eastern islands, they speak of having come from "Hawaii" (= Savaii) or the "Po" i.e. "Night". By "Night" is intended the far-west where the sun sets, leaving these eastern islands in darkness. "Po", Hawaii, Avaiki, and Savaii are convertible terms.

The heathen of these islands were everywhere "Realists" in Philosophy, without knowing it. This is the fundamental error of unenlightened nations. ~~The only philosophy consistent with the teachings of the Bible is "Nominalism"~~

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A day song for Maaki's fete.

By Tangataroa; 1820.

Text	Part	Translation
E aparangi	Chorus	Like the outstretched heavens
O te kauā peau nui ka rere.		Are the spread wings of the warning bird
E uoa mai na e taae,		'Tis the incarnation of a god.
E mataku paa taua ē!		One shakes with terror
E roroa ua na ngutu ē!		At the long curved bill.
E roroa ua na ngutu e, e kauā,	Solo	Ah, that long-curved bill!
E manu no tai enua ē!		'Tis a bird from some other land.
Oi au ikitia te manu		I am the chosen bird
E tei taraka aē!		That comes to warn thee.
Oi au ikitia te manu	Chorus	We are all chosen birds,
I taraka, e tai rau, e Tanē!		Messengers of Tanè, to save you.
Paoa i te kaki aro, e pauru kauā.		Our bills are long and dangerous.
Evea te mata o te mārāngi nui	Chorus	Reveal thy face, lovely full-moon,
Tamatakutaku ē!		Whom all adore.
Omai tai turama ia Mangaia mārama ē!		O for a torch to illumine Mangaia
E tamatanui aengata ua ao ē!		A bright morning star, harbinger of day.
Te tutu ake ki runga ē!	Solo	Pray stand erect,
Nga manu taae, noea koe?		Ye divine birds. Whence came ye?
No runga au, no ua reia e te matangi;		From the sunrising, driven about,
Ua viriviri i te arorangi,		Through the ~~entire~~ expanse of heaven,
Ka rôi mai!		We come to you.
Tena oa te anana kauā!	Chorus	Hail flock of warning birds!
Ua ana mai nei koutou?	Solo	Ha! ye have arrived.
Nako nei maira!	Chorus	Welcome to our midst!
Koki, koka Tangaroa,		In the heavens Tangaroa
Akarongo kaumu i te tua o Vātea.		Listens to the whispers of Vātea.
Kokiia te rangi.		Awake ye winds!
Tāpai ia te rangi.		Sweep o'er the skies.
E rere i te itinga.		Fly east (ye warning birds).
E rere i te opunga.		Fly west.
E kapakapa te manu e tau ra.		What a flapping of wings when (resting)!

Finale; by Tiki (1820) in full chorus.

Na verovero o te rā	See you rays of light
I patia i Avaiki.	Darting up from spirit-world
E Rongo Nui Marumata	(Where Great Rongo reigns)
E puta i te rangi.	Piercing the heavens.
Ko verovero o te rā	The rays of light are lengthening.
Ia iti pakakina te etu,	The stars still shine;
E mâu te marama	The moon is full-orbed.
E Rongo te atua tupu a taae,	Rongo, thou fiercest of gods,
E tupiti i te moe	Arouse all sleepers, e'en those
E Tavare-moe-roa.	As profound as Tavare of old.
E ara! E ara!	Awake! Awake!
E ara, e Tane, i to mata katau.	Open, Tane, thy brilliant right eye.
Aue ē! kua kata te anau Atea	Ha! all the divine offspring of Vātea
I te rara varu!	Laugh at our brave diversion.
Kua itirere i te popongi.	Day is at hand.
Kua ao ē!	'Tis dawn.
Ruru i te tere ia Tiki,	The fete of Tiki is over.
Ka aere ei!	We part.

Six men in masks represented the warning birds. As incarnations of Tane they come from "the sunrising". The "brilliant right eye" of Tane is Venus.

"Tavare" is the legendary sound sleeper (the mother of Mota) who passed each winter in unconsciousness.

Rata's canoe; a legend from Aitutaki.*

In the fairy land of Kupolu lived the renowned chief Rata, who resolved to build a great double canoe, with a view of exploring other lands. Shouldering his axe, he started off to a distant valley where the finest timber grew. Close to the ~~mountain~~ stream stood a fragrant pandanus tree, where a deadly combat was going on between a beautiful white heron (ruru) and a spotted sea-serpent (aa). The origin of the quarrel was as follows;—

The heron was accustomed, when wearied with its search after fish, to rest itself on a stone rising just above the waters of the coral reef, and chanced to defile the eyes of a monstrous sea-serpent (aa) whose hole was just beneath. The serpent greatly enraged at this insult, resolved to be revenged. Raising its head as far as possible out of the water, it carefully observed the flight of the white heron and followed in pursuit. Leaving the salt water of the reef, it entered the mountain torrent and eventually reached the foot of the fragrant pandanus, where the unconscious victim was sleeping. The sea-serpent easily climbed the pandanus by means of one of its extraordinary external supports or roots; and now holding on firmly with its twisted tail began the attack by biting the lovely bird.

They fought hard all through that night. At dawn the white heron seeing Rata passing that way plaintively called out, "O Rata, put an end to this fight." But the sea-serpent said deceitfully, "Nay, Rata, leave us alone. It is but a trial of strength between a heron and a serpent. Let us fight it out." Again the white heron begged Rata to interfere; and again the crafty sea-serpent bade Rata go on his way,— which he did, being in a great hurry to fell timber for his canoe. But as he walked heedlessly along, he heard the bird say reproachfully,— Ah! your canoe will not be finished without my aid. Still Rata heeded not the white heron's cry for help, but entered the recesses of the forest. Selecting the finest timber he could find, he cut down enough for his purpose and at sunset returned home.

Early on the following morning the chief returned to the valley, intending to hollow out the trees he had felled on the previous day. Strangely enough the logs were missing: not a lopped branch, or even a chip or a leaf could be seen! No stump could be discovered; so that it was evident that the felled trees had in the course of the night been mysteriously restored to their former state! But Rata was not to be deterred from his

~~* Aitu-taki beautifully means "God-led."~~

purpose; so having again fixed upon suitable trees, a second time he levelled them to the ground.

On the third morning, as he went back to the forest to his work, he noticed that the heron and the serpent were still fighting. They had been thus engaged for two days and nights without intermission. Rata pursued his way, intending ~~that day~~ to hollow out his canoe, when to his astonishment, as on the previous day, the fallen trees had resumed their original places and were in every respect as perfect as before the axe had touched them! Rata guessed by their position and size which were the trees that had twice served him this trick. He now for the first time understood the meaning of what the suffering white heron had said to him on the first day, "Your canoe will not be finished without my aid."

Rata now left the forest and went to see whether the white heron was alive. The beautiful bird was indeed living, but very much exhausted. Its unrelenting foe, sure of victory, was preparing for a final attack when Rata chopped it in pieces with his axe and thus saved the life of the white heron. He then went back to his work and for the third time felled timber for his canoe. As it was by this time growing dark, he returned home to rest.

From the branch of a distant tree the somewhat revived white heron watched the labors of Rata through the livelong day. As soon as the chief had disappeared in the evening, the grateful bird started off to collect all the birds of Kupolu to hollow out Rata's canoe. They gladly obeyed the summons of their sovereign, and pecked away with their beaks until the huge logs were speedily hollowed out. Next came the more difficult task of joining together the separate pieces. The holes were bored with the long bills of the sea birds and the sinet was well secured with the claws of the stronger land birds. It was almost dawn ere the work was completed. Finally they resolved to convey the canoe to the beach close to Rata's dwelling. To accomplish this, each bird — the small as well as the large — took its place on either side of the canoe, completely surrounding it. At a given signal they all extended their wings, — one to bear up the canoe, the other for flight. As they bore the canoe through the air they sang, each with a different note, as follows; —

E ara rakau ē! E ara rakau ē!	A pathway for the canoe! A pathway for the canoe!
E ara inano ē!	A path of sweet-scented flowers.
E kopukopu te tini o Kupolu	The entire family of birds of Kupolu
E matakitaki, ka ré koe! Ōō!	Honor thee (Rata) above all mortals! Ōō!

On reaching the sandy beach in front of Rata's dwelling the canoe was was carefully deposited by the birds, who now quickly disappeared in the depths of the forest.

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Awakened by this unwonted song of the birds, Rata hastily collected his tools, intending to return to his arduous employment in the valley. At this moment he caught sight of the famous canoe, beautifully finished off, lying close to his door. He at once guessed this to be the gratitude of the king of birds, and named the canoe "Taraipo" = "Built-in-a-night" (or "Built-in-the-invisible-world").

Rata speedily provided his bird-built canoe with a mast and a sail; and then summoned his friends and laid in food and water for his projected voyage. Everything being now ready, he went on board and was just starting when Nganaoa asked permission to go in this wonderful vessel. But Rata would not consent. The crafty Nganaoa seeing the canoe start without him ran to fetch an empty calabash, knocked off the top, and squeezing himself in as best he could floated himself off on the surface of the ocean until he got a little ahead of the canoe. The people in Rata's canoe were surprised to see an apparently empty calabash floating steadily just before their vessel. Rata desired one of his men to stoop down to pick up the calabash, as it might prove useful. The man did so; but to his astonishment found it very heavy,— actually containing a man compressed into the smallest possible compass.

A voice now issued from the calabash, "O Rata, take me on board your canoe". "Whither away?" inquired the chief. "I go, said the poor fellow inside the calabash, warned by an oracle to the land of Moonlight to seek my parents Tairitokerau and Vaiaroa. Rata now asked, "What will you do for me if I take you in? The imprisoned Nganaoa replied, "I will look after your mat-sail." "I do not want your help, said Rata. Here are men enough to attend to the great mat-sail."

After a pause Nganaoa, still unreleased from his awkward position, again earnestly addressed Rata, "Let me go in your canoe." "Whither away?" again demanded the chief. "I go, said Nganaoa, warned by an oracle to the land of Moonlight to seek my parents Tairitokerau and Vaiaroa. Rata again asked, "What now will you do for me if I take you in? The reply issued from the calabash, "I will unweariedly bale out the water from the bottom of your canoe. Again Rata said, "I do not want your help. I have plenty of men to bale out the water from the bottom of the canoe."

A third time in similar terms Nganaoa entreated permission to go in the canoe; — to paddle it whenever the wind should grow light or adverse. But Rata would not accept his services.

At last, upon the fourth application the desponding Nganaoa was successful, on the promise to destroy all the monsters of the ocean which might infest their path. Rata wisely reflected that he had entirely forgotten to provide against this emergency; and who so fertile in expedients as Nganaoa, who was now permitted to emerge from his calabash and to take his place armed at the head of the canoe to be on the look out for monsters?

Swiftly and pleasantly with a fair wind they sped over the ocean in quest of new lands. One day Nganaoa shouted, "O Rata, here is a terrible foe starting up from the main". It was an open clam of fearful proportions. One shell was ahead; the other astern, — the canoe and all on board lying between! In another moment this horrid clam ~~oyster~~ might crush them all by suddenly closing its mouth! But Nganaoa was ready for the emergency. He seized his long spear and quickly drove it down into the fish, so that the bivalve instead of suddenly snapping them all up sank immediately to the bottom of the ocean.

This danger escaped, they again sped pleasantly on their way. But after awhile ~~[illegible]~~ the voice of the ever-vigilant Nganaoa was heard, "O Rata, yonder is a terrible enemy starting up from ocean depths". It proved to be ~~a poulpe~~ an octopus of extraordinary dimensions. Its huge tentacula encircled the vessel in their embrace, threatening ~~its destruction~~ to destroy them. At this critical juncture Nganaoa seized his spear and fearlessly drove it through the head of the ~~poulpe~~ octopus. The tentacula now slowly relaxed, and the dead monster floated off on the surface of the ocean.

Again they pursued their voyage in safety. But one more great peril awaited them. One day the brave Nganaoa shouted, "O Rata here is a great whale! Its enormous mouth was wide open; one jaw beneath the canoe and the other above it! The whale was evidently bent on swallowing them up alive. Nganaoa, the slayer of monsters, now broke his long spear in two and at the critical moment when the whale was about to crush them all, ~~in its mouth~~, he cleverly inserted both stakes inside the mouth of their foe, so that it became impossible for it to close its jaws. Nganaoa nimbly jumped inside the mouth of this great whale and looked down into the stomach, and lo! there sat his long lost father Tairitokerau and his mother Vairoa, who had been swallowed alive when fishing by

this monster of the deep. The oracle was fulfilled; his voyage was prosperous.

The parents of Nganaoa were busily engaged in platting cinet. Great was their joy at seeing their son, being assured that deliverance was at hand. Nganaoa resolved whilst extricating his parents to be fully revenged upon the whale. He therefore extracted one of the two stakes; the remaining one sufficing to prevent the monster from enclosing him as well as his parents in this living tomb. Breaking this prop into two pieces, he converted them into fire-sticks. He desired his father to hold firmly the lower one, whilst he worked assiduously with the upper stick, until at length the fire smouldered. Blowing it to a flame, Nganaoa set fire to the fatty portion of the stomach. The monster writhing in agony sought relief in swimming to the nearest land, where on reaching the sandy beach father, mother, and son quietly walked out through the open mouth of the stranded and dying whale.

The island proved to be "Iti-te-mărama" or "Moonlight". Here the canoe of Rata was drawn up on the beach; and for a time they all lived pleasantly. They daily refreshed themselves with its fruits and fish, adorning their persons with fragrant flowers. At length they again longed for the land of their birth in Avaiki, and they resolved to return. The canoe was ~~again~~ repaired and launched; food and water were laid in; the great mat sail was set up, and at length the brave navigator Rata, with the scarcely-saved parents of Nganaoa, and the entire party, started once more. After many days, but without further peril, they eventually reached their original homes in the lands of the sun-setting.

This myth materially differs from the Rarotongan one, to which Mr Williams refers in the "Enterprises" (Chap. XIII), which relates how Tangiia first came to Rarotonga. In the latter part, one is strongly reminded of the story of Jonah; the natives look upon it as a distorted version of the Bible narrative. The myth says "a whale" (toora) swallowed the parents of Nganaoa; whereas the native Bible merely states that "a great fish" (ika maata) swallowed Jonah.

This myth, which may be regarded as one of the primitive stories of the race, points to Samoa. At Pangaroa, in the island of Upolu (in Rarotongan and Aitutakian story "Kupolu"; but in Mangaian traditions "Ukupolu"), amid some rocks near the sea is a block of stone, about 27 feet in length, very much resembling a canoe and called "the canoe of Rata!"

The story of Rata was unknown at Mangaia. Yet a reference to this hero occurs in a canoe-making song,

Tāpāia e Una ē!	Slash away, O Una,
E toki purepure o tai enua.	With the wonderful axe from another land.
A tua te vao ia Rata	Een with that which enabled Rata
Kua inga te rakau!	To fell the forest.

"The song of the birds" (a pathway for the canoe, &c.) has always been in use at Aitutaki and Rarotonga as one of those chanted ~~in~~ hauling of heavy timber.

The bird intended by the native word "ruru" is a matter of dispute amongst the islanders; some asserting it to be the albatross, others say it is the white heron. The objection to the former is, that it is purely a roamer over the ocean. The fish intended is the "vaaroa", or spotted sea-serpent, which attains the length of eight feet, and is very vindictive. It may seem incredible that a species of eel should climb trees; but such is nevertheless the fact. On low coral islands, where the pandanus grows close to the lagoon, it is common for this fish to make its way over the sand and broken coral until reaching the shafts which support the trunk, it climbs with great ease in search of lizards which sleep on the branches. The ~~poulpe~~ octopus climbs the same tree for the sake of the sweet-scented flowers and fruit. ~~And~~ Like its marine friend possessed of eight arms, this sea-serpent is an expert rat-catcher, — feigning death until the unwary rat comes within its reach. The sight of a human being causes it to return to the water with the utmost expedition.

End
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Rumaer

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Perils of beauty.

Ngaroariki*, wife of Ngata king of Rarotonga, was famed for her beauty. She was the envy of gods and men. On one occasion she was thrown into a thicket of thorns by four men, who thought she could never get out alive. (The thorns of this formidable creeper resemble fish-hooks. Woe betide the unfortunate man that gets entangled amongst them. Tangaroa, tutelar god of Rarotonga, took pity on the hapless beauty, and sent Oroio and Rooke with long heavy sticks to beat down the thicket and thus afford deliverance. Another time, when rambling near the sea, she heard a siren voice calling to her, O loveliest of women, come hither! She felt impelled to follow the voice. The pathway led over a <u>bua</u> (beslaria laurifolia) which overspread a rock. Tangaroa whispered to her to tread only the <u>green</u> branches, as whoever treads upon the <u>dead</u> branches is necessarily bound to spirit-land. She did so. But as she passed on to the sea whence the voice proceeded, she was suddenly caught in a net by two demons and was utterly helpless in their hands. As she was being borne away to destruction, Tangaroa again interposed on her behalf and tore the net to pieces and delivered the fair captive. On a third occasion Ngaroariki told her husband that she was going to bathe in a retired spot. He attempted to dissuade her from her purpose, saying that she might be attacked by the cruel hag Moto (= The striker), who was known to be jealous of her charms. Ngaroariki loved to have her own way, and went off gaily to the fountain, and there greatly diverted herself by beating the water with his hands.

It happened that the envious ~~hag~~ woman was preparing cloth in her own dwelling which was not far away from the bathing-place. As soon as she heard the splashing of the water, she knew that it was Ngaroariki, and immediately left off work and sought how she might wreak her vengeance upon the defenceless queen.

Tangaroa noticed that Moto's flail ceased to beat, and concluded that she was planning some evil against Ngaroariki. Wishing to save the ill fated beauty, he despatched his bird-messenger the <u>Kuriri</u>, who chirped thus;— Teutenae†, ruerueae, e tu ra, e oro ra, aere ra.

Haste, haste, arise, flee for thy life!

The warning was repeated two or three times; but Ngaroariki paid no

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* Ngaroariki = The lost queen. Ngata = Difficult.

† The alliteration is beautiful: the sense of both words is the same.

head. While she was yet splashing about in the fountain, Moto violently assaulted the unprepared bather. She then with a keen shark's tooth shaved off the whole of her hair which was so profuse that it made eight large handfuls. Her face was next so disfigured that it was impossible for any one to recognize the once beautiful queen. Her pretty yellow ear-ornament, of stained fish-bone, and her fine pearl-shell daintily suspended from her neck were snatched away. Her gay clothes were all taken from her, and she was wrapped round in a single piece of old black *tapa*. When at length the hag Moto retreated with the spoil, poor Ngaroariki, utterly forlorn and changed in appearance, hid herself in the forest.

Her husband Ngata, astonished that his queen did not return home, searched everywhere for her; but in vain. After some time a grand reed-throwing match in honor of the king came off. The party who throws the farthest wins the day. The chief people of the island were present, and in succession threw their long reeds with various degrees of success. When Ngata and his retinue came forward to exhibit their skill, it happened that their reeds passed near where the lost queen was hiding her deformity and misery. She was wasted to a skeleton through grief and want of food. She knew well to whom the reeds belonged. One after another as they swept past, they were caught by her and broken in pieces. It was reported to the king that his reeds had actually been destroyed by some ugly, wretched-looking woman. Ngata, greatly incensed, hastened to punish her insolence. Again and again he kicked her, reviling her for her ugliness and impudence. As soon as the king was gone, Ngaroariki wailed thus; —

Takatakaiia, takatakaiia te mea vaine a Ngata ariki
I vaitakaiara te nekuere.

O royal Ngata, tramplest thou thus, —
Tramplest thou thus on thine own perishing wife?

The king was told what she had said. Was it possible that this ugly creature was indeed his lost wife? He immediately returned and looked attentively at her face, but could see no likeness to his beloved Ngaroariki. Yet there could be no mistaking the meaning of her words. At last he bethought himself to open her mouth; and on doing so im-

-mediately recognized the pearly teeth of his lost one. He asked what had happened to her. She told him all. Off started Ngata, followed by his wife, in search of the sorceress. She was employed as usual in beating out cloth. The king demanded whether she had touched Ngaroariki and had stolen her queenly ornaments. The hag admitted that these charges were true; but begged the king not to kill her, as she would give back the stolen treasures and restore her to her pristine beauty. The ornaments and clothing were produced. The sorceress then collected the viscid fluid of the hibiscus and the oronga (urtica argentea) and prepared a sort of gum which she plastered all over the bald head of Ngaroariki. The hair was thus made by the sorceress to adhere as formerly. The eyebrows were restored in the same way. The hag having with infinite labour repaired the damage she had done to the person of the queen, hoped to be forgiven. But Ngata thirsted for revenge. Besides, the jealous Moto might invent some new method of injuring his beloved one. Without heeding her entreaties for mercy the king stoned the sorceress to death, as he believed. Accompanied by Ngaroariki he was proceeding home, when to his utter astonishment he heard Moto again at her old employment beating out native cloth. He returned to the hag who appeared to be uninjured by what had occurred. A second time Ngata stoned the sorceress; but again she revived and returned to her old work. Driven to his wits end, he at last hit upon a plan which proved successful; it was to stone her until, as previously, life seemed extinct, and then to sever the limbs and bury them in different parts of the island. Thus at length an end was put to the malicious tricks of the envious Moto, and the lovely Ngaroariki lived in peace with her royal husband.

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Origin of Pigs at Rarotonga.

52

Of the seven islands constituting the Hervey Group, Mangaia and Aitutaki are the only ones without a native breed of pigs. The first were landed here in 1823 by the martyr Williams. On occasion of the annual May festivities in 1852 a thousand pigs were killed and eaten! Of late years the number of these useful animals has greatly fallen off, owing to the desolation occasioned by successive hurricanes.

The only quadruped previously known on Mangaia was the rat, which was considered to be delicious eating. To this day a rat-hunt is rare sport for boys, who afterwards divide the spoil. Their seniors have relinquished the practice of rat-eating. "As sweet as a rat" is a common proverb; and the Rarotongans revile the Mangaians as "rat-eaters".

The following is the legend given to account for the origin of pigs at Rarotonga.

Some two miles from the settlement of Avarua is a place named "Kupolu", where there once lived the aged, blind Maaru and his son Kationgia. They lived by themselves in a pleasant spot, not far from the base of mountains whose summits are nearly always robed in clouds.

In consequence of the continual fighting of those days, there was a most severe famine. Maaru became too feeble to stir from the house; so that the boy had to provide, as best he could, for the wants of the old man and himself. Kationgia could find nothing better to eat than the stump of the banana, which ordinarily no one would condescend to taste. Very diligently did he grate these stumps on a lump of madrepore coral; strain off the farina into a tub hollowed out of a solid tree; and mixing a little of the refuse (ota), in order to give it substance, cooked the whole in the oven. Kationgia would now go on the reef to fish, in order to get something to render this wretched diet palatable. The fish when obtained was grilled over a fire, on an extempore gridiron of green cocoa-nut branches.

The dutiful son invariably gave to his aged parent the banana-root pudding and the larger fish, whilst he satisfied the cravings of his own appetite on sea-slugs and shell fish. Maaru wearied of this diet, and suspected Kationgia of playing him a trick. Possibly the secret of his boy's uncomplaining cheerfulness was that he reserved all the good things for his own eating, knowing that his old father was stone blind. Resolved to find out the truth, he waited till his son had gone on the reef to fish. Maaru now felt about for the calabash of

salt-water and spilled its contents. In due time the son returned with some fish and prepared their meal. But to his surprise the salt-water was gone! Without a word of complaint the lad started back to the beach to refill the empty calabash with this indispensable condiment.

229 This was just the opportunity the old blind father desired. Everything was spread for his own dinner and for his son's: he resolved to ascertain what his boy was living on from day to day, seeing that his own ~~fare was~~ so indifferent. To his grief he found that Kationgia had been really starving himself, whilst the father had constantly eaten the only tolerable food obtainable. Maaru wept at the thought of what his poor boy had endured for his sake: hearing at length the footsteps of the lad, he restrained his tears.

The meal was finished in silence. The old man then requested Kationgia to come to him. The boy obeyed, wondering at this novel proceeding. The blind Maaru then felt all over his person and found him to be a living skeleton! Father and son now wept together.

Kationgia was told to prepare an oven. What have we to cook? naturally asked the son. The father repeated his command. When the oven was nearly ready, Maaru directed his son to dig about the posts of the house where he had, with a wise forethought, ~~but without the knowledge of his son; during~~ during a previous season of plenty, concealed a quantity of food against the time of scarcity.

Near the first post was a large quantity of "mâi" or sour bread-fruit carefully packed up in leaves×. About the second post was a lot of excellent chestnuts (inocarpus edulis). To crown the whole, a bunch of four cocoa-nuts was discovered close to the third principal support of their dwelling. Said the old father, Cook all this food; for we will have a feast to-night. When I am gone, dig about all the minor posts of this house, and you will find plenty of food expressly reserved for this time of sore need.

That evening father and son enjoyed the luxury of a second meal. Maaru then solemnly said, I have eaten my last food. I am about to die. As soon as the breath is out of my body, take me to Nikao (a good fishing place about a mile distant). On no account carry me; but drag me there. Conceal my body in the bush; cover it well with leaves and grass. At the expiration of four days, come and look at my body. Should you see worms crawling about, cover me over again with fresh leaves and grass. At the expiration of another four days, come back — and something will follow you. Peace will be restored to this island; and you will be king!

× Thus packed and buried in the earth, it will keep good two or three years.

That same night the old man died. Kationgia faithfully carried out the last wish of his parent. The bruised corpse was deposited in the dense ironwood forest, not far from the beautiful white sandy beach of Nikao. At the end of four days, the lad revisited the sequestered grave, and saw worms crawling about. According to the instructions of Maaru he gathered abundance of fresh leaves and grass and piled them over the corpse to a great height. But when, after the expiration of another four days, he paid a second visit to the grave, he was surprised to see the entire mass strangely heaving; — it was all commotion! Alarmed at this, he rushed away home in horror. His ears however were assailed and his steps arrested with the novel grunts of the first brood of pigs on Rarotonga. In that first brood were all the varieties, of white, black, and speckled, which have since prevailed. These young pigs, of their own accord, followed Kationgia to his home at the foot of the mountain. They increased at a wonderful rate, and made their owner famous all over the island.

Being now a man of consideration, Kationgia married to advantage. Peace prevailed; and eventually, on account of his owning these wonderful animals, he was elected king! Such was the reward of his filial piety.

To the present day pigs at Rarotonga are, in allusion to this story, called "e iro no Maaru" = "worms of Maaru."

"Kationgia" = "bite and smell", as if the model child of their heathen antiquity only bit and smelt his own share of food.

The "Kupolu" of this myth is the "Upolu" of Samoa. A spot at Rarotonga is to this day called "Kupolu."

End [illegible]

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Seeking for Light.

An Aitutakian myth.

Te-erui, son of Te-tareva = "The expanse", lived long in utter darkness in the shades (Avaiki). He had heard that there was somewhere a land of light; very earnestly he desired to visit it. He ruminated as to the best way of attaining his purpose, and finally resolved to make a canoe, in which he might paddle away to "the land of light."

Te-erui divulged his secret purpose to his brother Matareka = "Smiling Face". Being of one mind, they at once set off in search of suitable wood for their purpose. As they felled the trees, they chanted these words:

" Nga Te-erui, nga Matareka e amo i te toki i te tumu o te rakau.
E aumapu ma taku toki, e aumapu."

" Te-erui and Matareka have brought their axes to the root of this tree.
Merrily rings the axe! merrily O!"

The trees fell. The top and branches were speedily lopped off, the outer bark was peeled off, and the trunks hollowed out into two fine canoes. The outriggers were secured. The first canoe was named "Weary of Darkness"; the second, "Sleepless Nights." These enterprising brothers dragged their canoes to the ocean's edge, set up a mast and sail in each, and started for the much-wished-for "land of light." When the winds grew light, they diligently plied their paddles. On and on they went, and, to their great joy, reached a region called "Glimmering of Light." Here they met with a great misfortune — their canoes upset. They, however, swam back for their lives, and succeeded in reaching their homes again. In no degree discouraged by the result of this their first experiment, the brothers cut down two new trees, chanting as before:

"Te-erui and Matareka have brought their axes to the root of this tree.
Merrily rings the axe! merrily O!"

The trees fell; and in due time the canoes were completed. One was named "Unalterable Purpose;" the other "Sidle Along" (because unable to go direct). These new canoes were launched, and a second time the brothers started off in search of "the land of light." All went on well until they arrived at the comparatively pleasant region of "Glimmering of Light," where their fragile barks were sunk by the violence of the waves. The adventurous voyagers happily succeeded in swimming back to shore a second time. But Te-erui and Matareka did not despair. Again they felled timber for two new canoes in the place of those they had lost, singing as before:

"Te-erui and Matareka have brought," &c.

When these canoes were completed, they were respectively called "Pack in" and "Pack out." Once more the brothers, each in a separate canoe, started off in quest of "the land of light"; but were again doomed to disappointment; for, on reaching the region of "Glimmering of Light"; the rough waves again broke up their canoes. Te-erui and Matareka, however, got back to shore a third time.

The brothers now doubted whether they would ever succeed in getting to the wished-for land. They resolved to try once more. Again they selected the best trees for their purpose; and, whilst cutting them down, sang as formerly, "Te-erui and Matareka," &c. When these canoes were completed, they held a consultation as to the probable cause of their previous failures. The carpenter, or priest, inquired the name of the masts of the former canoes. The brothers replied, "Te-tira-o-Rongo", i.e. "Sacred to (the war god) Rongo." The carpenter remarked, "It is on this account that you have hitherto failed. Change the name, and you will yet succeed." "What name do you propose?" asked the brothers. "Call it," said the priest-carpenter, "O-tu-i-te-rangi-marama"* = "Erect in the Light of Heaven". This was gladly agreed to. Everything was at length completed for the fourth expedition in search of "the land of light." What with paddling and sailing, they reached the dangerous region of "Glimmering of Light," and saw the mad billows seemingly resolved again to swallow up the frail barks. But "Erect in the Light of Heaven" kept on through storm and calm until they reached "the land of light" — a region where they could clearly see each other; where the sun shone brightly and all was pleasant.

No more caring to return to the dark land from which they had originally set out, they looked about for a resting-place, and at last espied a half-sunken island ahead. But the ocean waves were threatening, and the surf rolled heavily against the coral reef. The brothers fought against those billows, and lo! the sea became smooth. Nearing the partially submerged island, they could find no dry place on which to set their feet. The brothers again contended with the ocean; the shallow waters vanished, leaving the island elevated far above the surrounding ocean. Te-erui and Matareka took possession of their new-found home in "the region of light," and thenceforth appropriately called it "Aitu-taki" = "God-led."

Such is the legendary history of the "Adam" of Aitutaki. It is, of course, a highly exaggerated account of the voyage of the first settlers from Avaiki = Savaii, the sun-setting, to "the land of light," i.e. the sun-rising. Said the heathen priests to Papehia, one of their first teachers, "Te-erui was the first man; we know nothing about your Adam."

* A possible meaning of this name is "Tu-(bathed)-in-the Light-of Heaven". I prefer that given in the text.

The wisdom of Manihiki (korero Manihiki).

~~"The world by wisdom knew not God" St. Paul~~

54

On the island of Rarotonga once lived Manuahifare and his wife Tongoifare, offspring of the god Tangaroa. Their eldest son was named Māui the First; the next Māui the Second. Then followed their sister Inaika (Ina-the Fish). The youngest was a boy Māui the Third. Like all other young Polynesians, these children delighted in the game of hide and seek. One day Inaika hid her pet brother Māui the Third under a pile of dry sticks and leaves, and then desired the elder boys to search for him. They sought everywhere in vain. Inaika at last pointed to the pile and naturally expected to see her little brother emerge from his hiding place, as the sticks were scattered to the right and left. The heap had disappeared; but no Māui was to be seen. What had become of him? But after a few minutes they were astonished to see him start up from under a few bits of decayed wood and some leaves which had been thoroughly searched a few seconds before! This was the first intimation of Māui the Third's future greatness.

This wonderful lad had noticed that his father Manuahifare mysteriously disappeared at dawn of every day; and in an equally mysterious way came back again to their dwelling at night. He resolved to discover this secret, which seemed to him the more strange as, being the favourite, he slept by the side of Manuahifare and yet never knew when or how he disappeared. One night he lay awake until his father unfastened his girdle in order to sleep. Very cautiously did Māui the Younger take up one end and place it under himself, without attracting his father's notice. Early next morning this precocious son was roused from his slumbers by the girdle being pulled from under him. This was just as he desired; he lay perfectly still to see what would become of Manuahifare. The unsuspecting parent went, as he was wont, to the main pillar of his dwelling and said,—

O pillar! open, open up;
That Manuahifare may enter and descend to nether world (Avaiki).

The pillar immediately opened and Manuahifare descended.

That same day the four children of Manuahifare went back to their old game of hide and seek. This time Māui the Younger told his brothers and sister to go outside the house whilst he should look out for some place to hide in. As soon as they were out of sight, he went up to the post through which his father

had disappeared, and pronounced the magic words he had overheard. To his great joy the obedient post opened up, and Māui boldly descended to the nether regions. Manuahifare was greatly surprised to see his son down there; but after saluting (lit. "smelling") him quietly proceeded with his work.

Māui the Third went on an exploring tour through these unknown subterranean regions, the entrance to which he had luckily discovered. Amongst other wonderful things, he fell in with a blind old woman bending over a fire where her food was being cooked. In her hand she held a pair of tongs (i.e. a green cocoa-nut midrib, split open). Every now and then she carefully took up a live coal and placed it on one side supposing it to be food, whilst the real food was left to burn to cinder in the fire! Māui inquired her name, and to his surprise found it was "Ina-porari", or "Ina-the-Blind", his own grandmother. The clever grandson heartily pitied the condition of the poor old creature, but would not reveal his own name. Close to where he stood watching the futile cooking of Ina-the-Blind grew four "nono" trees (morindo citrifolia). Taking up a stick he gently struck the nearest of the four trees. Ina-the-Blind angrily said, Who is that meddling with the "nono" belonging to Māui-the-Elder? The bold visitor to nether-world then walked up to the next tree and tapped it gently. Again the ire of Ina-the-Blind was excited, and she shouted, Who is this meddling with the 'nono' of Māui-the-Second? The audacious boy struck a third tree, and found it belonged to his sister Inaika. He now exultingly tapped the fourth and last "nono" tree, and heard his old grandmother ask, Who is this meddling with the 'nono' of Māui-the-Third? "I am Māui-the-Third, said the visitor. Then, said she, you are my grandson and this is your own tree.

Now when Māui first looked at his own "nono" tree, it was entirely destitute of leaves and fruit; but after Ina-the-Blind had spoken to him, he again looked and was surprised to see it covered with glossy leaves and fine apples, though not ripe. Māui climbed up into the tree and plucked one of the apples. Biting off a piece of it, he stepped up to his grandmother and threw it into one of her blind eyes. The pain was excruciating; but sight was at once restored to the eye which had so long been blind. Māui plucked another apple, and biting off a piece of it, threw it into the other eye of his grandmother, and lo! sight was restored to it also. Ina-the-Blind was delighted

to see again, and in gratitude said to her grandson "all above, and all below" (= all on earth and all in spirit-land) are subject to thee; and to thee only."

Ina, once called The-blind, now instructed Māui in all things found within her territory;— that as there were 4 species of "nono", so there are 4 varieties of cocoa-nuts and 4 of taro in Avaiki, i.e. one for each child of Manuahifare.

Māui asked Ina, "Who is lord of fire?" She replied, "Thy grandfather, "Tangaroa-tui-mata," or "Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face" "Where is he"? inquired Māui. "Yonder, rejoinded his grandmother; but do not go to him. He is a terribly irritable fellow; you will surely perish." But as Māui persisted, the grateful goddess Ina said;— "there are two roads to his dwelling. One of these is the path of death;— whoever unwittingly approaches the Great Tangaroa by this path dies. The other is the "common" or "safe" (noa) road. Māui disdained to choose the path of safety: knowing his own prowess he boldly trod the path of death.

"Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face" seeing Māui advancing, raised his right hand to kill him,— that hand which as yet had never failed to destroy its victim. But Māui, nothing daunted, lifted his right hand. At this Tangaroa not liking the aspect of Māui raised his right foot, for the purpose of kicking to death the luckless intruder. But Māui was prepared to do the same to the lord of fire with his right foot. Astounded at this piece of audacity Tangaroa demanded his name. The visitor replied "I am Māui the Younger". The god now knew it to be his own grandson. "What did you come for?" "To get fire," was the response of Māui. "Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face gave him a lighted stick and sent him away. Māui walked to a short distance, and finding some water, like that dividing the two islets collectively called Manihiki, extinguished the lighted stick. Three times this process was repeated. The fourth time all the firebrands were gone and Tangaroa had to fetch two dry sticks to rub together in order to produce fire. Māui held the under one for his grandfather; but just as the fire dust in the groove was igniting, the impudent Māui blew it all away. Tangaroa, justly irritated at this, drove Māui away, and summoned a "Kakaia" or Boatswain's bird,+ to come to his assistance to hold down the lower piece of wood whilst Tangaroa diligently worked again with the other stick. At last, to the infinite joy of Māui, fire was obtained! It was no longer a mystery. Māui suddenly snatched the upper

+ of a beautiful white plumage

stick, one end of which was burning, out of the land of Tangaroa. The patient bird of white plumage still firmly clutched with her claws the under fire--stick, when Māui purposely burnt either side of the eye of the bird. The indignant "boatswain's bird", smarting at this ill-requital, fled away for-ever. Hence the black marks, resembling a pair of eyebrows, on either side of the eye of this beautiful bird to this day. Tangaroa reproached his grand--son with having thus wantonly deprived him of the valuable services of his favourite bird. Māui deceitfully said, "Your bird will come back."

Māui next proposed to Tangaroa that they should both fly up to day-light through the hole by which the bird had escaped. The god inquired how this could be accomplished. Māui at once volunteered to show the way, and actually flew to a considerable height like a bird. "Tangaroa-of-the-tattooed-face" was greatly delighted. Māui came down to the ground, and urged his grandfather to imitate his example. "Nothing, said Māui, is easier than to fly." At his grandson's suggestion, Tangaroa put on his glorious girdle, by mortals called the rainbow; and to his immense delight succeeded in rising above the loftiest cocoa-nut tree. The crafty Māui took care to fly lower than Tangaroa, and getting hold of one end of the old man's girdle he gave it a smart pull which brought down poor Tangaroa from his giddy elevation. The fall killed Great Tangaroa.

Pleased with his achievement in getting the secret of fire from his grandfather and then killing him, he returned to his parents who had both descended to nether-land. Māui told them he had got the secret of fire, but with-held the important circumstance that he had killed Tangaroa. His parents expressed their joy at his success, and intimated their wish to go and pay their respects to the Supreme Tangaroa. Māui objected to their going at once. "Go, said he, on the third day. I wish to go myself to-morrow." The parents of Māui acquiesced in this arrangement. Accordingly on the next day Māui went to the abode of Tangaroa, and found the body entirely decomposed. He carefully collected the bones, put them inside a cocoa-nut shell, carefully closed the tiny aperture, and finally gave them a thorough shaking. Upon opening the cocoa-nut shell, he found his grandfather to be alive again. Liberating the divinity from his degrading imprison--ment, he carefully washed him, anointed him with sweet-scented oil, fed him, and then left him to recover strength in his own dwelling.

Māui now returned to his parents Manuahifare and Tongaifare,

and found them very urgent to see Tangaroa. Again Māui said, "Wait till to-morrow." The fact was, he greatly feared their displeasure, and had secretly resolved to make his way back to the upper world he had formerly inhabited whilst his parents were on their visit to Tangaroa.

Upon visiting the god on the morning of the *third* day, Manuahifare and Tongoifare were greatly shocked to find that he had entirely lost his old proud bearing and that on his face were the marks of severe treatment. Manuahifare asked his father Tangaroa the cause of this. "Oh, said the god, your terrible boy has been here ill-treating me. He killed me: then collected my bones, and rattled them about in an empty cocoa-nut shell; he then finally made me live again, scarred and enfeebled as you see. Alas, that fierce son of yours!"

The parents of Māui wept at this; and forthwith came back to the old place in Avaiki in quest of their son, intending to scold him well. But he had made his escape to the upper world, where he found his two brothers and his sister Inaika in mourning for him whom they never expected to see again.

Māui the Third told them that he had made a grand discovery;—he had obtained the secret of fire. He had found a new land. "Where is it situated"? inquired they. "Down *there*," said Māui the Younger. "Down *where*"? they demanded. "Down *there*", again shouted Māui. The fact was, they were not aware of the secret opening in their house leading to Avaiki. At the earnest solicitation of Māui they all consented to follow him. Accordingly he went to the old post of their dwelling, and said as before —

O pillar! open, open up;
That we all may enter and descend to nether-world!

At these words the wonderful pillar at once opened, and all four descended. Māui showed them all the wonders of spirit-world, and when at length their curiosity was perfectly satisfied, he conducted them back to the upper world of light to which they all properly belonged.

Māui enslaving the Sun.

Food was now cooked by the inhabitants of this upper world, whereas formerly it was eaten raw. But the Sun-god Rā used to set in mad haste, ere the family oven could be properly cooked. Māui considered how he could remedy this great evil. A strong rope of cocoa-nut fibre was made and laid round the aperture by which the Sun-god climbed up from Avaiki (=nether-world). But it was in vain. Still stronger ropes were made; but all to no purpose. Māui fortunately bethought himself of his beloved sister's hair, which was remarkably long and beautiful. He cut off some of Inaika's locks and plaited it into rope, placed it round the aperture, and then hid himself. The moment the Sun-god Rā emerged from spirit-world in the east, Māui quickly pulled one end of the cord and caught him round the throat with the slip-knot. The hitherto unmanageable monster bellowed and writhed in his vain efforts to extricate himself. Almost at the last gasp, he begged Māui to release him on any terms he pleased. The victorious Māui said that if he would pledge himself to go on his course at a more reasonable rate, he should be released. The promise was readily given by the trembling captive; and hence it is that ever since the inhabitants of this upper world have enjoyed sufficient sunlight to complete the duties of the day.

The sky raised.

Originally the heavens almost touched the earth. Māui resolved to elevate the sky; and fortunately succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Ru. Māui stationed himself at the north; whilst Ru took up his position in the south.

Prostrate on the ground, at a given signal, they succeeded in raising a little with their backs the solid blue mass. Now pausing awhile, on their knees, they gave it a second lift. Māui and Ru were now able to stand upright; with their shoulders they raised the sky higher still. The palms of their hands, – and then the tips of their fingers, enabled these brave fellows to elevate it higher and higher. Finally

drawing themselves out to gigantic proportions, they pushed the entire heavens up to the very lofty position which they have ever since occupied.

25 But the work was not complete; for the surface of the sky was very irregular. Māui and Ru got a large stone adze apiece, and therewith chipped off the roughest parts of the sky, thus giving it a perfectly oval appearance. They now procured superior adzes in order to finish off the work so auspiciously commenced. Māui and Ru did not cease to chip, chip, chip at the blue vault, until it became faultlessly smooth and beautiful, as we see it now!

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Māui's last and greatest achievement.

A native of Rarotonga named Iku was a noted fisherman. He was accustomed to go out to sea a great distance, and yet safely find his way back with abundance of fish. The obvious reason for this was that Iku knew the names and movements of the stars; and by them he steered his course at night.

Upon one occasion this Rarotongan fisherman, at a great distance from his home, discovered a vast block of stone at the bottom of the ocean. This was the island of Manihiki. Iku made sail for Rarotonga to tell what he had seen.

The three brothers Māui heard Iku tell his story of this submarine island, and determined to get possession of it for themselves. Accordingly without giving the discoverer the slightest hint of their intentions, they sailed in a large canoe to the north (a distance of 600 miles) in quest of the sunken island. Many days passed in weary search ere they were rewarded with a sight of the great block of coral at the bottom of the sea.

Māui the Elder now baited his large hook with a piece of raw fish, and let it down. The bait took; and Māui the Elder pulled hard at the line. As the fish drew near the surface, he asked his brothers whether it was a shark or a kakai. They pronounced it to be a kakai (i.e. a fine fish weighing from 70 to 80 lbs.). ? Teanaroa says kakai is an oyster ??

Māui the Second next baited *his* hook, and like his brother caught only a "kakai".

It was now Māui the Younger's turn to try *his* luck. He selected as bait the young bud+ of the cocoa-nut, which he had brought with him for the purpose. This he wrapped up in a leaf of the laurel tree. A very

+ The size of a filbert

strong line was attached to the hook and then let down. Māui soon found that he had got hold of something very heavy; and he in his turn asked his brothers what sort of fish was on his hook. They sapiently assured him that it was either a shark or a

Māui found his prize to be intolerably heavy: so he put forth all his hidden strength, and up came the entire island of Manihiki! As the island neared the surface, the canoe in which the three brothers were, broke in two with the mighty straining of Māui the Younger. His two brothers were precipitated into the ocean and drowned. Luckily for Māui-the-Younger one of his feet rested on the solid coral of the ascending island. At length Manihiki rose high and dry above the breakers, drawn up from the ocean depths by the exertions of the now solitary Māui.

Māui surveyed his island possession with great satisfaction; for this he regarded as his crowning achievement. There was however one serious defect; – there was no canoe passage. Māui at once set to work upon a part of the reef and made the excellent opening for canoes which distinguishes Manihiki above many other islands.

Not long afterwards Iku came back to his favourite fishing ground. Great was his surprise and indignation to find Manihiki raised up from the ocean depths by the efforts of Māui, and already inhabited by him. Iku resolved to slay Māui for doing this. He got ashore at the passage which his adversary had so conveniently made; and fought with Māui. In this fight Māui retreated to a certain spot; stamped his foot with great violence, and so broke off a part of what now constitutes one extremity of the sister islet of Rakaanga.

Iku feared not this exhibition of the prowess of Māui; and again pursued him with intent to kill him. Māui now ran to the opposite side of Manihiki; and again violently stamped the earth with his foot; and thus it was that the originally large island of Manihiki was cleft into two equal parts; one of which retains the ancient designation Manihiki; the other is called Rakaanga. A wide ocean channel (of 26 miles) separates these twin coral islands. Finally, Māui ascended up into the heavens & was seen no more!

On the island of Rakaanga visitors are shown a hollow in a rock near the sea closely resembling a human foot-print of the ordinary size. This is called "<u>the footprint of Māui</u>", – where his right foot rested when the canoe parted and he had almost sunk in the ocean. Close by is a hole in the coral said to be the place where Māui's fish-hook held fast when he pulled up the island from the bottom of the ocean! It is asserted that Māui carried with him to the skies the great fishhook employed by him on that occasion. The tail of the

constellation "Scorpio" is to this day called by the natives of Manihiki and Rakaanga "the fish-hook of Māui."

58

Iku lived alone on Manihiki for a time. One day he saw a cocoa-nut floating on the surface of the ocean. He brought it ashore and then planted it. Thus grew the first cocoa-nut tree on Manihiki.

Iku returned to Rarotonga to fetch his sister Tapairu and her husband Toa. All three safely reached Manihiki and settled down in their new-found home. Five daughters were born to Toa; but no son was given to him until he married his youngest daughter. From Toa and Tapairu, a single family, all the present inhabitants of Manihiki and Rakaanga are descended. In after times Mahuta and his clan migrated to Penrhyns; ~~thus~~ the Penrhyn Islanders, the natives of Manihiki and Rakaanga are all descended from the Rarotongan Toa and his wife Tapairu.

Such is "the wisdom of Manihiki." Few myths are so complete, and few islanders have been so free from foreign admixture as the natives of Manihiki and Rakaanga. They wonderfully resemble each other; so that to have seen one Manihikian is to have seen all.

A close parallel runs between their version of the exploits of Māui and that which obtains elsewhere. Some particulars are wholly dissimilar: for instance I can find no account of "the bones of Ru".

Mangaian tradition represents Māui as being driven away by Rangi to Rarotonga, for setting the island on fire. The "wisdom of Manihiki" represents Māui as living at Rarotonga and starting thence on his wonderful voyage in search of Manihiki.

The tail of "Scorpio" is here known as "the great fish-hook of Tongareva" i.e. Penrhyns. The myth respecting it is similar to the preceding, but refers to Tongareva or Penrhyns, not to Manihiki. Vātia takes the place of Māui.

The story of Toa and Tapairu is simple history, well known at Rarotonga. That Mahuta accompanied by his wife Tavai emigrated to the hitherto uninhabited island of Penrhyns is undoubted truth. A second canoe piloted by the son of the renowned Mahuta followed and succeeded in making that extensive but most barren of islands, Tongareva.

(over)

In July 1871 I visited Rakaanga. We rowed in a flat-bottomed boat, without a keel, built of cocoa-nut timber neatly sewn together with cinet. Yet these adventurous islanders think nothing of traversing the 25 miles of ocean between Rakaanga and Manihiki in such frail barks.

In the middle of the reef, near the usual landing place, and peering above the water is a rock with a hole in it, in which tradition asserts that Maui's great fish-hook caught when that god hauled up the great submarine mass which subsequently (when stamped by his gigantic foot) divided into the islands of Manihiki and Rakaanga. Another spot was pointed out as the standing-place of the illustrious Māui whilst thus engaged.

The king next took us to the uninhabited islet (where now they keep their pigs) to show us the ancient road to spirit-land! We could perceive no hole or special depression in the ground; but were assured that if we dug deep enough we should be sure to find it!

Māui once standing upon this very spot overheard a confused murmuring of voices beneath. In a low voice he inquired who these imprisoned spirits were. Those underneath shouted out their names in the form of a song which our guide repeated. Said he, 'Our fathers assured us there they still are; only earth has been piled upon the aperture'. These spirits are said to be "like soldier crabs boring down and hiding in the bowels of the earth!"

End
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Chapter VIII. Hades; or the doctrine of spirit-world.

Hades, or Spirit World.

The proper name for this is "Avaiki"; in Tahitian Hawaii; in New Zealand Hawaiki. Many other expressions occur in their ancient songs and myths; but they are to be regarded as designations for places or territories in Avaiki, the vast hollow over which the island is supposed to be placed. As the dead were usually thrown down the deepest chasms, it was not unnatural for their friends to imagine the earth to be hollow and the entrance to this vast nether world to be down one of these pits. No one can wonder at this who knows that the outer portion of Mangaia is a honeycomb, the rock being pierced in every direction with winding caves and frightful chasms. It is asserted that the Mission Premises at Oneroa are built over one of these great caverns, which extends so far towards the sea that the beating of the surf can be distinctly heard whilst the water purified from its ~~salt~~ saline particles continually drips from the stony roof. The inland opening to this subterranean territory was the grand repository of the dead, and is known by the significant name of "Auraka" = "Dont". ~~It is about 100 yards from where I now write.~~ Doubtless this is the true origin of their idea of the whereabouts of spirit-world.

The* proper denizens of Avaiki are the major and lesser divinities with their dependents. These marry, multiply, and quarrel like mortals. They wear clothing, plant, cook, fish, build and inhabit dwellings of exactly the same sort as exist on earth. The food of immortals is no better than that eaten by mankind. The story of Kura's marvellous escape from Hades represents some districts of spirit-land as inhabited by cannibals, whose delight is to entrap unwary mortals to their destruction;—it is to be presumed without the knowledge of dread Miru. Birds, fish, and rats; the mantis, beetle, and centipede; the cocoa-nut tree, the pandanus, the myrtle, the morinda citrifolia, and the yam all abound in Hades, either for the support or adornment of immortals. Murder, adultery, drunkenness, theft, and lying are practised by them. The arts of this world are fac-similes of what primarily belonged to nether-land and were taught to mankind by the gods. The visible world itself is but a gross copy of what exists in spirit-land. If fire burns, it is because latent flame was hidden in the wood by Mauike in Hades. If the axe cleaves, it is because the fairy of the axe is invisibly present. If the iron wood-club kills its victim, it is because a fierce demon from Tonga is enshrined in it.

of mankind, but the excesses of the denizens of spirit-land. They became very troublesome to mankind, continually afflicting them with disease and death. They occasioned great dearth by stealing all kinds of food, and even ravished

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At a spot * named Aremauku, about half a mile from the village, on a cliff overlooking the western ocean, it was pretended that the direct ~~descent~~ road to spirit-land existed. Through it continual communication was anciently kept up with "Hades." By this route Maui descended to the home of Mauike; and wrested the secret of fire. ~~The great Rongo, with most of the gods, was supposed to have his residence in this nether-world, which was said to abound in fruits, streams, hills, and valleys much like this upper world.~~ In one district lived a race possessed of only one eye apiece! At evening the Sun-God Rā drops down through the opening made for his convenience at the edge of the horizon, and thus lights up the inhabitants of the nether-world. One myth asserts that he descends thus frequently to Avaiki to visit his wife Tu, who lives with the Great Mother Vari at the very bottom of the vast cocoa-nut hollow, knees and chin meeting!

(* The proper denizens &c.)

Hence the ancient proverb "day here; night in Avaiki"; and vice versa. ** At the

** As the priest Teka sang (1794)

Ua po Avaiki	'Tis night now in spirit-land;
Ua ao nunga nei.	For 'tis light in this upper world.

... without ... turn ... ble ...

of mankind, but ^the excesses of the denizens of spirit-land. They became very troublesome to mankind, continually afflicting them with disease and death. They occasioned great dearth by stealing all kinds of food, and even ravished

Chapter VIII. Hades; or the doctrine of spirit-world.

Hades, or Spirit World.

The proper name for this is "Avaiki"; in Tahitian Hawaii; in New Zealand Hawaiki. Many other expressions occur in their ancient songs and myths; but they are to be regarded as designations for places or territories in Avaiki, the vast hollow over which the island is supposed to be placed. As the dead were usually thrown down the deepest chasms, it was not unnatural for their friends to imagine the earth to be hollow and the entrance to this vast nether world to be down one of these pits. No one can wonder at this who knows that the outer portion of Mangaia is a honeycomb, the rock being pierced in every direction with winding caves and frightful chasms. It is asserted that the Mission Premises at Oneroa are built over one of these great caverns, which extends so far towards the sea that the beating of the surf can be distinctly heard whilst the water purified from its ~~salt~~ saline particles continually drips from the stony roof. The inland opening to this subterranean territory was the grand repository of the dead, and is known by the significant name of "Auraka" = "Dont". ~~It is about 100 yards from where I now write.~~ Doubtless this is the true origin of their idea of the whereabouts of spirit-world.

At a spot* named Aremauku, about half a mile from the village, on a cliff overlooking the western ocean, it was pretended that the direct ~~descent~~ road to spirit-land existed. Through it continual communication was anciently kept up with "Hades." By this route Maui descended to the home of Mauike, and wrested the secret of fire. ~~The great Rongo, with most of the gods, was supposed to have his residence in this nether-world, which was said to abound in fruits, streams, hills, and valleys much like this upper world.~~ In one district lived a race possessed of only one eye apiece! At evening the Sun-God Rā drops down through the opening made for his convenience at the edge of the horizon, and thus lights up the inhabitants of the nether-world. One myth asserts that he descends thus frequently to Avaiki to visit his wife Tū, who lives with the Great Mother Vari at the very bottom of the vast cocoa-nut hollow, knees and chin meeting!

Hence the ancient proverb "day here; night in Avaiki"; and vice versa.** At the appointed interval ~~the mighty monster~~, the Sun-God Rā, climbs up not without great difficulty, out of nether world through a hole at the edge of the eastern horizon and lights up Mangaia. That his movements are so reasonable and regular is due to the exertions of Maui.

The high-road to Avaiki is ~~for~~-ever closed. This was not the ~~fault of the ...~~ of mankind, but the punishment of the excesses of the denizens of spirit-land. They became very troublesome to mankind, continually afflicting them with disease and death. They occasioned great dearth by stealing all kinds of food, and even ravished

the women of this world. The brave and beautiful Tiki, the sister of Vâetini, determined to put an end to these annoyances. For this purpose she rolled herself alive down into the gloomy opening which immediately closed upon her. From that memorable day the spirits of mortals have been compelled to descend to Avaiki by a different route. Happily however the natives of Avaiki no longer dare molest mankind. The closed chasm is known by the name "te rua ia Tiki" = "Tiki's hole."

The spirits of the dead were often spoken of as wandering along the margin of the sea most disconsolately; not a little annoyed at the extreme sharpness of the rocks and the entanglement of their feet in the bindweed and thick vines. They were arrayed in ghostly net-work and a fantastic mourning of weeds picked up on way, relieved however by the fragrant ~~[illegible]~~ heliotrobe which grows freely on the barren rocks. A red creeper, resembling dyed twine, wound round and round the head like a turban completed their ghostly toilet.

Rather inconsistently with this a smooth, shelving piece of coral rock on the western coast is known as "te renanga a te atua" i.e. the place where ghosts blanch their new-made garments; as if during the weary months of their wanderings over the rough rocks they were driven, like the living, to prepare new clothing from time to time and thus replace the garments torn by the bushes and thorny creepers. Was it to assist in the manufacture of such garments that females were invariably buried with one or more cloth mallets used in life?

The great delight of these weeping melancholy spirits was to follow the ~~sun~~.* At the summer solstice, January, he apparently rises out of the ocean opposite to Anā-kura (the "red-cave", so called as receiving the red rays of the morning); at the winter solstice, June, rising at Karanga-iti ("the little welcome", winter being but half welcome). These points became therefore grand rendezvous of disembodied spirits: those belonging to the northern half of the island assembling at the last-named rendezvous, Karanga-iti: those, by far the greater number, belonging to the Southern half of the island meeting at the former, Anā-kura.

Many months might elapse ere the projected departure of the ghosts took place. This weary interval was spent in dances and in revisiting their former homes, where the living ~~dwell~~ ~~[illegible]~~ affectionately remembered by the dead. At night-fall they would wander amongst the trees and plantations nearest to these dwellings, sometimes venturing to peep inside. As a rule these ghosts were well-disposed to their own living relatives; but often became vindictive if a pet child was ill-treated by a step mother or other relatives, &c.

* The dead if buried at all were buried with the feet towards the rising sun, on account of this ancient solar worship.

× Places on this island are called Niue, Rotuma, and Pa[torn] [an]cient appellations, indicating I think the course of the original settlers. The reader will recall the names of Savage Island, Rotumah, and the vast island of New Guinea.

lucky friends above. A well known and ludicrous proverb refers to the vain flapping of the wings of the unhappy spirits in Avaiki who besmeared with filth are endeavouring, though to no purpose, to escape out of Akaanga's net.

Witchcraft

The natural result of this belief was to breed an utter contempt of violent death. Many anecdotes are related of aged warriors, scarcely able to hold the spear, insisting on being led to the battle field, in hope of gaining a soldier's paradise. One may well exclaim, "Light and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel."

A song lying before me represents the ghosts of certain warriors belonging to the tribe of Tane as "wandering about at Maungaroa and Maputu"; the most famous maraes belonging to that family, there to await the period appointed for them to ascend, like the rest, to "Speck-land".

In allusion to the myth of the <u>bua</u> tree, a person who has been very ill and yet has recovered will even now playfully say "Yes, I have set foot upon a branch of the <u>bua</u> tree and <u>yet</u> have been sent back (by God) to life"!

Those who die a natural death were said "to go to <u>night</u> or <u>darkness</u> (aere ki te po) implying that they are doomed to be cooked and eaten by Miru i.e. annihilated. The happier lot of warrior-spirits was "to go to <u>day</u> or <u>light</u>" (aere ki te ao). Of course as Christian Missionaries we have not failed to make use of phrases so well adapted to our purpose. The standard expression for "heaven" is "<u>the day or light of God</u>"; the converse is simply "night or darkness".

On the northern part of this island is a deep indentation in the reef. The rush of waters from the reef meeting the ocean occasions a miniature whirlpool. To account for this simple fact it was said that a piece of sacred sandstone was once thrown down there; and <u>hence</u> the never ceasing turmoil of waters. In the time of Ngauta, a party of fishermen — Karaunu and others — dreamt that that they were swept away at this ill-omened place. An attacking party overheard the relation of the dream and made it come true by slaying them all and throwing their bodies into the seething eddy.
This unpromising place was regarded as <u>one</u> entrance to the shades, chiefly for the worshippers of Motoro. The destined traveller <u>in his sleep</u> sees a house built on long poles rising above the restless waters, with a ladder to ascend to it. The sides of this house are of closely-fitting yellow reeds, adorned with black cinet. Outside this snug, tempting little dwelling are hung new calabashes, &c. to decoy the passer by. Should the spirit-traveller pause to admire this illusive hut, he will in all probability feel impelled to climb the ladder and take possession of some of the good things hung all round. The moment his hand is on the exquisitely braided yellow cinet by which the calabashes are suspended, to his horror house, ladder, visitor, and calabashes are all swept away into the depths of the ocean, and the doomed spirit finds himself in the

unwelcome spirit-world, and in the power of Miru.

There are said to be three such "houses of Motoro", or invisible soul traps to catch unwary spirits. This is but a variation of the doctrine of the bua tree, to meet the circumstances of those who have the ill-luck to be sucked down by the three miniature whirlpools existing here.

Since the introduction of Christianity the belief has sprung up that "Avaiki", from which the first inhabitants of this island came is "Savaii", the largest island in the Samoan Group. In this dialect the "s" is dropped, and the break between the two ii filled up with "k". At the Penrhyns the natives speak of "going to Savaiki", when referring to death. Dropping the "S" we have the usual form "Avaiki". In the Tahitian islands the "H" takes the place of "S", and the word becomes "Hawaii", there being no "k" in the Tahitian dialect. Thus Avaiki, Hawaii, and Savaii are slightly varying forms of the same word. Savaii lying west, or as these islanders say "down", it would be strictly correct to assert that their ancestors "came up" from Savaii.

This view of the origin of all these Eastern islanders is confirmed by the continual recurrence of the names of western islands in the ancient songs and traditions of the natives. In addition to the names of all the near islands of the Hervey and Tahitian Groups, we have "Manuka" i.e. Manua, "Tutuila", "Ukiupolu" for "Upolu" of the Samoan Group. "The distant land of Vavao" is referred to in song; also Rewa. Tonga continually recurs. A double-canoe of "Tongans-sailing-through-the-skies" landing on the south of Mangaia founded the warlike Tongan tribe, now almost extinct. It is well known that that adventurous race once held possession of Savaii & conquered Niue.ˣ nua. There are an

It has been suggested that the northern Avaiki (Hawaii) was the original home of the islanders. A careful study their mythology produces an irresistable conviction that Savaii, the original Avaiki, is the true centre from which this race emigrated, willingly or unwillingly, some five or six centuries ago. How their ancestors got to Samoa remains to be discovered; but the ordinary trade winds north of the equator would make that easy, even if they did not step from island to island, starting from the Malayan peninsula ever pursued by the savage Negrillo races.

The son of the elder of three brothers from Avaiki was named "Pāpā-rangi" lit. "the sky-beater". This is the very name by which all foreigners are designated at Samoa at this day. It was evidently in commemoration of the first settlers having "burst through the sky" in order to get to Mangaia.

Mokoiro's son was named "Vaerua-rangi" = "Spirit-of-the-sky".

"Teakatauira", the name of the third brother from Avaiki signifies "arrived". Thus the very names of the three royal brothers from Avaiki signify voyagers from the sun-setting. It suited the purpose of the priests of the dominant tribe in after times to assert that Avaiki is the hollow of the vast cocoa nut shell

Berry

Aitutakian hell.

The priests asserted that at death human spirits descend to the domains of the goddess Miru, whose body is frightfully deformed and her countenance terrible. For unknown ages she had feasted on the spirits of the dead; but at length was checkmated by a brave man named "Tekauae"+ or "The-chin". Being apparently near death he directed his friends, as soon as the breath was out of his body, to get a cocoa-nut and cautiously cracking it to disengage the round kernel from the shell. This kernel was wrapped up in a piece of cloth and placed next to the stomach of the dead, being completely concealed by the grave coverings.

In due time Tekauae descended to spirit-world, and was greatly shocked at the dreadful aspect of the mistress of those regions. Miru had but one breast, the other had somehow been cut off. Only one leg was perfect; the other had been amputated at the knee. But one arm was complete; the other had been cut off at the elbow.

The deformed hag commanded Tekau-ae to draw near. The trembling human spirit obeyed and sat down before Miru. According to her unvarying practice she set for her intended victim a bowl of food and bade him eat it quite up. Miru with evident anxiety waited to see him swallow it.

As Tekauae took up the bowl to his horror he found it to consist of living centipedes! The quick-witted mortal now recollected the cocoa-nut kernel at the pit of his stomach and hidden from Miru's view by his clothes. With one hand he held the bowl to his lips, as if about to swallow its contents; with the other he secretly held the cocoa-nut kernel and ate it, — the bowl concealing the nut from Miru. It was evident to the goddess that Tekauae was actually swallowing something: what else could it be but the contents of the fatal bowl? Tekauae craftily contrived whilst eating the nourishing cocoa-nut to allow the live centipedes to fall upon the ground one or two at a time. As the intended victim was all the time sitting on the ground it was no difficult achievement in this way to empty the bowl completely by the time he had finished the cocoa-nut.

Miru waited in vain to see her intended victim writhing in agony and raging with thirst. Her practice on such occasions was to direct the tortured victim-spirit to dive in a lake close by to seek relief. None that ~~was~~ dived in that water ever came up alive; excessive anguish and quenchless thirst so distracting their thoughts that they were invariably drowned. Miru would afterwards cook and eat her victims at leisure.

Here was a new event in her history; — the bowl of live centipedes had been disposed of, and yet Tekauae manifested no sign of pain, no intention to leap into the cooling but fatal waters. Long did Miru wait; but in vain. At last she said to her visitor, "Return to the upper world" (i.e. to life.) Only remember this, —

+ Mangaian "te kauvae" = chin.

do not speak against me to mortals. Reveal not my ugly form and my mode of treating my visitors. Should you be so foolish as to do so, you will certainly at some future time come back to my domains, and I will see to it that you do not escape my vengeance a second time."

Tekauae accordingly left the shades and came back to life. His friends, delighted at his recovery, inquired where his spirit had ~~been~~ and how it had fared. He heeded not the anger of Miru and the promise of secrecy made to her, but informed the inhabitants of this upper world what they might expect should they unfortunately fall into the clutches of this foe to mankind.

Aitutakian heaven

There is also a good land, Iva, under the guardianship of Tukaitaua[x], a being of pleasing and benevolent aspect, as well as of a gentle disposition. In 'Iva' there is abundance of good food; the finest sugar cane grows there. The fortunate spirits who get to this pleasant land spend their time in the society of Tukaitaua, chewing with unalloyed appetite this sweet sugar-cane.

Tekauae warned the people of this world to be on their guard against Miru. The way to avoid her is to have a cocoa-nut kernel and a piece of sugar-cane placed close to the stomach at death; — in order to deceive Miru. Departing spirits thus provided go to the pleasant land of Iva and lying at their ease evermore feast on the richest food and chew sugar-cane.

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at Mangaia "Tukaitaua" was of a malevolent disposition; the first violent death being due to his prowess. Tukaitaua taught the world the art of war.

Dramatic song of Miru, mistress of spirit-world,
For Tereavai's fete. Composed by Kapua 1824

Na Miru te umu[1] i Avaiki,	Chorus	Miru has an oven in spirit-land,
Ei rangi tae ia Tane ē!		Like that which devoured[2] (the tribe of) Tane.
Aē!	Solo	Aye!
Ei rangi tae ia Tautiti,	Chorus	An end was put to the dance, Tautiti,
E kai karii na Rongo ē!		By the warlike behest of great Rongo.
O Tane mata reirua!		Alas Tane, author of all our amusements
Nai mata reirua ē,	Solo	Those pleasures all came to an end;
Na Miru oki te umu ka ro-o-a —		For Miru's dread oven for-ever burns
I raro ē!		In the shades!
E nunumi atu e i te aerenga āē!		She devours all who go down.
E nunumi atu,	Chorus	She devours
Ka aere paa i te umu tao		all who approach the blazing oven
I te umu kai na Miru ē!		Where Miru's food is to be cooked
Noea Miru?		Whence came Miru?
No Avaiki, i te po anga noa ē!		From Avaiki (spirit-land), out of horrid darkness
Taona i te ekī!		Prepare[3] thy intoxicating draught.
E ti rakoa ē!		Cook the graceful *ti*,
E ti uaua ē!		Spare not the prolific *ti*;
E ti tara are ē!		Nor even that grown at thy doorway;
E ti nongonongo ia Avaiki ē!		and that which is the pride of ~~Avaiki~~ Hades.
Ae, Miru, naau tena!		Ah, Miru! such are thy tricks!

1 The oven in daily use in each household, and particularly the monster ovens in which it was the office of the tribe of Tane to cook *ti* roots (dracoena terminalis), were said to have been derived from Miru's original oven in hades.

2 The reference is to the tribe of Tane twice treacherously destroyed by their foes in the fire of their own ovens.

3 Miru is charged by the chorus to prepare the intoxicating cup in order to stupefy her intended victims. She is represented as building up a vast oven of *ti* roots of all kinds for a feast; but Miru's *ti* roots are human souls! (The song is not quite complete).

An ancient farewell in prospect of dissolution was, "ei konara, tautaeake, ka aere au i te tava (tera) ia Miru" i.e. Farewell, brother; I go to domains of Miru! How inexpressibly affecting! i.e. "Having no hope, and without God in the world":

The mistress of the invisible world, so cruel to visitors, was very tenderly attached to her only son Tautiti. She would permit no one to carry his drinking water but herself. On dark nights, or when deep sleep had locked up the senses of mortals, Miru would make her way to the well-known fairy streams Auparu and Vaikaute carrying the empty calabashes to be filled. To this there is an allusion in Tereavai's fete-song;—

E taa vai na Tautiti,	A calabash of water for Tautiti.
Na Miru rai e kāve,	Miru herself will provide it;—
Kia inu Tane i te vai kea ra ē!	So that Tane may drink this living water.

Her 'peerless' daughters were often seen and admired; but the mother was most solicitous to conceal her ugly form.

Sneezing

The philosophy of sneezing is, that the spirit having gone travelling about — perchance on a visit to the homes or burying-places of its ancestors, its return to the body is naturally attended with some difficulty and excitement, occasioning a tingling and enlivening sensation all over the body. Hence the various customary remarks addressed to the returned spirit in different islands. At Rarotonga when a person sneezes, the bystanders exclaim, as though addressing a spirit "A, kua oki mai koe" = "Ha, you have come back". At Manihiki and Rakaanga (colonized from Rarotonga) they say to the spirit, "Areu koe ki Rarotonga" = "Go to Rarotonga". At Mangaia the customary address is, "Ua nanave koe" = "Thou art delighted."

Spirit Beliefs

Chapter IX. Vêetini; or the immortality of the soul.

Vêetini*; or the Immortality of the Soul.

61

The first who ever died a natural death in Mangaia was Vêetini. He was the only and much beloved son of Tueva and his wife Manga. But when in the prime of early manhood Vêetini sickened and died. The parents in their grief instituted those signs of mourning and funeral games which were ever afterwards observed amongst these islanders. The chief mourners were Tueva, Manga, and the lovely Tiki — the attached sister of Vêetini. All these with the more distant relatives blackened their faces, cut off their hair, slashed their bodies with shark's teeth, & wore only "pakoko," or native cloth dyed red in the sap of the candle-nut tree and then dipped in the black mud of a taro patch. The very offensive smell of this mourning garment is symbolical of the putrescent state of the dead. Their heads were encircled with common fern singed with fire to give it a red appearance. (Note: Since the establish-ment of Christianity this extravagant mode of mourning for the dead, with the single exception of the bad smelling "pakoko", has been discontinued.) It was on account of Vêetini that the eva or dirge in its four varieties, and the mourning dance were invented and performed by the sorrowing relatives day by day.

These melancholy ceremonies occupied from ten to fifteen days, according to the rank and age of the party deceased. During the entire period of mourning no beating of bark for native cloth was permitted in the district where the death occurred. A woman wishing to beat out her bark, must go to another part of the island. The object in view was to avoid giving offence to the female demon Mueu who introduced cloth-beating to this world; but who herself beats out cloth of a very different texture. Her cloth-flail is the stroke of death. So long as the mourning and funeral games were going on, Mueu was supposed to be present; when all was over she returned to her home in Avaiki or the shades. Hence the proverb when a person dies "Era, kua tangi te tutunga a Mueu," i.e. "Ah! Mueu's flail is once more at work!"

The last resting place of Vêetini is at Rangikapua, a green spot about half a mile from the sea. The ~~last~~ rays of the setting sun fall upon the hill, about 100 feet above the level of the ocean, thus distinguished. On the evening

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*The allegorical character of this interesting myth is evident from the names. Vêetini means "all-separating"; Tueva "mourner"; "Manga" "food", in allusion to the custom of offering food to the dead. Tiki signifies "fetched"; if a person dies his spirit is said to be "fetched."

he was buried the dirges and dances that had been invented in his honor were performed. The parents and the sister looked wistfully towards the <u>north</u> hoping for his return to their midst; but in vain!

The day following they walked in sad procession, slowly chanting dirges expressive of passionate desire again to embrace the departed, along the <u>western</u> shore of the island. At night exhausted with grief and weariness they slept in one of the rugged caves near the sea; having in vain strained their eyes over the ocean path where the spirit of Vêetini had so lately disappeared.

The mourning band next sought the lost one on the <u>southern</u> and almost inaccessible shore of Mangaia; still there was no response to the loud cries and entreaties of the disconsolate parents and the lovely Tiki.

At last they arrived at the <u>eastern</u> coast, and gazed over the vast expanse swept by the life-giving trade-winds. Once more the lamentations and funereal dances were duly performed. At night they occupied the Ruddy Cave (Ana-kura). The entrance to This spacious cave ~~close to the sea is often beaten~~ is washed by the surf. Ere dawn Tueva rose from his stony couch to watch the rising of the sun. The shadows of night were fast passing away. In a few minutes more the sun rose in all its wonted glory. Tueva now noticed a tiny dark speck beneath on the ocean, which as the sun advanced on its course grew larger and drew nearer, passing over the ocean in the bright trail of the sun. On arriving nearer still this wonderful object ~~passed~~ lightly skimming over the crest of the waves proved to be no other than their own lost Vêetini!

The now rejoicing parents rushed forwards to kiss their son, who was indeed Vêetini, yet not altogether like his former self. He said to the joyful throng that he had been permitted to revisit this upper world in consequence of the passionate lamentations of his parents and to comfort their sorrowing hearts. He also came to show mortals how to make offerings of food to please the dead. For himself he had come and must depart in the bright track of the sun, being now a denizen of spirit-land. However to gratify his parents and friends Vêetini asked Great Tangaroa to detain the sun for a short time in its course, in order that he might rest and converse awhile with his relatives. The prayer was granted, and the sun was detained while Vêetini and his friends pleasantly rested in a sort of extempore house or booth erected for him on the spot known as Karanga-iti.

At length Vêetini rose and led the half-glad and half sorrowful procession along the beach towards the west, the sun now moving on

as usual in the heavens. At last they reached Vairorongo, or Rongo's sacred stream, directly facing the setting sun. Here they rested a few minutes only, as day was fast fading away. Not far-distant, on the hill lay the ~~body~~ ~~grave~~ of Vêetini. As the sun disappeared beneath the horizon and the ocean was covered with its golden light, Vêetini said he must go. The weeping parents begged him to stay with them. The son replied, "I cannot; I do not belong to this world now"; and then shouted impatiently

Baldwin

Takai ia te rā,	Thrust down the sun,
Ei eke i Tekurutukia.	That I may descend to nether-land!

2nd Remarks

The parents now endeavoured to detain him by force; but lo! they grasped at a shadow. They watched him gliding swiftly over the western ocean in the ruddy track of the Sun; and with its last rays Vêetini, now a tiny distant speck in the train of the king of day, for-ever disappeared!

Vaipo's dirge for Vêetini founded on the preceding myth.
First performed circa ~~1819~~ 1794. for the second time in 1819.

Kua pa te rongo i Avaiki	Call for the musicianers to begin	The news has sped to Avaiki
Kua inga paā Veetini		Of Vêetini about to die.
Aue ka mate ē!		Sad day of death!
Taipo ē!	Solo	What more?
Akatu are i Karanga-iti	Chorus	A house is built for him at Karanga-iti
I te rua paa i te rā ē!		To face the rising sun.
Aē!	Solo	'Tis vain!
Kua tau paā Vêetini i te rangi;	Chorus	Vêetini has reached the edge of the horizon; (gained the sky (i.e. the place)
Ka oro!		Has fled!
O na mavae ia Avaiki ē!		Oh, all-dividing Spirit-world!
Kakea mai e i te tautua aē!	Solo	Whence came he?
Kakea mai i te tautua ia Avaiki	Chorus	He came up out of Spirit-world
Ka rekireki mai e,		Stepping lightly on his path
I nunga i te moana.		O'er the treacherous waves.
Kua titotito aere Vêetini		Vêetini is again trembling on the wing
E kāū, kāū mai e!		He skims, he skims the sea!
E aru atu i to miringa aē!	Solo	Alas, he follows thy track, O Sun!
E aru atu i to miringa,	Chorus	Yes, he follows thy dazzling light,
O te rā paa e opuopu atu na ē!		As thou gently settest in the ocean.
Takai ia te rā,		Thrust down the sun
Ei eke i Tekurutukia!		That he may descend to nether-land!

The closing or day-song for Tenio's fete, by Koroa.
Circa 1814.

Iti pakakina o te rā e!	Call for the dance to end off.	Day is breaking
Ka roi te tere o Tautiti		The visit of Tautiti[x] is drawing to a close.
Ka aka ē!		Dance away!
Taipo ē!	Solo	What else?
Kua aati te nio o Vêetini	Chorus	Alas, the teeth of Vêetini[+] are all broken.
Kua akama i te ao ē!		He is ashamed to linger in the light.
Ao mata ngaa ē!	Solo	The eye of day is unclosing
E aru mai ià Tautiti	Chorus	Come, obey the behests of Tautiti.
Kai a mata tuitui kakā ra o Vātea e!		As a burning torch is the opening eye of Vātea.
Ungaunga te rā e tu e ara!		Awake from thy slumbers, O Sun, arise.

x Tautiti was supposed to be present at the particular dance of which he was the originator. As soon as it was over he returned to the shades.

+ Broken by Death i.e. no longer eats.

It is in reference to this myth of the sad journeyings of the beautiful Tiki with her parents in search of Vêetini, that at the breaking up of a funeral party it is commonly said, "ka ruru i te tere ià Tiki ka aere ei" i.e. the weary travels of Tiki are over: we part"

A principal reason why Vêetini's spirit was permitted to revisit this world, was to institute the practice of propitiating the goodwill of the dead by offerings of food. This is alluded in an ancient song about Vêetini by Kirikovi, circa 1760

Vêetini meeting his father

Tueva aka-itu i te eva i te metua.	Tueva who seven times lamented for his boy
Ae; eaa toou ara i te ao nei?	Asked, Why didst thou return to this world?
I ana mai au i te kave	I came; said Vêetini, to instruct you
I te pākuranga ma te meringa,	In making food-offerings to the dead,
Meringa mai Avaiki e,	Offerings to those in the spirit-world;
Meringa mai iò tatou metua	Gifts of love from their relatives
E noo i te ao nei. Ei aa?	Who yet linger in this upper world.

Such was the belief and practice of heathenism. As soon as the corpse was

Dirge for Vera; composed by Uanuke

A death-talk.

Tumu

Turokia i Vairorongo;
Noo mai koe i te aiai.
Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te ara taurere ki Iva ē!

Introduction

At Vairorongo, towards the setting sun —
Tarry with us this evening.
I go far away, mother,
By a perilous path to spirit-land, lit. to Iva.

Papa

Noo mai Vera i te kau ara,
Arinu te mata i Mangaia.
Te karo nei i o metua,
Te roe nei i te ao e!
E niaki i te tere i Anakura e aere ei.

Foundation

Halt, Vera, on thy journey:
Turn thine eyes towards Mangaia.
Look again at thy parents,
Whose days are spent in tears,
Resting in the Red-Cave by the way.

Unuunu Tai

Turokia e, i tona are e!
I tona ~~e~~ are, e manga kai na Vera e!
Tu a rau kura Tueva akatapu.
Tu a rau kura Tueva akatapu.
Kua tangi te ike a Mueu.
Kua tarôe ua miringa, e Vera e!
Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te ara taurere ki Iva e!

First Offshoot

Towards the setting sun ~~is~~ his home,
A home and food in plenty for Vera.
Tueva, encircled with red leaves, is mourning.
Thy father too mourns encircled with red leaves.
Alas! the death-flail of Mueu is beating.
Weeping, we follow thee, beloved Vera.
I go far away, mother,
By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Unuunu Rua

Vāia te rua e, i te tokerau e!
I te tokerau, e ngaa mai ki tai.
Iki ki te ikuparapu, — ki te ikuparapu.
Pei te turuki mai Vera e!
Te tangi nei a Mautara e!
Te tirae i pou rai.
Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te ara taurere ki Iva e!

Second Offshoot

Rush forth, O north-west wind;
Bear him gently on his way.
Awake, O south-west, O south-west.
Perchance Vera will return.
Even Mautara weeps for thee.
How desolate is our home!
I go far away, mother,
By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Unuunu Toru

Haukau Vera e, i te tuānga e!
I tuānga tongamata i te tai o Ngakē.
Porutu te ua i te moana.
Te toa ranga nuku te atua,
E tau ai te tere o Vera e
Tei Tikura moana!

Third Offshoot

Skim, Vera, the surface of the ocean, —
The ocean-path once traversed by Ngakē.
Torrents of rain obstruct thy journey.
Yet by the aid of a mighty god
The band led by Vera shall safely reach
Their home beneath the glowing ocean.

committed to its last resting place, the mourners selected five old cocoa-nuts which were successively opened and the water poured out upon the ground. These nuts were then wrapped up in leaves and native cloth and thrown towards the grave; or if the corpse were let down with cords into the deep chasm of "Auraka", the nuts and other food would be successively thrown down upon it. Calling loudly each time the name of the departed, they said "Here is thy food; eat it." When the fifth nut and the accompanying "raroi" or pudding were thrown down the mourners said, "Farewell; – we come back no more to thee!"

Thirteen years ago Arikikaka, the last heathen of Mangaia, lost his only son, a consistent church member. The old man was inconsolable at his loss; – how could it be otherwise with a heathen parent? The corpse was buried with his mother's deceased relatives on the west of the island. The friends had dispersed to their respective homes. A day or two after Arikikaka and his wife walked with difficulty across the island, arriving at dusk at the grave of their beloved son, with a basket of cooked food and some unopened cocoa-nuts. With many tears and affectionate words they called upon their boy to eat the food and drink the nuts (carefully opened for the convenience of the ghost at the grave and the contents poured out upon the earth) which they had carried six miles! The aged couple slept under a tree close to the last resting place of their son; and at dawn on the following morning departed. How sad that whilst their son died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, the parents should cling to the effete superstitions of a bygone age! It is however pleasing to add that in May 1865 Arikikaka and his wife were baptized. In this case "at eventime there was light."

A few years previous to the discovery of this island by Captain Cook in 1777, Ngarā priest of Motoro was paramount chief of Mangaia. His nephew Vera died, it was believed, in consequence of having incurred the anger of that divinity by setting fire to a forest of thatch trees growing on the eastern part of the island. Not that the pandanus trees were sacred, but the "oronga" (urtica argentea) growing between them was considered to be "the hair of Motoro"!

Very imposing funeral rites were performed for this lad, on account of his relationship to Ngarā. As in the case of Vèètini, the relatives are said to have paraded the island in the vain hope of Vera's return. The body was conveyed to Tamarua and thrown down Raupa, a fearful chasm 150 feet deep, and having communication with the sea. The entrance to this gloomy place is in the Mission premises at that village. The sorrowful parents slept in a cave hard by in the hope that Vera would return for a day, in answer to their passionate laments. Next day the disappointed parents followed by a long procession of mourners returned to their dwellings.

Dirge for Vera; a death-talk.

Composed by Uanuku. A "tiau", or partial weeping
circa A.D. 1770. 1770

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Tumu		Introduction
Turokia i Vaironongo;	Solo	At Vaironongo, towards the setting sun
Noo mai koe i te aiai.	Solo	Tarry with us this evening;
Ka aere au, e Manga e,	Solo	I go far away, mother,
I te ara taurere ki Iva ē!	Chorus	By a perilous path to spirit-land
Papa		**Foundation**
(Pare) Noo mai Vera i te kau ara,	Solo	Halt, Vera, on thy journey;
Ariua te mata i Mangaia,	Solo	Turn ~~again~~ thine eyes towards Mangaia
Te karo nei i o metua,	Solo	Look again at thy parents,
Te rôê nei i te ao ē!	Solo	Whose days are spent in tears,
3 Pa E miaki i te tere i Anakura e aere ei	Chorus	Resting in the Red-Cave by the way.
Unuunu Tai		**First Offshoot**
Turokia ē,	Solo	Towards the setting sun
i tona are ē!		is his home;
I tona are, e manga kai nā Vera.	Chorus	A home and food in plenty for Vera
Tu a rau kura Tueva akatapu.	Chorus	Tueva, encircled with red leaves, is mourning
Tu a rau kura Tueva akatapu.	Solo	Tueva, encircled with red leaves is mourning
Kua tangi te ike a Mueu.	Solo	Alas! the death-flail of Mueu is beating.
Kua taroê ua mōringa, e Vera ē!	Solo	Weeping, we follow thee, beloved Vera.
Ka aere au, e Manga ē!	Solo	I go far-away, mother,
I te ara taurere ki Iva ē!	Chorus	By a perilous path to spirit-land.
Papa		**Foundation.**
(Pare) ~~Noo~~ mai Vera i te kau ara	Solo	Halt, Vera, on thy journey.
&c. &c. &c. &c.		&c. &c. &c. &c.
Unuunu Rua		**Second Offshoot.**
Vaia	Solo	Rush forth,
te rua e, i te tokerau ē!		O north-west wind;—
I te tokerau, e ngaa mai ki tai,	Chorus	Bear him gently on his way.
Iki ki te iku parapu,—	Chorus	Awake, O south-west,—
ki te iku parapu		O south-west.
Tei te turuki mai Vera ē!	Solo	Perchance Vera will return.
Te tangi ~~...~~ nei a Mautara ē!	Solo	Even Mautara weeps for thee,

Te tirae tangata i pou rai.

Ka aere au, e Manga ē,

I te ara tawere ki Iva ē!

~~Unuunu~~ Papa

Pare
Noo mai Vera i te kau ara

&c. &c. &c. &c.

Unuunu Toru

Kaukau

Vera e, i ~~te~~ tuāanga ē!

I te tuā~~n~~nga to nga mata i te tai o Ngakē.

Porutu te ua i te moana.

Te toa ranga nuku te atua

E tau ai te tere o Vera e

Tei Tikura moana!

Ka aere au, e Manga ē,

I te ara tawere ki Iva ē!

Papa

Pare
Noo mai Vera i te kau ara

&c. &c. &c. &c.

Unuunu ā

Pokai

te tere e ia tau ai ē!

Kia tau Vera i rangi maanga

No Maautaramua te tere i oki mai.

Te tere i oki mai Vera ē!

Tei tipurei moana i!

Ka aere au, e Manga ē!

I te ara tiroa ki Iva ē!

Papa

Pare
Noo mai Vera i te kau ara

&c. &c. &c. &c.

Solo: How desolate is our home!
I go far away, mother,

Chorus: By a perilous path to spirit-land

Foundation.

Solo: Halt, Vera, on thy journey;
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Third Offshoot.

Solo: Skein,

Chorus: Vera, the surface of the ocean,—
The ocean-path once traversed by Ngakē.[3]

Solo: Torrents of rain obstruct thy journey.
Yet by the aid of a mighty god
The band led by Vera shall safely reach
Their home beneath the glowing ocean.
I go far away, mother

Chorus: By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Foundation

Solo: Halt Vera on thy journey:
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Fourth Offshoot.

Solo: Slowly

Chorus: traverse these rugged shores,
Ere Vera gain the western skies.
Vêetini[4] once returned to earth.

Solo: O that Vera might but revisit earth,
Gliding over the shimmering sea.
I go far away, mother,

Chorus: By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Foundation.

Solo: Halt Vera on thy journey
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Unuunu Rima — Fifth Offshoot

E kiato	Solo	Lash firmly[5]
te vaka e kia mau ai ē!	Chorus	the outrigger of thy bark,
Kia mau ai i Koatu-taii-roa.		Ere starting on thy long voyage.
Noo mai Vera i te tapaa i muā!		Linger awhile, Vera, on the sea-shore—
I te tapaa i mua'i o te tangi tai	Solo	On the beach where the waves beat;—
I ara mania : kua taatonga'i		Near this rough path. Must thou go
Ki raro i tei Tuatua-pipiki.		To the regions of the sun-setting?
Ka aere au, e Manga e!		I go far away, mother,
I te ara tawrore ki Iva ē!	Chorus	By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Papa akaoti — Last foundation

Noo mai Vera i te kau ara,	Solo	Halt Vera on thy journey:
Ariua te mata i Mangaia.		Turn thine eyes towards Mangaia.
Te kare nei i o metua,		Look again at thy parents,
Te rôê nei i te ao ē!		Whose days are spent in tears,
E niaki te tere i Anakura e aere ē!	Chorus	Resting in the Red-Cave by the way.
Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!	All	Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

---

1 Wherever the body might be buried, the spirits of the dead assembled at Vairorongo, facing the setting sun, to await the proper period for their departure.
"Iva" (= Nukuhiva) I have rendered "spirit-land" — its true meaning here.

2 The north-west and south-west are known as "spirit-winds". It is fabled that the latter restored Vêêtini to her friends. Perchance it will restore Vera to his sorrowful parents. Mautara, grandfather of Vera, was dead at the period (~~about~~ more than a century ago) when this song was composed. The name of the illustrious chief is put for Ngarā, his youngest son, then "lord of Mangaia".

3 Ngakē was one of the three first slain, inconsistently represented as traversing the ocean.

4 In the original a second name is substituted for Vêêtini which I have dropped.

5 Vera's spirit is actually starting. The canoe is on the outer edge of the reef ready to cleave the billows. See that the outrigger is well secured, or the voyager will certainly be ~~lost~~ drowned. What the outrigger is to the canoe, the god is to the soul. Without this necessary aid, tread not this treacherous ocean-path.

The beauty of this dirge is much enhanced by covert allusions

throughout to the myth of Vêtini. At the conclusion of each stanza, in the native, the name "Manga" i.e. the mother of Vêtini, occurs instead of the name of Vera's own mother. To prevent confusion of ideas, I have throughout rendered it "mother."

To this day it is said of the dying at Rarotonga "so and so is passing over the sea".

The foregoing dirge has been presented exactly as recited at their "death-talks". On account of the numerous repetitions those succeeding will be given in an abbreviated form.

The spirits of those who die a natural death are excessively feeble and weak as their bodies were at dissolution; whereas the spirits of those who are slain in battle are strong and vigorous, their bodies not having been reduced by disease.

Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te ara taurere ki Iva e!

Inuinu ā.

Pokai te tere, e ia tau ai ē!
Kia tau Vera i rangi-maeu
Paramea te tere i oki mai.
Pere oki mai Vera
Pei tipurei moana.
Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te ara taurere ki Iva e!

Inuinu Rima

E kiato te vaka ē, kia mou ei ē!
Kia mou ei i Koatu-taiiroa,
Noo mai Vera i te tapaa i mua,
I te tapaa i mua i te tangi tai
I ara mania: kua taatonga'i
Ki raro i te Puatuapipike.
Ka aere au, e Manga e,
I te enua taurere ki Iva e!

Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

I go far-away, mother,
By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Fourth Offshoot

Slowly traverse these rugged shores,
Ere Vera gain the western skies.
Vêetini once returned to earth.
~~O that he might come back to us!~~
O that Vera might but revisit earth,
Gliding over the sparkling sea!
I go far away, mother,
By a perilous path to spirit-land.

Fifth Offshoot

Lash firmly[4] the outrigger of thy bark,
Ere starting on thy long voyage.
Linger awhile, Vera, on the sea-shore—
On the beach where the waves beat,
Near to this rough pathway. Must thou depart
For the regions of the sun-setting?
I go far away, mother,
By the perilous path to spirit-land.

Chorus.—Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

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1 It was supposed that wherever the body might be buried, the spirits of the dead assembled at Vairorongo, facing the setting sun, to await the proper period for their departure.

The food and cocoa-nuts thrown down the chasm Raupa as an offering to the manes of Vera. "Iva" I have translated "spirit-land"

2 The south-west wind it is hoped will restore Vera to his sorrowful parents, as in the case of Veetini. The winds referred to in this stanza are still known as "spirit winds" Mautara, grandfather of Vera, was dead at the period, about a century ago, when this song was composed. The name of the illustrious dead is put for that of his youngest son Ngarā, then "lord of Mangaia".

3 Ngake was one of the three first slain inconsistently represented as traversing the ocean, which was not the path of the brave.

4 Vera's spirit is actually starting on its last sad journey. The canoe is on the outer edge of the reef ready to cleave the billows. See that the outrigger is well secured, or the voyager will certainly be drowned. What the outrigger is to the canoe, the god is to the soul. Without this friendly aid, tread not this perilous ocean path.

The beauty of this dirge is much increased by covert allusions throughout to the myth of Vêetini. In each chorus, in the native, the name "Manga" i.e. the mother of Vêetini, instead of the name of Vera's own mother, appears. To prevent confusion of ideas,

I have throughout rendered it "mother".

To this day it is commonly said of the dying at Rarotonga "ka eke ki tai" i.e. "is passing over the sea;"

The ghosts led by Vera preparing for their final departure

A "tiau", or partial weeping. By Uanuku, circa 1770.

Tumu	Introduction
Akarongo, Vera, i te tangi tai.	List, Vera, to the music of the sea.
Reki atu koe i te ara pepe;	Beyond yon dwarfed pandanus trees
Tangi mai paa i Maunuroa.	The billows are dashing o'er the rocks
Tutu atu ka aere;	'Tis time friends to depart; —
O te uru matie kura ra e te nau ē.	Our garments are mourning weeds & flowers.

Papa	Foundation.
Reki atu koe i te ngau rua;	Advance to yonder level rock;
E tatari koe i te parapu.	There to await the favouring wind
Naku mai paa i tua moana.	That will bear thee o'er the sea.
Te karo nei Mitimiti e,	(Thy father) Mitimiti looks sorrowfully on
I te vivi matangi, e taku tere ē.	The departing band led by thee.

Unuunu Tai	First Offshoot
Akarongo Vera ē, i te tangi tai ē!	List, dear Vera, to the music of the sea
Kua pātai tau ara,	Thou art a wretched wanderer
Na te uru o Iva, na te uru o Iva ē.	Almost arrived at Iva, yes at Iva;
Mai Iti au, mai Tonga e,	Once from Tahiti, then from Tonga;
Mai Onemakenukenu;	Now bound to the land of ghosts,
O te rua mato ngaa ei.	Entered through the gaping grave.
Tutu atu ka aere;	'Tis time friends to depart;
O te uru matie kura ra e te nau ē!	Our garments are mourning weeds & flowers

Unuunu Rua	Second Offshoot.
Ariunga atu ē i tai enua ē;	I turn my eyes to another land.
I tai enua patiki atu tau vaerua.	In some other region may my spirit rest;
Tei koatu tauri, tei te ngutu i te rua	On this trembling stone, at the edge of the grave
Tei te ngutu i te rua 'i.	At the entrance of this dark chasm (I stand,
O puaka ngunguru, tei te veenga i te papa	My path is over yon black rocks near the sea
Na rotopu i Vaenga, tei o Tamakoti	Over the roughest and sharpest stones
E takina aereia e te ui rauono.	I lead this feeble troop of ghosts
Noea ra? ikonei, na nunga atu	Whence come we? We are awaiting

Ki te miri, nanu atu ki te miri,
Tei kopua-reia; a tai ra tomokia,
Tei are toka, tu ra i te rae.
Tei Teunu i te kea, ka eke na tai e,
Na koatu putuputu, tei kaiti-te-rā reira
Kua kapitia e te po, akaroimata i
Vaka roimata no Vera e!
Angiangi te ua i te aiai;
Tairo atu i te tau are no Moke
Kua parea e te au tai,
Tutu atu ka aere;
O te uru matie kura ra e te nau e!

The long-hoped-for south-eastern breeze
To waft us over the far-reaching ocean.
We have wandered hither and thither
Stepping lightly on the sea-washed stone sand.
Over thickly studded rocks we have come.
Overtaken by darkness we sit down to weep.
A tearful band under the guidance of Vera.
At one time a drizzling shower
Hides from view the heights of the interior;
At another we are besprinkled with ocean spray
'Tis time friends to depart,
Our garments are mourning weeds and flowers.

Inuinu Toru

Aere tu ē i Raumatangi ē.
Kia ripoia na Tautuaorau.
E kake i Auveo, o te mata o Katoanu.
O te ui ava e ngaro, o Taumatatai.
Tera to metua, tei runga i Pepeura.
Tauene o te rā, tukuroi ki Teone.
E mania ra tau vaevae i te takai.
Kua avanga Raupa.
Anuenue i Omoana, e tangata matiroeroe.
Tei Tuatuakare, i raro i Auneke:
Eanga ki runga; eanga ki raro;
E anga ki te rā e ana atu.
Ana atu paa Mitimiti, e amoremore
I to miringa; takiri koe kia oki mai.
Noo mai paa i Tepukatia.
Tutu atu ka aere;
O te uru matie kura ra e te nau ē!

Third Offshoot

Press forwards on our journey;
Take care that we miss not the way.
Yonder is the landing-place, Auveo,
The entrance of which is so difficult to find.
There too is my father watching our course.
The sun is low; rest we awhile.
Our feet are worn out over these stones
Yonder is the gloomy cave Raupa.
Let us move slowly on our way.
We friendless ghosts have reached Auneke.
Look eastward; look westward;
Gaze at the setting sun.
Ah! Mitimiti is following hard behind,
Beckoning me to return.
Here let us halt awhile.
'Tis time friends to depart;
Our garments are mourning weeds & flowers.

Inuinu Ā

Ka iia Vera ra ē, e te rau kovi ē,
Mataratara i Vavau, te nooanga tangata
I Rangioroia, mai Rangipanakonui:
Tei Omaoma-atu-na, o te ara tai rau,
O te enua tuarangi, te Omangatiti;
Ariki Utakea i Takanga-a-tuturi.
Na Oki aitu ki te papa o Aumea.

Fourth Offshoot

Thy feet, Vera, are entangled with wild vines
Art thou bound for Vavau, the home of ghosts?
Over the foaming billows wilt thou voyage?
Thread now thy way through groves of pandanus
The favourite haunt of disembodied spirits;—
Near where the royal Utakea landed,—
A level beach laved by the sea.

Tikiririe atua, ei ara paa noku e,
I angamakoitia, ki tuki naupata,
I te pou o Atuturi, turi ai
Koukou rouru, e Vera e,
Omai tai noku ora e, o Te-ata-i-maiore.
Tutu atu ka aere;
O te nau matie kura ra e te nau ē!

The cricket-god is chirping to direct thy path,
Through the thickets to the shore
Where the spirits of the dead wander
Bathe thy streaming locks, Vera.
Grant me a new life, O Light of the morning!
'Tis time friends to depart;
Our garments are mourning weeds & flowers.

Inuinu Rima

Buapua-ariki i Mauke-tau,
Kua ikiikitia e, e te matangi au ra
No te tumu i te rangi, tei Kopuakarae,
Tei Nukuterarire, e angaanga ikonei,
Na Mokoaeiau. Vaio ra ikonei,
Vaio ake ia turina kapara; o te pua
Taurarea e, raumiremire no Tutuila.
Tutu atu ka aere;
O te uru matie kura ra, e te nau ē!

Fifth Offshoot

Descendant of the kings of Mauke;
Favoured one led by a prosperous wind
From the ~~root~~ edge of the skies to these shores,
Ere taking a long farewell, turn back!
Idol of my dwelling, remain awhile
Decked with ~~cards~~ the buds of sweet-scented flowers
And fragrant leaves brought from Tutuila.
'Tis time friends to depart;
Our garments are mourning weeds and flowers.

Akareinga: Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

Finale: Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

In this "lament" it is supposed that the spirits of the dead have been marshalled by Vera on the eastern shore of Mangaia, and then wearriedly led by him over the rocks and through the thickets of the southern half of the island, until reaching the point due west where the entire troop take their final departure for the shades. "Auneke" is a point on the shore about midway between the rising and setting sun. ~~[illegible]~~ The poet evidently places Vavau, Tonga, and Tahiti in the invisible world!

Very beautifully is the father Mitimiti represented as chasing the spirit of his beloved Vera in this mournful journey of ghosts round half the island. The ghosts stop occasionally to refresh themselves, their feet lacerated with the sharp stones over which the living can pass only when sandalled. They weep continually at the thought of leaving earth for-ever. Many days are occupied in this sad journey. Mitimiti taking advantage of these delays hurries forward and almost clutches the ever-visible but airy form of his boy which somehow eludes the detaining hand of the sorrowing parent.

End
Berry

~~"This solo was the nearest relation (of the deceased) possessed of a good voice. [illegible] this solo weeps gently, but at times breaks out most passionately."~~

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Puvai leading a band of ghosts to the Shades

Composed by Tikura, circa 1795. A "tiau" or partial weeping.

Tumu	Introduction
E matangi tu i te nguare i Anākura,	A favouring breeze sweeps the entrance of the ghost-cave
No Puvai, kua roiroi ka tere,	'Tis for Puvai, about to depart.
Kua kake atu ki te uru kare ē!	Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows.

Papa	Foundation
Ei kona ra, e au metua!	Farewell, beloved parents!
Eva ake ai iaku nei	Let a mourning procession follow!
I te naupata i Taamatangi.	Over the rugged shore of the south.
Te tangi nei i te tama angai ra,	Weep for the son so tenderly nurtured,
Ka uaki mai te matangi ki Iva ē!	Ere a fair wind bear me to spirit-land! (lit. to Iva)

Inuinu Tai	First Offshoot
E matangi tu ē i te nguare ē!	A favouring breeze sweeps the entrance
I te nguare i Anākura.	Of the ghost-cave Anākura.
Kua vā te tuarangi:	List to the hum of the ghosts!
Kua vā te tuarangi tei Hokikirinui ē!	'Tis the hum of spirits passing o'er the rocks;
Kua niu aere i Tengaatanga i Ana orua.	That crowd along the beach by Double Cave.
Kua roiroi ka tere,	He is about to depart.
Kua kake atu ki te uru kare ē!	Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows.

Inuinu Rua	Second Offshoot
Te vaka i te vaka o Puvai ē!	Yonder is the bark – the canoe – of Puvai!
Kua tipoki i te riu i te oa.	Sorrowfully he bends over it!
Kua tipoki i te riu i te oa'i.	Aye, very sorrowfully does he bend over it!
Noo mai koe i te ta ia mua,	Take thy seat, son, in front,
Kua kakau i te kirikiriti	Clothed in ghostly[2] network;
Riu atu te aro ki tera enua.	And turn thy face to yonder land.
Kua roiroi ka tere	He is about to depart.
Kua kake atu ki te uru kare ē!	Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows.

Inuinu Toru	Third Offshoot
Parepare i tai ē i te parapu ē!	Let a south-west wind ruffle the sea.
I te parapu, vāia mai i te tokerau	Awake thou north-west.
Na Tiki e oe atu; na Tiki e oe atu	Tiki, sister of Vêetini, leads the way.
Motuanga enua Mangaia no Puvai.	Mangaia fades from the sight of Puvai;
Kua peke ke i nga taoa.	Driven away by the violence of the winds.
Kua roiroi ka tere	He is about to depart.
Kua kake atu ki te uru kare ē!	Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows.

Inuinu ā	Fourth Offshoot
Tama aroa ē na Motuone ē!	Beloved child of Motuone —
Na Motuone, tangi mai ē	Of Motuone, thy weeping mother,
I te uru o te maunga,	Glance fondly back on the hills
I te uru o te maunga'i.	And mountains of the interior.
Ka ano ki Tamarua'e,	Come back to the fair vale of Tamarua,
Kia tae ki Angāuru.	The place where thou wast born.
Kua roiroi ka tere	He is about to depart.
Kua kake atu ki te uru kare ē!	Lightly he skims o'er the crest of the billows!
Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!	Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

This song is precisely parallel with those relating to Vera. Nephew to Potiki supreme temporal chief of Mangaia Puvai by his early death is qualified to lead off a band of ghosts to the shades. Great honors were paid to him as the near relative of the living ruler of the island.

1 That is of living friends and relatives not ghosts.
2 Network was said to be part of the clothing of departed spirits.

From a Christian point of view the following "lament" is very affecting:

Koroa's Lament for his son Kourapapa[x]
(endearingly shortened into "Ura") circa 1796.

For the "death-talk of Kourapapa."

Tumu — **Introduction**

Karangaia e Koroa e,	Koroa gave the command.—
E pa akari na Tueva,	A feast of cocoa-nuts, like Tueva's of old,
Na Ura oki i te rua ē!	For dear Ura in his grave;—
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā e!	A feast for ghosts, all dry, like Tiki's.

Papa — **Foundation.**

Nai kume au i te ngutupa,—	At the entrance to thy sad home I shout—
Teia to pākuranga!	"Here is the feast
Tei raro Ura i te taeva te enua ïa, evae!	For Ura who lies at the bottom of the deep cave"

Iniuinu Tai — **First Offshoot**

Karangaia ra e Koroa nei ē!	'Twas Koroa that gave the command.
E Koroa nei, Kua rongo e,	Alas! Koroa heard (his boy) lamenting—
Kua kai ongutungutu,	"The ghosts fought over my food;—
Kua kai ongutungutu, aore au e tongi ana	Fought so fiercely that I did not get a taste.
Kua kirikiritia e te ueuera kakā	Evil spirits[2] stole it all away. (Their chief)
E Naukino, na pakoti i te ara nei.	Nau-the-Bad would not let me get near it."
Na Ura oki i te rua e!	'Twas for Ura in his grave
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā e!	We bore a feast, all dry, like Tiki's.

Iniuinu Rua — **Second Offshoot**

Putungākai ē, na Tiki oki ē,	That feast for the dead, like Tiki's long ago,
Na Tiki oki na Ura.	Was designed for our beloved Ura
Te porea mai i te toketoke kura,—	Who is condemned to feed on red worms:
I te toketoke kura'i, i te viivii taae.	Yes, on earth-worms and other vile creatures.
Akaatua atu ana oki te tangata, e tau potiki.	Pet child, thou hast taken thy place amongst the gods.
Na Ura oki i te rua e!	'Twas for Ura in his grave
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā e!	We bore a feast, all dry, like Tiki's.

Iniuinu Toru — **Third Offshoot**

Nai kume au ra i te ngutupa ē!	At the entrance to thy sad home I shout
I te ngutupa pakia io i te umauma.	And despairingly beat my breast.
Voa atu to metua, voa atu to metua'i e Koroa'i.	Thy father Koroa is sadly seeking for thee.
Kua o koe i te tupu i te takanga o te ueue;—	Thou art now compelled to feed on black beetles
Na manga a te tangata mate.	The food of disembodied spirits.
Na Ura oki i te rua e!	'Twas for Ura in his grave
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā ē!	We bore a feast, all dry, like Tiki's.

[x] Koura-papa = small shrimp.

Inuinu ā

E tatau atu ē ia po rima ē!
Ia po rima e tau ai na umu manga
E kave tere: kua oti na ropānga;—
Kua oti na ropānga'i, e Koroa'i.
Pururu tau ngarau, e tama akaaroa.
One atu au i te kainga.
Na Ura oki i te rua e!
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā ē!

Fourth Offshoot

Wait patiently five days
And we will prepare yet another feast.
Again and again will we do this.
Koroa will not quickly weary.
Then, beloved son, our mourning will be over,
And finally we'll return to our dwellings.
'Twas for Ura in his grave
We bore a feast, all dry, like Tiki's!

Inuinu Rima

Kua rarā oki ra; kua roia e!
Kua roia i te karaii ma te momōo.
Ei ko na ra, kai ai.
Ei ko na ra, kai ai, e Ura, i to meringa'i.
Kua akaui mana i to enua.
Pāi ïa mai to putungākai i te kainga.
Na Ura oki i te rua ē!
Putungākai na Tiki oki i rarā ē!

Fifth Offshoot

All dry is thy food and bad.
The relish with it is crabs and ~~tiny~~ [3] black birds.
Farewell, a long farewell. 33a
Enjoy thy feast, my Ura.
We return no more to thee.
We go back to our desolate home.
'Twas for Ura in his grave
We bore a feast, all dry, like Tiki's.

Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

Ai e ruaoo e! E rangai e!

Kourapapa died at the age of four or five years, and was uncle to my worthy native copastor Sadaraka. This was all the consolation heathenism could give the afflicted parent Koroa, who was associated at that time with his father Potiki in the government of the island.

1 "Like Tueva's of old" "Like Tiki's. The former was the father, the latter the lovely sister of the mythical Vëetini.
The feast was "all dry," because it was ill-prepared, and lay exposed for an entire day at the entrance to the gloomy cave "Auraka". At nightfall the food was wrapped up in native cloth and thrown down to the corpse.

2. "Evil spirits"; more literally "bright evil spirits"; but brightness is in our ideas associated with goodness. These "Dii inferi" at night became luminous; not so the unfortunate human spirits that go down to their abode. Yet these spirits are supposed to linger awhile about the cave where their dead bodies had been thrown; the period for their final departure to the shades not having come.

3 The reference is to the "Momoô" a beautiful but small species of the blackbird, which has a pleasing note. It was then regarded as the incarnation of the god "Môo", who delights to secretes men and things. "Momoô" is strictly "the Môo-bird." This bird is caught with extreme difficulty, being very expert in hiding itself in rat holes, tufts of grass, &c. Its eyes are fiery red. When the Pakoko tribe went on a murdering expedition, this blackbird was supposed, if propitious, to lead the way by a ball of fire lighting up the path of warriors. These pretty birds were regarded as suitable food for the dead, i.e

Insert Koo indicated

Another Lament for Kourapapa,
By Koroa; circa A.D. 1796.

Tumu.

Ua roiroi ka aere ē!
Mirimiri Koroa ia ~~Rauau~~ rurou.
Naeoe te aue a Koi
Roimata i te anau.

Papa.

Kapitia ra e te matangi i pae ake ē!
Pae ake Ura i rurutu ē!
A roi te roi o te ngarie.
Oro atu na kimi motu ke
No taua, ia kite e oki mai!
E tere akaonga e Ruru ē!

Unuunu Mua.

Ka roi te roi ē i tai enua ē!
I tai enua tumiri te ua o te kakara.
Na te aanga kuru koe,
E vae, e tau ai i te kainga.
Na te uanga kuru koe,
E vae, e tau ai i te kainga.
Mirimiri Koroa ia rurou.
Naeoe te aue a Koi
Roimata i te anau.

Unuunu Rua.

Tuoro atu ē i te tokerau ē!
I te tokerau te taka nei i te aanga.
E kauaka ïa — e kauaka tai —
E kauaka ïa — e kauaka tai —
No te Kaura, e tuamotu no Mangaia.
Ua puia e te aua mei te moana.
Mirimiri Koroa ia rurou.
Naeoe te aue a Koi
Roimata i te anau.

Introduction

The little voyager is ready to start.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
Tears are now the only food
Of Koi the heart-broken mother.

Foundation.

Should an ill wind o'ertake thee
Seek shelter, O Ura, my spirit-child.
Go on thy way, fated voyager!
Go, seek some other land; —
Then return to fetch me.
'Tis a spirit-pilgrimage, O mother.

First Offshoot.

Speed then on thy voyage to spirit-land,
Where a profusion of garlands awaits thee.
There the bread-fruit tree
Pet son, is ever ~~loaded~~ laden with fruit.
Yes; there the bread-fruit
Is for-ever in season, my child.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
Tears are the only food
Of Koi the heart-broken mother.

Second Offshoot.

Awake thou spirit-bearing wind!
Gently ~~to~~ waft him o'er the ocean.
Yonder is a frail bark —
Yes; yonder is a frail bark.
'Tis ~~the~~ a canoe full of spirits from Mangaia,
Hurried o'er the sea by fierce currents.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
Tears are the only food
Of Koi the heart-broken mother.

Unuunu Toru.

Pae ake Ura ra, i ruruta nei ē!
I ruruta nei tei paenga o Kuraraú,
Tei paenga o Kuraraú,—
Pāngōtia te vaine reua.
Ua tae koe! Ua tae ~~te~~ Metua
I te maora nui i Onemakenuke nui!
Ua ori te pa kura o Tueva.
Mirimiri Koroa ia ruroú.
Naoeoe te aue a Koi
Roimata nui i te anau.

Third Offshoot.

O for a shelter from the tempest
On some well-sheltered shore!
Yes; on some well-sheltered shore!
The mother mourns the dead:—
But thou and thy sister have reached
The gathering-place of spirits;
Whilst we lament, like Tueva of old.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
Tears are the only food
Of Koi the heart-broken mother.

Unuunu ā.

E tere ia, e tere akaounga ē!
O ngai te akarua, aore e tae tika.
Aore e tae tikai: kua topa
I te tere o Kovi ia Angatoro.
Ua puia e te auā mei te moana,
Mirimiri Koroa ia ruroú,
Naoeoe te aue a Koi
Roimata nui i te anau.

Ai e ~~rangai~~ ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

Fourth Offshoot.

Prosperous be thy perilous pilgrimage!
~~O for a~~ May soft zephyrs ~~to bear~~ waft thee on!
Maybe thou hast miscarried,
Too late to accompany the ghosts
Which are hurried o'er the sea by fierce currents.
Koroa is distracted for his boy.
Tears are the only food
Of Koi the heart-broken mother.

Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

for dwellers in the "po" = darkness, on account of their blackness! Hence the appropriate-ness of crabs & black beetles as diet for the ghosts; besides, crabs, beetles, and worms bore into the soil or crawl about in caves where the dead lay.

79

It was believed that the ghosts ate the "essence" (ata) of these food offerings. The living friends never (like the Chinese) ate the solid residuum. To do so would be sacrilege.

+: Insert here

Rimacre

34

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AUCKLAND.

Death-lament for Varenga, daughter of Arokapiti.

Composed by Koroa, circa 1817.

Tumu

Tei Iti au, e Varenga e,
Kua kite aro kua noo tane i Avaiki.
Te ānia mai e te ata e!
Te vivitaunoa ra tau moe ē!

Papa

Tau moe ra tei Iti, e Arokapiti ē!
Uira e rapa ià maine ē!
Kimi koe i te kavainga
O mata ngaae, tau itirere i te ao ē!
Tei te enua taparere maunga ē!

Unuunu Tai

Tei Iti oki ra o Varenga nei ē!
O Varenga nei!
Na Miru e akarito kià tupu a vaine,
Kià tupu a vaine'i.
Kua tioria e te are tangata i Pangoauri.
Tei Vaekura, tei Vaikaute nei.
Te ānia mai e te ata e!
Te vivitaunoa ra tau moe ē!

Unuunu Rua.

Enua i enua ē, taparere ē!
Taparere i Maungaroa,
Tei nunga i te tuarongā;
Tei nunga i te tuarongā'i.
Tei Tuarangi, tei Araturakina e!
Tei Rinui aina'i ?
Te ānia mai e te ata e!
Te vivitaunoa ra tau moe ē!

Introduction ~~Rooted~~

Varenga, who came from "the sun-rising",
In spirit-land is now wed.
She was wooed by a Shadow!
Such was my dream on the mountain.

Foundation

My dream was of thee at the sun-rising,—
Thy form dazzling as lightning.
Thou wert watching for the dawn
When I awoke from my sleep
On the steep mountain side.

First Offshoot

Varenga who came from "the sun-rising"
Yes, my Varenga!
Miru[2] will cherish thee in thy ~~maiden~~ maidenhood,
Thy lovely maidenhood!
In life thou wert the admiration of all,
Wherever thy light steps wandered.
Now thou art wooed by a Shadow!
Such was my dream on the mountain.

Second Offshoot

Thou wast buried in the ~~ancestral~~ marae
At Maungaroa, embosomed in rocks,
Hidden by the tall fern,—
aye, hidden by the tall fern.
Perchance thou art revisiting this spot,
Hovering amongst the wild rocks.
Now thou art wooed by a Shadow!
Such was my dream on the mountain.

Unuunui Toru	Third Offshoot.
Kua veru te are i Kauava ē!	Thy[3] house in the west is decayed.
Tei Kauava, kua oti i te akatu	At the gathering place of ghosts is this home,
E nga tupuna kia kioro ua ra:	Built by thine ancestors, where spirits
Kia kioro ua rai ia aiai,	Rest awhile and chatter in the evening;
E kaunuku atu ai io Tumaronga,	Or wander about at the edge of the cliffs;
E niaki mai i te uru mato,	Or sit on the stones gazing at the interior.
Te ania mai e te ata ē!	Now thou art wooed by a Shadow!
Te Vivitaunoa ra tau moe ē!	Such was my dream on the mountain.
Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!	Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

1 Referring to the ancient home of the tribe of Tane at "Iti" (= Tahiti) or "the sun-rising". The "ancestral marae" where her remains were laid was expressly selected (being due east) with an eye to this circumstance.

2. It is hoped that the great beauty of this damsel will induce the dread Miru to forego her horrid repast, and in its stead adopt her as her daughter-in-law.

3. Near the sea, on the western part of this island, is a cave called "Kauava" where some families of ghosts loved to congregate. In this neighbourhood a house had been set up for the special accommodation of this distinguished spirit. But it is now hopelessly decayed, i.e. she is about to descend finally to nether-world. Ghosts from this cave, when the coral tree blossomed, took their departure by leaping from a rock in the Mission Premises to a smaller one on the inner part of the reef; thence to the outer edge of the reef; and then tripping over the ocean, like Vaetini, disappear with the Sun in nether-world! Although these disembodied spirits avoid the fragrant but fatal "bua" tree, they cannot escape Miru, mistress of the shades.

A ~~nother~~ Lament for Mourua (the friend of Capt. Cook).

81

By Uanuku, circa 1780.

Tumu

Kua tu te are i Imogo;
E enua koe no Kavoro,
Kua tupuria e te rakau.
O te ukenga i nunga'i!
O te one kura i erue!
O taua nei te aroa'i tangi ē!

Papa

Ukea mai Kavoro ē!
I te rua ē i tanu ai.
Kua eteia te ara nio
Kua vai te ivi i te mokotua;
Kakaro io au e
Kua ngaro iaaku te angaanga ē!

Unuunu Tai

Kua tu te are ē tei Imogo ē!
Tei Imogo, e enua koe no Kavoro.
Kua otinga atu na,
Kua otinga atu na'i.
Kua tanu kere i uri ra ki te rua ē!
O te ukenga i nunga'i!
O te one kura i erue!
O taua nei te aroa tangi ē!

Unuunu Rua

Uri mai te aro ē i to vaine ē!
I to vaine ia Turuare.
Kua peka te rima ka akauta.
Kua peka te rima ka akauta'i.
Angi nga rua, taura rima te mou.
Kua rikarika te tama i te toa akarīrē.
Tamaki tutai ē, tamaki a ta ē!
Oi atu koe i vao, kua pa ra, kiritia,
Tukua o au no te mate ē!

O te mate ïa i tangi no Kavoro i tai.
Tei Nukutaipăria, te vai rai i reira.

Introduction.

There is a mournful gathering at Imogo:
'Tis the burial of Kavoro
In a shady grove.
There we dug his grave;
There the red soil was thrown up.
How bitter the widow's grief!

Foundation

But Kavoro was disinterred;
Was taken out of the grave where he had lain.
The teeth all exposed;—
His form, O how wasted!
As we gazed on him
How so mournfully changed!

First Offshoot

A mournful gathering was that at Imogo,
For there Kavoro was buried.
There we parted;
Aye, parted for-ever!
Shallow was the grave where we buried him,
There we dug his grave;
There the red soil was thrown up.
How bitter the widow's grief!

Second Offshoot.

Look once more at thy wife—
At thy beloved Turuáre—
She whom thou once clasped in thy arms,
Intwining her in thy fond embrace.
We who lived so happily together now part.
The cruel spear slew thee, to the horror of thy son:
Thou wast attacked by stealth in the night.
(Entreating thy wife) "Escape, leave me, for I am struck
I am doomed to die!"

Thus perished beloved Kavoro by the sea.
His bleeding corpse lay on the sandy beach.

Naai e takitaki? Taua ka apai
Ka uuna kia ngaro ē!
Tupeke atu na ē, tupeke atu na, kia mamao,
O te kimi te mataku, o te kimi te mataku,
Ka kitea i te ngaraanga.

Kua aite te po, kua popongi i tai,
Kua aenga te ata i te ngongoro a te vaine
I raro i te roroutu; kua teitei te ruru
I te kakenga i Katoe ki runga i te tokoraa
Ki te utu a Terimu, taukapua tatou:
Tei Tapataparangi. Apai tu na uta.
Tei Atupa te ara; te kimi nei i te rua.
Eiia ra tanu ai? Ei Imogo,
Kia tae mai au i te veivei aere ē!
Tuku io, e Teau! Koia te rua kia akaaka.
Taaturia te koatu. Akaruke atu ia Kavoro
O te ukenga i nunga'i
O te one kura i erue.
O taua nei te aroa'i tangi ē!

Unuunu Toru

Taingarue ē! rave ake koe.
E rave ake koe, e taua ariki!
Kia karo ake Nekaia!
Kia karo ake Nekaia'i!
Na Patiatoa e uuna'i ē
Etai rā no vaevae, e taua ariki,
E maru aina iaau?
O te ukenga i nunga'i
O te one kura i erue.
O taua nei te aroa'i tangi ē!

Unuunu ā.

Okitumurua ē i te tanumanga ē!
I te tanumanga'ē!
Apai au teiia? Tei te rua taeva.
Tei te rua taeva'i.
Apairia atu Kavoro nei.
Kua pe te papa e vai ai, atikauria.
O te ukenga i nunga'i.
O te one kura i erue.
O taua nei te aroa'i tangi ē!

Akareinga

Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

Who shall bear it? Wife and son will carry it away,
And hide it where foes shall find it never!
Bear him, aye bear him far away;
So that if carefully sought by his foes,
His body shall ne'er be found.

Night is wearing away. On the beach
The first streak of morning reveals the widow's tears
Concealed amongst the trees, tremblingly
They climb the rocks. On yon level top.*
They repose beneath the shade of the "utu" tree,
Near the brow of the hill. Again they take the corpse.
Yonder is the narrow path: select a grave.
Where shall it be? Let it be at Imogo,
Where I can often come to weep.
Lay him gently down, O Teau, in the ~~dark~~ lowly grave.
Pile up the stones. Farewell, Kavoro!
There we dug his grave,
There the red soil was thrown up.
How bitter thy widow's grief!

Third Offshoot.

O Taingarue, mayst thou be protected!
Mayst thou live, pet son!
Be loving to thy brother, O Nekaia![2]
Ah! Nekaia, be gentle to him.
Patiatoa too will shield thee,
For many a day to come, dear child.
Thou shalt be safe in his lands.
There we dug his grave.
There the red soil was thrown up.
How bitter thy widow's grief!

Fourth Offshoot.

A second time thou wast buried,—
Committed to the earth!
Whither shall we bear thee? To some deep chasm.
To some fathomless fissure.
Come, let us carry Kavoro there, for
His body is fast crumbling to dust.
There we dug his grave.
There the red soil was thrown up,
How bitter thy widow's grief!

Finale

Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

* The noble Barringtonia tree.

Baldry 81

1. The night Mourua (Kavoro) was slain, Puruare the most beloved of his three wives and her little son Taingarue were with him in the fishing hut on the beach which they temporarily occupied. The father feared lest his little boy should be struck, but he escaped unhurt. Not so the mother of Taingarue, who bravely stripped off her own clothing in order to break the force of the blows aimed at her husband. For a time she was successful; but despite the efforts of this heroic woman Mourua fell, the wife's arm being broken in the fray.
Upon the retirement of the exultant party of Potai, the elder son of Mourua came to Puruare's help. The body of the slain warrior was laboriously carried by a very circuitous route, so as to escape observation, to a gorge called "Imogo" half-a-mile from the scene of murder. In performing this last office of love, the son had at first only the aid of Puruare, who was herself suffering from the anguish of a broken arm; but afterwards friends arrived from the interior. A grave was speedily dug with their iron-wood spades and the body of Mourua, wrapped in several folds of native cloth, was laid in the grave. Instead of filling it with earth, the covering was merely covered with a large stone, so as to elude the notice of his foes.
It happened that the women of that part of the island when employed in in collecting candle-nuts, availed themselves of this large stone for shelling them. The family felt so sure that Mourua must be dreadfully annoyed by the incessant noises over his head, that they disinterred the body; which although in an advanced stage of decay was re-anointed with fragrant oil and re-invested with fine white cloth. In a few days it was borne across the island to Tamarua and finally thrown down the deep and gloomy chasm Raupā. A night or two after, one of the sons had a dream in which Mourua reproached his relatives for the bad treatment he had received at their hands, for no sooner had his body reached the bottom of Raupa, where so many of his own victims had been so unceremoniously hurled at different times, than the slain rose up and most vigorously pummelled his bones until they became intolerably sore!! However it was too late to remove him again. The motive for letting the corpse down Raupa was to prevent its falling into the hands of his numerous living enemies.

3 2 "Nekaia" was the eldest daughter of Mourua, whose husband Uanuku compos[ed] this death-lament for his warlike father-in-law. Their son "Patiatoa" or "Tik[i]" is adjured to take ~~to take~~ under his protection his young relative Taingarue. Patiatoa (= pierced-with-a-spear) died of measles in 1854 at an advanced age. Not long before his death, he was admitted to the church upon a profession of his

attachment to Christ. I well recollect his bent and venerable figure the day he came to be a candidate. He was a priest and a special depositary of all the lore of idol-worship. He was a "koromatua" or instructor of kings, – a peculiarly sacred office. It was a striking homage to Christianity to see this aged man give the lie to all that had given him rank and fame amongst his countrymen during a long life; and when past the ordinary term of human life, come and sit humbly at the feet of Jesus. But when the Sabbath came for Patiatoa to partake of the tokens of His Saviour's dying love for the first time, he was too weak to walk so far. His sons extemporized a platform of a number of green branches and carried the aged disciple to the foot of the pulpit where he received the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the first and last time in his long eventful life.

The "second offshoot" is called "a surprise" (unuunu rakó), on account of its great length and because the weeping is continuous. The fact is, the song evinces blank, hopeless sorrow and tears from the beginning to the end. One of Vera's Laments also contains a verse or two of ~~this description~~ "surprise."

82

A dirge for Pukukare and Kourapapa,
By their father Koroa, circa 1796.
"A spirit-journey".

Tumu

Te io kikino o tau potiki.
Kua pa te rakau
Ki te miro ia vero i mate ua!
Ki, rave atu na koe, kare ē!

Introduction.

Thy god, pet child, is a bad one;
For thy body is attenuated.
This wasting sickness must end thy days.
Thy form once so plump, now how changed!

Papa

Moe araara Pukukare ē reirē!
Ua tauria e te maremare
Ua tupo ua ngongā ua rai.
"Teia au, e Ruru e, ka eke atu!"
"Taka e, tei Avaiki te moenga."

Foundation.

The nights of Pukukare are sleepless;
Are spent in coughing and pain.
Panting for breath he gasps out,—
"Mother, I am going to leave you
My rest will be in ~~Avaiki (spirit~~ (spirit-world)

Unuunu Tai

Te io! i te io ra e kikino ē!
Kikino ra, e vae!
Kai akakorekore Turanga ē!
Ta ta keke mai ē!
Ua taka te eka i te atua o Rurunga pu
E tika paa tai rangi ē!
Tai manuiri ei akarongo
Ki te miro ia vero i mate ua!
Ki, rave atu na koe, kare ē!

First Offshoot.

Ah that god – that bad god!
Inexpressibly bad, my child!
The god "Turanga" is devouring thee,
Although only partially his own.
I am disgusted with the god of thy mother.
Oh for some other Helper!
Some new divinity to listen
To the sad story of thy wasting disease,
Thy form once so plump, now how changed!

Unuunu Rua

Akaete te maki ē, ua toira ē!
Ua toira i to kaki e tuarangi
Ko te uā o Taa!
Mei te uā o Taa, me tairia mai,
Kia mārekareka, ua toko auau!
Mei toko auau ra!
Ua kakau i te vai o Ruanuku,
No Rongo paa, no Tangaroa,
Ka puaki e mamā ki nunga
I to kiri, mei nunga ra i to kiri.
Rikarika te mate ia vero.

Second Offshoot.

Thy disease went on increasing
Like a demon squatting on thy shoulders
Was the swelling on thy neck.
Thou wast fain to be fanned,—
To gain relief from burning fever,—
A fever sure to return.
Thou was laved in the sacred streams
Of Ruanuku, Rongo, and Tangaroa.
Sometimes hopes of thy recovery
Vainly flattered thy friends.
Again thy body wasted away,

Ote rua tapu o te rua noa,—	And the mouths of ancestral caves
Na tuataka i te motu anga ia Pukukare	Seemed to gape for our Pukukare.
Ua rakaraka te io Ngariki.	The god (Motoro) of Ngariki is enraged.
I moria e ao ia matengatenga	Wherefore this pining death:
Norea-noréa, norea te kiko.	And thy flesh ~~wasted~~ ever wasting away.
Reia-reia, reia e manā!	At length thou takest a long flight.
E vae, kua tae koe i te oreore	Dear child, ere now thou hast reached
Ia Ikurangi e enua kai marā ma	The loftiest heights of mount Ikurangi,
E enua kai marama no Tonga-iti;	Where the moon itself is devoured
Na Tonga ra, na veravera o Iti ngaruerue.	By the gods from Tonga and Tahiti.
Ka miniti ki te aro o Vātea!	Thou shalt enter the presence of great Vātea.
Ka oki au! A oti te ariki o Tonga	I go home now. So too will the king from Tonga.
Ua kake atuna i katoa i te taurere,	Thou hast entered the expanse;
Ua tapa~~iere~~rere i Enuakura na Varangi	And wilt visit "the-land-of-red-parrot feathers"—
Ei ingoa manuiri tei Tatangakovi au!	Where Vārangi was once a guest.
Te kai maira i te au tai,	Thou feedest now on ocean spray,
I te pia paa i te vai i Vaikapua rangi,	And sippest fresh water out of the rocks.
Ua tunoko i te matoroa,	Travelling over rugged cliffs,
Ua akarongo i te tangi tai, tei Aarua ē!	To the music of murmuring billows,
Te aiai ua ra oa te vaerua mato	Thy exile spirit is overtaken
I te naupata, ua takangaia	By darkness at the ocean's edge.
E Kourapapa, tei Vapapa te ngai i turukia'i!	Kourapapa there sleeps. All three*
Tei Vapapa te ngai i turuki ai	Stood awhile to gaze wistfully
Nga tokotoru. Ua kakaro i te ata ata rā	At the glories of the setting sun.
I te opunga'tu e Tireo ma te Viro.	Moonless nights shall pass ere
Ua iterere nga po o te Atua ra ē!	The fatal one shall arrive
Ua tau ua'i ē te enua kino i raro.	To conduct you to the dismal shades.
I pa te umere, uaua, oaoa.	The denizens will be astonished.
Vai te akatu? Vai te akatu?	At the arrival of you, pet children.
Koouou aere i Tuatuakare	The ghosts sorrowfully crowd round the spot
I te uiui matangi, tauoaoaia ra	Whence the wings of the wind shall bear
E te Iva turetire i te umu kavakava	Them to great spirit-land, where
Tei vavae aina e ariki tua rirē.	A dreadful oven awaits all who
Karekare au ē!	Pass o'er the ocean.
Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!	Ai e ruaoo ē! E rangai ē!

* "Pukukari was older than the "pet Kourapapa"; a deceased young relative is "the third" referred to in this song, which pertains to the "death-talk of Kourapapa".

Baldey

83

Introduction to the fête of Riuvaka.
Composed by Kirikovi, circa 1760.

O Tane medua i Avaiki ē!
Tu mai i to akari!

Solo — Great parent Tane of the shades,
Rise, eat this feast!

Eiaa te rua ia Tiki?
Ei poani ia Avaiki.
Tueva aka-itu te eva i te metua.
Ae; eaa toou ara i te ao nei?
I ana mai au i te kave
I te pākuranga ma te meringa,
Meringa mai Avaiki e,
Meringa mai i o tatou metua
E noo i te ao nei. Ei aa?

Chorus — Wherefore the chasm of Tiki?—
To shut down the natives of nether-world Avaiki.
Tueva who seven times lamented for his boy,
Asked, Why didst thou return to this world?
I came (said he) to instruct you
In making food-offerings to the dead,—
Offerings to those in the spirit-world;
Gifts from their relatives
Who yet linger in this upper world.

Oai te roa i te eiva, e Tane?

Solo — Wherefore this delay in thy dance, O Tane?

Oi te rangi Orovaru? E vāia
Oi te rangi mataotao? E vāia.
Ei! ei! e Papa, taku metua!
Ae, e Papa, oro atu koe,
E Avaiki o, akaatua mai!
Ae, ua paupau ai koe i to upoko,
Te uiia o ē, oai te atua
I keinga'i o tatou metua?
Ae, ua ara iaku.
E ariki taotaoaia e te tuarangi,
Aitoa, e Rongo, kia unuia te tumu
I o tatou metua! Aue! Aitoa!
Aue tou e! E Papa, taku metua!

Chorus — Is it a fiat of the gods? Break through it.
Is it the lowering clouds of war? Dissipate them.
Ah! ah! Great Papa is ~~my~~ (Tane's) mother.
But why, Papa, didst thou descend
To Avaiki, to obtain the honors of a goddess?
Ah! thou hast shaved[2] thy head!
Should it be asked, Which of the gods
Devoured our parents?
The fault is all my own.
I (Tane) am a sovereign possessed of an evil spirit.
Yes, Rongo, I will drink up the souls
Of our ancestors. I will, without fail.
I fear naught; for great Papa is my mother.

Tataia i te tanga o Tane:
O te vaa ia i tuku ai te kaara.

Call for music and dance — Beat the drum[3] of Tane,—
Those lips which so sweetly speak.

Taipo ē!

Solo — Go on.

Kua tangi reka te vaa o Tane.
Rutu ake i te rangi.

Chorus — How pleasant is the voice of Tane! (i.e. the drum)
The very heavens re-echo.

Maori		English
Ka rutu au, e Tane!	Solo	O Tane, I will beat thy drum!
Vai tua roi au ē? E Papa, taku metua!	Chorus	But who shall take the lead? — (I Tane), for Great Papa is my mother
E kakara tuputupu. E kakara koritonga E maire titatoe e a kake.	Solo and call for music & dance	Let there be abundance of fragrant leaves, Magnificent, sweet-scented flowers, With garlands of myrtle for the advent (of Tane).
Taipo ē!	Solo	Go on!
Uru are te kakara i tau ai.	Chorus	Cull all sorts of fragrant flowers.
Aē!	Solo	Aye!
E maire e kakara tuputupu. O Aratea te ei.	Chorus	Abundance too of sweet-scented myrtle. And white pandanus blossoms.
Porutu te vai e tei te moana aē!	Solo	But what if torrents of rain should fall?
Porutu te vai i te moana ē! Auenei, apopo Tautiti ē! Ua kokoti Avaiki i te rau o te pua Tapokipoki raurua e i te maire, E rau maire tapu e no te ariki Tei nunga te kapa i te Rongo Nui no Tane.	Chorus	Though torrents of rain should fall, To-night and to-morrow we will be merry. Fairies[4] from the shades are preparing; Are entwining myrtle leaves with their hair, — Robbing the sacred myrtle of the king of its sprigs. The fete comes off on the nights[5] dedicated to Rongo and Tane.

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1 Riuvaka was a worshipper of Tane. Hence the praises of his deity are celebrated throughout this "Introductory Song." Kirikovi was supreme temporal chief of Mangaia at the date of the discovery of the island by Capt. Cook in 1777.

The "parent Tane" was "Tane Papa-kai" i.e. "Tane-piler-up-of-food," son of Papa.

2 "Shaving the head" was one way of mourning for the dead. Tane glories in having occasioned this mourning. This is a reference to "Tane-Ngakiau" or "Tane-striving-for-power" from Iti (Tahiti), who was believed to kill people prematurely by devouring their souls! Of course, their bodies, however strong and healthy formerly, quickly faded and died after this!

3 The dance was specially under the patronage of Tane. Hence the big drum used on the occasion is called "the voice of Tane."

4 The peerless daughters never failed to honor the fetes of Tane with their presence. ~~Like~~ mortals they will come attired with sweet-scented flowers and myrtle sprigs. It is pretended that the fairy toilet is nearly complete; the dance must for very shame lead off without delay.

5 The night of the 26th of each month was sacred to Tane; the night following to Rongo.

Chapter X. Adventures in spirit-world. Rumaceres

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An escape from spirit-land.

In the "Sacred Islet" lived Eneene, his wife Kura, and his sister Umuei. These women were young and fair, and loved to roam the woods in quest of sweet-scented flowers, which they weaved into wreaths and necklaces. On one occasion they fortunately discovered a noble Bua (bestaria laurifolia), whose far-spreading branches were covered with fragrant yellow blossoms. The sisters-in-law sat awhile at the foot of the tree discussing the division of the spoil. It was clear that Kura should collect on one side of the tree, and Umuei on the other. But the great central branch seemed the richest prize of all. It was eventually agreed that Kura should have this treasure.

The young women set to work in good earnest; but after a time it became evident that Kura was gathering more than fell to her share. To punish her, Umuei took possession of the coveted central branch. The wife of Eneene was speedily ~~chastised~~ for her covetousness without the intervention of Umuei; for the branch on which she was leaning heavily in order to steal some of her sister's, suddenly broke. Kura, basket, and all fell with the branch of the sacred tree, cleaving the earth; and continued to fall until she reached Avaiki or spirit-world. The ghosts happening to be on the look out, caught her in their arms so that she was not killed by the fall. The captive Kura was hurried off to a considerable distance, and at once firmly tied up to the central post of a house. It was settled by these infernals — called "the army of Marama" — that to-morrow Kura should be cooked and eaten. A special guard was set over her, both blind and aged, named Tiaranau. At regular intervals the old fellow would shout, E Kura e! (O Kura) to which the unvarying reply of the victim was, E Tiaranau e! (O Tiaranau) Thus was the blind, wakeful guardian assured of the safety of his prisoner.

Now Umuei witnessing the sudden fall and entire disappearance of Kura into the very bosom of the earth, ran weeping to inform Eneene. Anxious, if possible, to recover his wife he bethought himself of his god Tumatarauua, himself manufactured out of the bua. Invoking the aid of this god and carrying it in his arms, he went to the very spot where his wife had lately disappeared, and pronouncing an invocation to the divinity of the sacred bua tree, the

earth opened and he descended to spirit-land. Eneene at once began his search for his beloved young wife, so suddenly removed from his sight. Now the name of that particular part of nether-world was "Marama" as fortunately for Eneene it was night at the period of his entrance, his presence in the shades was unnoticed. Anxiously wandering about from place to place he heard the loud interrogations of the old blind keeper and the replies of Kura herself. His lost wife was found; but the puzzle was how to get her away without exciting the suspicions of Tiaranau and other hungry denizens of the shades. Cautiously peering in all directions through the darkness he discovered a cocoa-nut tree with eight cocoa-nuts on it. Eneene climbed the tree, carefully plucked a single nut: holding the stem between his teeth he silently descended to the ground. This process was repeated again and again until the tree was cleared without attracting the notice of the ever-watchful Tiaranau. With extreme care during that long night Eneene succeeded in husking the nuts and scraping out their contents too without noise.

There were eight paths leading to the house where Kura was kept prisoner. Eneene was careful liberally to scatter the finely-grated cocoa-nut over all these pathways, and close to the house itself. The rats scenting the rich food now came by hundreds to feast themselves. They even fought and quarrelled over the delicious morsels, not only on the ground but on the low-thatched roof, enough to drive a man out of his senses. Certainly it seemed strange to Tiaranau that the rats should be so unusually noisy. Amidst this turmoil, Eneene climbed the roof and cautiously removed part of the thatch to discover in what part of the house his wife was tied up. At this moment the old blind guardian called out, O Kura! Listening intently to the reply he discovered that his poor trembling young wife was in the ~~other end~~ middle of the dwelling. Advancing to where the voice seemed to come from, Eneene carefully removed part of the thatch, put down his hand and touched his imprisoned wife. The astonished Kura asked in an under tone, Who that was? and received the joyful answer, Your own husband Eneene. The roof of the house was sufficiently low to permit the

husband to untie the cords by which his wife was tied up to the post. He then drew her up on the roof to himself. Eneene now directed her to descend to the ground and run off as fast as she could to the foot of the closed chasm by which she had so summarily entered Avaiki, and there to await his arrival.

Eneene now let himself down through the low roof, and occupied the place of the released prisoner, so as to give her time to escape. The old guard called out as usual O Kura! to which Eneene replied—closely imitating the voice of his wife—O Tiarauau! The trick was not discovered either by Tiarauau or the drowsy inmates of the prison-house. Eneene now thought it to be high time to provide for his own safety. Crawling up through the hole in the thatch, he cautiously let himself on the ground and ran as nimbly as he could to the appointed rendezvous, where he found his trembling wife waiting for him.

There was no time to be lost, for he could hear the echo of Tiarauau's stentorian voice giving the alarm. Clasping his wife in his arms, he offered the following prayer to his god:

Pūpū-kākāoa,	United in one fate
Purekè-pureke,	We ascend, we rise,
E ao, e ao!	To ~~day~~ light, to ~~day~~ light
Kua avatea!	To clear midday

At these potent words the gloomy rent again opened and both were borne through the chasm up to this world of ours, where it was still ~~broad~~ daylight. A moment later and the enraged "army of Inarama" would have caught Eneene and Kura, so close were those infernal hosts upon their heels.

The bua was in some islands used in the manufacture of idols, on account of its fine grain and being almost imperishable. The purport of the myth is to indicate the standard faith of the past, that the souls of the dead congregate on this tree and on its branches are borne by a merciless fate to Hades.

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The adventures of Ngaru.

In Shady-Land (Marua)* there lived the brave Ngaru, his mother Vaiare, and the grandfather of the lad, who was no other than Moko or Great Lizard, the king of all lizards. Tongatea, the youthful wife of Ngaru, was the envy of all Shady-Land on account of her fairness. Thirsting for distinction, Ngaru resolved to try his strength against some of the numerous monsters and evil spirits of his time. He learned from his grandfather that two fierce enemies of mankind had their appropriate home in the ocean, viz. Tikokura, or The-storm-wave and Tumuitearetoka, or a vast shark which fed exclusively upon human flesh. These evil spirits always went in each other's company; but Ngaru determined to meet both. The enterprize seemed hopeless; for who had ever escaped their anger? Ngaru's first care was to provide himself with a surf-board of the lightest description, which he named "Orua" = "The two", in allusion to the two sea-monsters he was about to encounter. He now appeared on the inner edge of the reef carrying his surf-board; but the wide coral surface was perfectly dry! Moko sat on a projecting crag of rock to watch over the safety of his grandson, who now advanced to the outer edge of the reef where the ~~sea~~ surf ceaselessly beats, and loudly cursed these sea monsters by name. Tikokura and Tumuitearetoka smarted under this unprovoked insult and resolved to be revenged on Ngaru without delay. All of a sudden the dead calm which had made the reef dry changed into a furious tempest. Long breakers rushed inland far beyond the accustomed bounds of the sea and spent themselves against the gnarled roots of the "utu" trees. Moko still kept his place on his rocky eminence, whilst his grandson floated daringly out to sea on the crest of the retreating billow. The shark-god perceiving his opportunity, crept stealthily behind his intended victim and was preparing for the final leap which would seal the fate of the impious Ngaru, when the quick eye of Moko caught sight of his dark outline and shouted lustily to the boy "the shark is under you". Ngaru hearing this instantly leapt high in the air, so that this first attempt failed. The foe now leapt in the air after Ngaru; but he dived under the water and again escaped. The disappointed god was excessively enraged; so that it was needful for Ngaru to put forth all his skill and strength to avoid the open jaws of the monster. Tumuitearetoka became crafty; but Ngaru

*I. E. the shades

was still craftier: Moko often giving his pet grandson timely warning of the insidious approach of the adversary. For eight weary days and nights this terrible contest went on, until the exhausted Ngaru put an end to it by throwing his surf-board to the sea monsters, who gladly retired to their ancient haunts in the deep blue ocean.

Great was the delight of the old grandfather and of his countrymen at the exploit of Ngaru, the first who had dared the sea gods in their own domain and yet had escaped with life. But the hero himself was sadly battered and his skin excoriated with the sharp coral. He made his way home; but on the road fell in with his fair wife Tongatea. Arrived at a fountain they determined to bathe; but a friendly dispute took place who should have the first dip. It was finally arranged that the husband should take the precedence. Once in, Ngaru was in no hurry to get out. At sunset he got out, and the wife was horrified to find that his skin had become almost black through long exposure to salt-water, during the mighty contest with the monsters of the deep. Reviling Ngaru for his blackness she ran off to her friends

When at length Ngaru reached home, Moko inquired what had become of his fair spouse, and learnt that, disgusted with her husband's appearance she had fled to Teautapu. Said Moko, Nothing blackens the skin so soon as the sea and the sun. The grandson inquired how his skin could be blanched. Moko said: The only way to blanch your skin is to treat you as green bananas are treated when they are to be ripened.* Ngaru agreed to this proposal. Accordingly they dug a deep hole in the ground, and lined it with layers of sweet-scented fern leaves. Ngaru descended into this hole and was duly covered with leaves; a thin layer of earth completed the whole. On the eighth day flashes of lightning proceeded from the spot where Ngaru had so long been buried, increasing in intensity until it smote away earth and leaves, permitting him to emerge from his strange abode. It then became evident that these flashes of light proceeded from the face and person of Ngaru, being in reality the dazzling fairness of his skin. But there was one drawback; the steam of the blanching oven had rendered Ngaru perfectly bald. Moko sent by his mother Vaiare to great Tangaroa to ask for some new hair. It was given; but when Moko examined it, it proved to be frizzly. Moko resolved not to spoil the head of his fair grandson with such a wretched mop. Vaiare took it back to the god and asked for some better hair.

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* In the native language "ta-para" or "blanched": Europeans would say "ripened".

Tangaroa put the suppliant off with some light yellow.* "This will never do," said Moko; "I must have the best." Once more Vaiare trudged back to the god to beg him to exchange the hair. Finding that there was no escape from the importunity of the grandfather, Tangaroa gave a profusion of wavy, smooth raven† locks. Moko was delighted and gladly secured it to the bald pate of his fair grandson.

The lightning, or dazzling flashes of light, from the face and person of Ngaru reached even to the distant abode of Tongatea (= The fair Tongan), so that everybody said "Behold the dazzling fairness of Ngaru! Said the runaway wife, This Ngaru you praise must be a different ~~Ngaru~~ individual from the Ngaru I know. The bystanders asserted that it was her despised husband; but Tongatea still remained incredulous.

Now Tongatea had got up a reed-throwing match for women; but men were invited from all parts to decide upon the merits of the game and to applaud the successful throwers. At the time appointed all the fair ones, gaily attired and covered with fragrant garlands, stood ready to begin the amusement of the day, each with a long reed in her right hand. Tongatea as mistress of the day was about to make the first throw, when Ngaru made his appearance and was at once recognized by the fair runaway. Her arm fell powerless by her side. She struggled to conceal her emotion and to proceed with the game; but could not. Such a violent tremor seized Tongatea that it was with difficulty that she retained her garments about her person. All was confusion: the intended sport of the day was lost. As the visitors disappeared, the weeping, repentant, love-smitten wife followed Ngaru entreating him to return to her. Ngaru in whose heart still rankled the bitter insult in reference to his former dusky color, in this moment of triumph said to the penitent, Never will I return to thee! The despairing ~~Ngo~~ Tongatea hearing this, set off in search of some poisonous "kokii kura; chewed it and died!

There lived in Avaiki, or nether-world, a fierce she-demon named Miru, who envious of the great fame of Ngaru resolved to destroy him in her fearful, ever-blazing oven. But before enjoying this horrid banquet, it was needful to decoy him into her domains. Nor did this seem difficult. She at once directed two Tapairu or "Peerless ones" — her daughters, to ascend to this upper world to induce the brave Ngaru to marry them both. Kumutonga-i-te-po = "Kumutonga-of-the-night" and Karaia-i-te-ata = "Karaia-the-Shadowy" were to induce him to pay a visit to the shades in their agreeable society: once there, his fate was sealed,

* a detestable color in the eyes of a Polynesian † Tangaroa's own hair was of the objectionable light-yellow

in Miru's estimation. On their entering the dwelling of Moko, Ngaru feigned to be asleep, whilst his grand father tried to discover their real intent. They averred that their mother Miru had sent them to escort Ngaru to Avaiki; that as soon as they arrived Ngaru was to be united to both these "peerless women", with whom the daughters of mortals could not for a moment be compared.

Moko suspecting the real nature of their visit, sought to gain time by exercising the utmost hospitality to his unwonted guests. Whilst these fairy women were enjoying themselves, the king of lizards (Moko) sent his servants i.e. all the little lizards*, on a secret mission to Miru's domains in the under-world to ascertain what dangerous weapons were at her disposal, and what were her usual avocations. Off scampered the little lizards in all possible haste; and on arriving in Avaiki unperceived by Miru they noticed that the old, deformed, and inexpressibly ugly hag had a house full of "kava" (piper mythisticum) kept exclusively for the purpose of stupefying her intended victims who were eventually cooked in her mighty oven and eaten by herself, her fair children, and her servants. These little keen-sighted lizards safely returned to this upper world and reported to their sovereign what they had discovered. Moko privately told all this to his son, and admonished him to be careful or he would infallibly perish, as multitudes had done before him. As evening drew on, all three started off on their journey to the land of Miru in the shades. The mode of transit was peculiar. These "peerless ones" had with them rolls of finest tapa in which they insisted upon wrapping up their future husband; they then secured the bundle well with cords, and slung to a long pole carried off Ngaru in triumph. After some time Kumutonga of the night and Karaia or Shadowy began to ascend a mountain named "The-heavenly", when the imprisoned husband became conscious of a steep and sudden movement, and prayed thus,

Oi au tiria, tiria	Put me down, put me down.
Oi au tarā, tarā	Set me free, set me free.
Tarāia akora	Oh that I had liberty
Kia kite au i teia maunga,	To gaze on this mountain!
O te maunga poro oa teia	'Tis surely the mountain spoken of
A tau tupuna a Moko Roa,	By my grandfather "The-long-Lizard";
Tau metua a Vaiare,	And by my mother Vaiare, (Stay-at-home)
Tau vaine a Tongatea	And by my wife "The-fair-Tongan"

* The black and yellow lizards hide during the day in the caves supposed to be the highroad to spirit-land; whereas the common green variety suns itself all the day on the leaves and grass.

To this Kumutonga and Karaia responded (temporarily releasing Ngaru);

Kiritia kai e kinana!	Thou shalt be forthwith devoured!
To koivi, vaio i Erangi maunga!	Thy body shall rot on this "Heavenly mountain."
To vaerua, e kave i te po	Thy spirit shall be borne to the shades,
Na to maua metua na Miru!	To furnish a repast for our mother Miru.

To this Ngaru replied, 'Tis thus you treat your intended husband!

Again wrapping up and cording their intended victim they bore him to another spur of the same mountain range. Conscious of this, the imprisoned victim again prayed to be released;–

"Ei au tiria, tiria &c.	Put me down, put me down! &c

To this entreaty the same ominous reply was given as before;–

Kiritia koe e kinana! &c.	Thou shalt be forthwith devoured, &c.

To this Ngaru replied, 'Tis thus you treat your intended husband! At this the "peerless ones" again seized upon Ngaru, wrapped him again in numerous folds of tapa and well securing their ~~intended~~ victim with cords, bore him along until reaching a shady grove of chestnut trees, ~~they~~ set him down and unfastened the cords. These fairy women now hastened to fetch some "kava", named "Miru's own"*, and gave it to him to chew. Ngaru chewed the whole and still to their amazement ~~Ngaru~~ remained wakeful and active; on him alone of the children of men the powerful narcotic failed to produce its usual effects. The ever-blazing oven of Miru was ready for its victim. The voice of the pitiless Miru was now heard "Kumutonga-of-the-night" and "~~Karaia~~ the Shadowy," bring along your husband; the oven of Miru is waiting for him." At these words Ngaru put on the girdle his grandfather had wisely provided for his use. Thus equipped the dauntless visitor from the upper world proceeded in search of the hag Miru and her dread oven. At this juncture the voice of the anxious Moko was heard in the shades, "Return Ngaru, yonder is the oven in which she means to cook you". Heedless of this warning, the brave visitor went on his way, and finding the red hot stones ~~ashes~~ of the oven raked ready for the victim, he asked the horrid mistress of the invisible world what she meant to do with this burning oven. Miru promptly replied, To cook you! Ngaru reproached her thus; Ah Miru! my grandfather Moko did not prepare an oven for your daughters; but gave them food to eat, cocoanut water to drink, and sent them away in peace! You cook and devour your visitors!

At these words the heavens became intensely black. Ngaru walked to the edge of the flaming oven and placed one foot on the red-hot stones:— at this critical moment the clouds which had been gathering ever since he had entered Avaiki burst suddenly. A fearful deluge of waters extinguished the blazing oven, and swept away Miru herself, her younger fairy daughters and all her servants and accomplices. Ngaru was saved by clutching hold of the stem of the "nono"†; the beautiful Tapairu girls whose allured him to the domains of Miru held each by one of his legs and so

* The 3 sorts of "kava" known in this world are but offshoots from this original root

† Morinda citrifolia; its root is wonderfully tenacious

escaped the fate of their mother and sisters. These fairies taught Ngaru the art of ball-throwing.

After a time the waters entirely abated; Ngaru wearied of the society of these attractive but dangerous fairy women succeeded in finding a dark, windy passage to a land called Taumareva (= Expanse) where fruits and flowers grow profusely, and the inhabitants of which excelled in flute playing.* Here he married a girl kept by her parents inside a house in order to whiten her skin. Time passed pleasantly in this new residence. But one day two pretty little birds known as "Karakerake" perched upon the ledge of a pile of rocks. Ngaru immediately recognized them as belonging to Moko, and asked them whether they came at his grandfather's bidding. The birds nodded assent; whilst Ngaru wept for joy & prayed thus;–

Karakerake ē, tukua iora te taura!
O te taura oa tena i tukuna'i o mana ariki
O Rākā maumau ē. Tukua, tukua ra ikona!

Ye little birds, pray drop a cord;
Aye, the cord used for the imperial
Orākā,† the all-devouring. Drop, drop it at once!

At these words two cords fell, one from the feet of each bird. Securing himself by means of this double rope, Ngaru gave the signal to the "karakerakes" and without a word of farewell to his late spouse and her musical countrymen was borne aloft to this upper world and was safely deposited in the presence of Moko who had long been ill, pining for the presence of his brave Ngaru so long a prisoner in the shades.

Ngaru had conquered the monsters of the deep; had conquered the renown of the proud Tongatea; had been buried in the earth; had descended to the shades where he had proved victor over the hitherto unconquered Miru and her satellites. One more trial was reserved for Ngaru, ere he should be permitted to live in peace. The last foe was a heavenly one.

One day the people of this world were astonished at the sight of a large basket (some say "a vast fish-hook") let down from the sky. Two or three anxious to see the wonders of the upper world, hitherto unexplored, entered the basket and were speedily drawn up out of sight. Not many days after, this process was repeated; but it came to be noticed after a time that none ever came down again to report what they had seen. This looked decidedly suspicious. The fact was a sky-demon named Amai-te-rangi, or "Carry-up-to-heaven", had taken a fancy to feed on human flesh, and had invented the basket and ropes as a means of satisfying hunger. Hearing from his victims of the prowess of Ngaru, he resolved to entrap and devour him. Now the basket itself was a very attractive object; and on the day of Ngaru's return from his

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*a piece of bamboo pierced with three holes, and blown through the nose.

† Orākā i.e. "Avaka", the dreadful chasm down which the dead were thrown: here "the gate of Hades"

visit to the invisible world it was let down close to the dwelling of Moko. Ngaru regarding this as a challenge, determined to ascend and have a fight with its owner. The more wily Moko detained his heroic grandson until his faithful little lizard subjects should go up and find out what was going on in the sky. The word given by The-king-of-lizards, a number of his sharp-eyed attendants entered the basket, which was speedily pulled up by Amai-te-rangi. On discovering that he had only caught a number of miserable little reptiles, he was greatly chagrined. Meanwhile the nimble subjects of Moko overran the place. When next the basket was let down they were permitted to go down in it; they reported to Moko what they had seen; - the gigantic size of "Carry-up-to-heaven"; beautiful women ~~called~~ engaged in ball throwing; a huge chisel and mallet in the hands of the sky demon; and piles of human bones!

Ngaru fearlessly got into the beautiful basket, and was at once drawn up by the delighted Amai-te-rangi, who anticipated a good feast, as the intended victim was uncommonly heavy. Upon touching the magnificent paving of blue stone, Ngaru found the demon drawn out to his full size, chisel and mallet in hand, ready to deal the fatal blow. At this moment the human hero gave it a sudden jerk that precipitated himself and the basket down to earth again. The disappointed demon hastily drew up Ngaru again, resolving not to permit him to escape a second time. But the grandson of Moko was not to be outwitted; for as soon as the basket again touched the solid vault of heaven, he once more jerked it back to earth. Amai-te-rangi pulled his ropes eight times until his strength was nearly exhausted; but at last to his satisfaction saw Ngaru coolly walk out of the basket and confront his giant foe, who again prepared to deal the fatal blow with that chisel from which no mortal had hitherto escaped.

Now Moko had foreseen all this, and to provide for the safety of Ngaru each time the basket touched the ground had sent into the basket a number of lizards, which leaped out on the sky as soon as the basket touched the blue paving, unregarded by the demon whose whole thoughts were concentrated on the destruction of this fearless human enemy. At the moment his huge arms were uplifted to effect the murder of Ngaru, all these faithful guardians rushed up the legs of Amai-te-rangi, covering his face, neck, arms, and body; particularly clustering about the armpits they tickled the giant to such a degree that it was impossible for him to strike with precision. Again and again the monster endeavoured to brush off these little fellows from his naked body, so that he might accomplish his purpose; but the lizards pertinaciously returned to their appointed task of distracting Amai-te-rangi's thoughts and movements, until at length this cruel enemy of mankind utterly unable to slay Ngaru and tickled almost to madness dropped chisel and mallet. Ngaru seizing these weapons succeeded in killing Amai-te-rangi, and then

let himself down to earth again, accompanied by his four-footed protectors, and carrying with him the chisel and mallet of his slain foe. Ere leaving, he tried ball-throwing with Ina and Matonga, who kept 8 balls going at a time, and succeeded in beating them too.

Such were the exploits of this Polynesian Hercules!

In the original, when describing the repentance of Tongatea at the reed-throwing match, the question is asked "Whose place in Manono is vacant?" The reply is, Tongatea's. Why then does she not begin?" There is a spot on this island so named; but everyone believes that the reference is to the island of "Manono" in the Samoan Group. The wife's name "Tongatia" means The-fair-Tongan. I believe this story to have been one brought by the original settlers when they came originally from Avaiki or Savaii. It is no objection to this view that the myth as now told is localized here; as a long residence would be sure to produce this. The proper depositaries of such lore invariably assert that they were introduced here from other lands.

The story of Miru is merely a vivid representation of their old belief as to the state of those who die a natural death. Fairy women come to fetch Ngaru: he is like any other corpse wrapped up in tapa and well corded and borne by two individuals to the deep cavernous domain of Miru. "Vrakā" is but a disguise for "Auraka" the great repository of their dead; from which two cords pull up the victor upon his return to life.

In this story Miru and all her servants and two of her "peerless" daughters perish. The ever-burning oven too is extinguished. But the standard belief of the past represents Miru as immortal and the oven as still blazing and consuming the spirits of all who die a natural death. Does not this myth express a deep-seated hope and intense yearning after that real victory over death and hell which Christianity alone can satisfy?

Apai-te-rangi is in heaven the exact counterpart of Miru in the shades: and still a man of divine descent — Ngaru — comes off victor!

It is a curious fact that one family here claims descent from this sky-demon Apai-te-rangi. But this heavenly descent did not prevent the "Amai" tribe from being devoted to furnish sacrifices to Rongo from generation to generation. (The name indifferently spelt Amai and Apai")

As Miru in the shades is the parent of Tapairu or "peerless" fairy women; so in the sky Apai-i-te-rangi has about him a set of Tapairu women, whose sole employment is ball-throwing; some keeping seven, others eight balls going at a time. One of these heavenly fairies is Ina another is named Matonga. Ngaru introduced the art to this world.

The basket of the heavenly monster is the counterpart of the stupefying "kava" of Miru; his chisel & mallet answering to the fiery oven of the shades.

The drama of Ngaru.

A reed-throwing match for women in honor of Patikiporo

Composed by Tuka circa 1815.

Akiakia tute te manava ia Tevoo'i Ei mana paa no Ngaru Avaiki, Koia i pau taae!	women	Strip the branches off Miru's "kava" tree To stupefy wonder-working Ngaru, victorious over all monsters.
Tepoi arire na Moko ra, Na Vari-ma-te-takere ē!	Two	Pet grandson of Moko, Descended from Vari-originator-of-all-things.
Te taa o te rangi A tuku te ata apai Ngaru ē, I te kakenga atu rava.	Chorus	The natives of the sky Let down a trap to catch Ngaru, Who ascended on high.
Kake atu Ngaru i te tautua, I te tau aro o te moko kura i tau ē, Ka pare nei kia Apai-te-rangi ē! Kua kino Ngaru ei te taeke aē!	Two women	To save Ngaru the ruddy lizards. Climbed up the front and back, Baffling cruel "Apai-te-rangi". 'Twas Ngaru blackened by diving.
Kua kino Ngaru i te taeke, E anga turoko ka oro ai Tongatea ē! Tei Itikau te roki	Chorus	Ngaru blackened in the billows. The sight disgusted the fair Tongan Whose loved resort is at Itikau.
Tei Itikau te roki ē!	Two	Yes; her loved resort is at Itikau.
Pāpā paka, a inu ra i te vai o Mārua. E rua enua e pēi ai te pēi.	Chorus	Refresh yourselves, fair ones, in Shady-Land; Like celestials proficient in ball-throwing

Inuinu Tai		First Offshoot.
Pēi ikiiki na Ngaru ē!	Two	Oh! the wondrous skill of Ngaru.
Tera rava te karanga, E karanga ia Ngaru. Iti mai rapa te uira, E uira tu akarere, Na mana o Ngaru-tai. Noea toou mana? No raro i Avaiki,— Na Vari-ma-te-takere, Na ooki atu na. Tena ïa ia kava. E tere aa ra, e Miru? E tere kai tangata!	Chorus	List to yonder voice! 'Tis addressed to Ngaru. Lightning is emitted from his person, And flashes all around. Great is the might of ocean-loving Ngaru.* Whence this unheard-of power? — From the depths of spirit-land, From Vari-originator-of-all-things, Who sends him back again (to this world) Ah! there comes the stupefying draught. What have you come for, Miru? — I come to devour mankind.

*Ngaru = wave: a play on the name is intended, as well as a reference to his first exploit.

Takina ra Avaiki, e Miru ē!

Ei rapanga uira i tane.

Tane oro ki Iti!

Aē, Ngaru-tai.

Akiakia tute te manava ia Tevoo'i,
Ei mana paa no Ngaru Avaiki,
Koia i pau taae!

Tepoi arire na Moko ra,
Na Vari-ma-te-takere ē!

Te taa o te rangi
A tuku i te ata apai Ngaru ē,
I te kakenga atu rava.

Kake atu Ngaru i te tautua
I te tau aro o te moko kura i tau e,
A pare nei kia Apai-te-rangi ē!

39a

Kua kino Ngaru e i te taeke aē!
Kua kino Ngaru i te taeke,
E anga turoko ka oro ai Tongatea ē.
Tei Itikau te roki.

Tei Itikau te roki ē!

Pāpā paka, a inu ra i te vai o Mārua.
E rua enua i pēi i te pēi.

Inuinu Rua

O Mārua tai o are ē!

Takina o Ngaru-tai;
Na Kumutonga i apai,
E apai ki Avaiki,
Ei kai na Miru-Kura,
Ei tane Ngaru-tai.
Akiakia tute, akiakia kava,
Te manava ia Tevoo.
Tātaia e Iva, porotua te rangi ra.
Kakea ra e Ngaru te enua

Two: Do thy worst, Miru!

Chorus: Provoke not the flashing lightning of your betrothed.

Two: The betrothed whose loved resort is at Itikau

Chorus: Aye, ocean-loving Ngaru.

Women: Strip the branches off Miru's "kava" tree,
To stupefy wonder-working Ngaru,
Victorious over all monsters.

Two: Pet grandson of Moko,
Descended from Vari-originator-of-all-things

Seven: The natives of the sky
Let down a trap to catch Ngaru
Who ascended on high.

Two women: To save Ngaru the ruddy lizards
Climbed up the front and back,
Baffling cruel "Apai-te-rangi."

39a

Two: 'Twas Ngaru blackened by diving.

Chorus: Ngaru blackened in the billows:—
The sight disgusted the fair Tongan,
Whose loved resort is at Itikau

Two: Yes; her loved resort is at Itikau.

Chorus: Refresh yourselves, fair ones, in Shady-Land;
Like celestials proficient in ball throwing.

Second Offshoot.

Two: In Shady-Land is thy true home.

Chorus: Lift up ocean-loving Ngaru;
Kumutonga shall bear thee on
Until thou reach spirit-land
As food for the ever-glowing Miru—
Our betrothed ocean-loving Ngaru.
Strip the branches off the "kava" tree,
To stupefy thy senses.
The heavens are black: torrents descend.
But Ngaru passes on to Taumareva—

Taumāreva, te enua iri kura e, Na te taa o te rangi. E tere aa ra, e Miru? E tere kai tangata.	Chorus	The land of scarlet garments, At the edge of the skies. What have you come for, Miru?— I come to devour mankind.
Takina ra Avaiki, e Miru ē!	Two	Do thy worst, Miru!
E rapanga uira i tane.	Chorus	Provoke not the flashing lightning of your betrothed.
Tane oro ki Iti!	Two	The betrothed whose loved resort is at Itikau
Ae, Ngaru-tai.	Chorus	Aye, ocean-loving Ngaru.
Akiakia tute te manava ia Tevoo'i, Ei mana paa no Ngaru Avaiki, Koia i pau taae!	Two	Strip the branches off Miru's "kava" tree, To stupefy wonder-~~wonder~~ working Ngaru, Victorious over all monsters.
Oi au tiria, tiria. Oi au tarā, tarā, Tarāia akera, Kia kite au i teia maunga. O te maunga poro oa teia A tau tupuna a Moko-Roa, Tau metua a Vaiare, Tau vaine a Tongatea.	Chorus	Put me down, put me down. Set me free, set me free. Oh that I had liberty To gaze at this mountain! 'Tis surely the mountain spoken of By my grandfather "The-long-Lizard"; And by my mother Vaiare, And by my wife "The-fair-Tongan."
Kiritia kai e kinana! To koivi, vaio i Erangi maunga! To vaerua, e kave i te po Na to maua metua na Miru!	Chorus	Thou shalt be forthwith devoured! Thy body shall rot on this "Heavenly Mountain" Thy spirit shall be borne to the shades, To furnish a repast for our mother Miru.
Kumutonga, Karaia-i-te-ata ōi, Tukua maira ta korua tane. Kua roa oa te umu a Miru!	Chorus	Hist Kumutonga! Hist Karaia-the-Shadowy, Bring me your intended husband, For the oven of Miru is waiting!
Aore au e pa atu i tau moko; E tapu te tikinga vaine a Ngaru.	Chorus	I will not part with my grandson. 'Tis thus ye fairies treat Ngaru.
Tuku atu te taura i Enua-Kura. E taura virivir i, e taura varavara, Ruia e te matangi, kakea e Ngaru. Kakea e te rangi tautua, Kakea e te rangi tuamano	Chorus	Pray, drop down some cords to Spirit-Land; Ropes of many strands and of great strength, Swaying to and fro in the breeze, yet able To bear Ngaru, the heaven-climber, Resolved to explore all nature.

E tuku te taura i Enua-Kura ē! Mauriā!	Chorus	Pray, drop down some cords to Spirit-Land. Hold fast!
Mauria, e Ruateātonga, Te pitonga i te taura I tukua'i o maua ariki. O Rākā maunnau ē! Tukua, tukua ra ikōna!	Chorus	Spirit of the shades! hold fast To the end of these ropes, Intended to rescue our ~~betrothed~~ favourite From all-devouring "Auraka". Drop, drop them down at once!
Oki mai, e Ngaru! Tera 'tu te umu e tao iaau!	Chorus	Hasten back, Ngaru! Yonder is the oven intended to consume you.

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1 The root of the "piper mythisticum" is chewed to make the stupefying drink. But Miru's own original plant, of enormous size, in the shades is narcotic even to its branches. The inebriate spirits are helplessly carried to the fatal oven and are cooked. Ngaru alone defeats her cruel arts.

2. This curious drama was performed at Tamarua by daylight at the base of a hill (Vovitaunoa). Several women still living took part in the performance. One was named Miru for the occasion; a second Moko; a third Ngaru. Two others represented the daughters of Miru,— Kumutonga and Karaia-i-te-ata. These fairies at the proper time carried over the crest of the hill a large bundle like a seeming corpse ready to be thrown down Auraka, the last resting place of the dead. An oven was made; but no fire lighted. Two cords were fastened to the woman who sustained the part of Ngaru and who was dragged to the edge of the supposed oven!

The husband of Patikiparo is still living. He has for many years sustained a good Christian profession.

The part commencing "Put me down", &c. down to "a repast for our mother Miru" is taken from the myth, which is known to be of great antiquity.

Sadaraka well recollects the performance, at which as a male he could only be a spectator.

The ball thrower's song; or the fairies beaten by Ngaru

For the fete of Potiki, circa 1790.

Pei ikiiki tei to rima, e rua toe,	call for the dance [illegible]	Keep the balls all going; two are left.
Tei Iva e, a tai ra koē.		In all spirit-land thou hast no equal.
Taipo ē!	Solo	Go on!
Pei aea nga Tapairu no Avaiki;	Chorus	Here are fairy players from nether-land;
No nunga paa i te rangi ē!		As well as natives of the sky.
Ae ē!	Solo	Aye!
Pei aea i te pei itu, i te pei varu, e Ina e!	Chorus	Ina alone keeps seven, yea eight balls in motion.
Ka rē koia o Matonga-iti kau rērē.		Little Matonga is beaten, — utterly beaten.
Ka re oki, e Matonga e, i te pei,	Solo	Ah! Matonga, thou art beaten.
Ka topa i to rima; a tai ō!		At the outset a ball has fallen to the ground.
Inuinu Tai		First Offshoot.
Tiria mai taku pei.	Solo	Give me the balls.
E pei ka topa i te rima o nga tupuna 'tu,	Chorus	This art was taught me by the gods,
Na Teiiri na Teraranga.		By Teiiri and Teraranga.
Taku rima, taku ei kapara turina,		Encircled with chaplets of laurel
Ua toro, pati kura konikoni,		I select round scarlet fruits
No nunga no te akinga pei		To serve as balls for our game,
O nga Tapairu, tu tai e, kiri rua e,		For fairy women who once and again
Paiereiere ikitia i raro o Kaputai		Have come up from spirit-world to dance at Kaputai.
A tai nei vaine i nginingini ai,		Of these fairies the most strangely fascinating
I toro pa titi, toro pa tata,		And proficient at our game is Ina.
O te pua mata reka, o te akatu nga are		Lovely blossom, whose home is in the sky,
I ikitia i Marama Nui ē. Era koe, e Ina!		Beloved wife of Full-Moon, I have beaten thee.
Taipo ē!	Solo	Go on!
Pei aea nga Tapairu no Avaiki;	Chorus	Here are fairy players from nether-land,
No nunga paa i te rangi ē!		As well as natives of the sky.
Ae ē!	Solo	Aye!
Pei aea i te pei itu, i te pei varu, e Ina e!	Chorus	Ina alone keeps seven, yea eight balls in motion.
Ka rē koia o Matonga-iti kau rērē!		Little Matonga is beaten, utterly beaten.
Ka re oki e Matonga e i te pei,	Solo	Ah! Matonga, thou art beaten.
Ka topa i to rima; a tai ō!		At the outset a ball has fallen to the ground.

Inuinu Rua

Solo

Tei nūnga!

Chorus

I nunga o pei tīni, i raro o taaonga.
To kura pei kura, maaŭtara,
Mea Auraka te metua, e nui ana,
E mau ana, peiia, tuia te toa i Rangi ^ riri.
Anga mai te vai ia mata
Evai tuaine, e vai tungane,
Riu atu to tua, anga mai to aro,
Teia taku pei, e pei ikiiki Marama ruaē!
Era koe, e Matonga!

Call the Seas

Pei ikiiki tei to rima, e rua toe,
Tei Iva e, a tai ra koe ē!

Solo

Taipo ē!

Chorus

Pei aea nga Tapairu no Avaiki;
No nunga paa i te rangi e!

Solo

Ae ē!

Chorus

Pei aea i te pei itu, i te pei varu, e Ina e!
Ka rē koia o Matonga-iti kau rērē!

Solo

Ka re oki, e Matonga e, i te pei,
Ka topa i to rima; ā tai ō!

Second Offshoot.

How high!

All the balls in the air;— how dextrous the hand
The balls are all red and greatly admired.
Thanks to the divinities who taught thee
Catch them, throw them in succession.
All eyes are fixed on thee,
Women and men in wonder
Gaze at thy face and form.
With these balls again I challenge you fairies
I have beaten thee too, Matonga!

Keep the balls all going; two are left.
In all spirit-land thou hast no equal.

Go on!

Here are fairy players from ~~nether~~-land,
As well as natives of the sky.

Aye!

Ina alone keeps seven, yea eight balls in ^ motion.
Little Matonga is beaten,— utterly beaten

Ah! Matonga, thou art beaten.
At the outset a ball has fallen to the ground

Inuinu Toru

Solo

Ā tai!

Chorus

Tai, rua, toru, ā, rima, ono, itu, varu.
Tu akarongo no Pai, no Manoinoiariki
E tangi te vai i Aratatia.
Akairi i nunga i Aramaunga i te kopuku.
Aakina i te māro Akaina,
Na tumaanga nginingini i te rearea,
E tangata e tu i Tōrea,
E mania i te kura, e mania i to mania!
Era koe, e Ina!

Solo

Taipo ē!

Chorus

Pei aea nga Tapairu no Avaiki;
No nunga paa i te rangi ē!

Solo

Ae ē!

Third Offshoot

Again!

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight ^ balls!
Pai and the royal Manoinoi admire.
The crowd is astonished.
Akaina, though skilled in all arts,
Surpassing the men of his day,
The bravest and wisest of men,
Ne'er could equal thee.
Let perfect silence now be preserved.
Again, I have beaten thee, Ina!

Go on!

Here are fairy players from nether-land
As well as natives of the sky.

Aye!

Pei aea i te pei itu, i te pei varu, e Ina e!
Ka rē kora o Matonga-iti kau rērē.

Ka rē oki, e Matonga e, i te pei,
Ka topa i to rima; ā tai ō!

Inuinuā

E retia!

E retia, e retia to Tua-niinii!
E retia, e retia to Tua-ara-roa!
Ara-roa i te iki-tanga i te akamatenga
Na kura pei kura, na tama reionga,
Na kakara onu e rutu i te tua o Vātea.
Re tai, re rua, re toru, re ā,
Re rima, re ono, re itu, re varu,
Re iva, re ngauru, tinitini, manomano
to Arawru, to Ara peipei; tei kai te peinga
Koi tangatangā ori, koi mata korekore,
Koi nunga, koi raro, koi te patiti ē!
Era koe, e Matonga!

Pei ikiiki tei to rima, e rua toe,
Tei Iva e, a tai ra koe ē!

Taipo ē!

Pei aea nga Tapairu no Avaiki;
No nunga paa i te rangi e!

Ae ē!

Pei aea i te pei itu, i te pei varu, e Ina e!
Ka re kora o Matonga-iti kau rērē!

Ka re oki, e Matonga e, i te pei,
Ka topa i to rima; ā tai ō!

Mautu

E ara pei na Kumutonga,
Na Karaia-i-te-ata e, a kake ē!

Taipo ē!

Te pei maira te peinga i te ata.

Ae ē!

Te rere maira te manu pepe kura.

E ara pei oki ra na Karaia ae ē!

Chorus Ina alone keeps seven, yea eight balls in motion.
Little Matonga is beaten, — utterly beaten.

Solo Ah! Matonga, thou art beaten.
At the outset a ball has fallen to the ground

Fourth Offshoot

Solo Avaunt!

Avaunt, avaunt, thou of a scraggy back,
Avaunt, avaunt, thou of the long spine, —
Tall to deformity and ready to die.
Give me my grand scarlet balls,
Like young turtle in the palm of Vatea.
Chorus Beaten once, twice, thrice, yea four times.
Beaten again, again, and again;
Beaten innumerable times, all of you.
Pack up your traps, one and all, —
Ye sweet-scented ball-players from skies
And from nether-land, and be off!
Again I have beaten thee, Matonga

Third Call Keep the balls all going; two are left.
In all spirit-land thou hast no equal.

Solo Go on!

Chorus Here are fairies from nether-land,
As well as natives of the sky.

Solo Aye!

Chorus Ina alone keeps seven, yea eight balls in motion.
Little Matonga is beaten, — utterly beaten

Solo Ah! Matonga, thou art beaten.
At the outset a ball has fallen to the ground.

Conclusion

Fourth Call And now a game of ball-throwing with Kumutonga,
With Karaia-the shadowy from nether-world.

Solo Go on!

Chorus Play as ye are wont in the shades.

Solo Aye!

Chorus A bird of gay plumage is watching you

Solo A game of ball-throwing with Karaia!

Eara pei na Kumutonga,	Chorus.	A game of ball throwing with Kumutonga
Na Karaia-i-te-ata.		And her sister Karaia-the-shadowy.
Aore paa e kitea te ikonga i te roima!		The quick movements of the fingers are invisible

---

Of the sky fairies Ina and Matonga were the most clever at this game. Both however are vanquished by Ngaru; — in the first and third stanzas Ina is beaten; in the second and fourth Matonga. In the "conclusion" Ngaru is trying his fortune with the infernal syrens with equal success.

In the dance the performers imitated the movements of the ball throwers, without balls, however.

The contemptuous language of the fourth stanza is in direct contradiction of the standard belief in their "peerless" beauty. It is a sly hit at certain ladies at the dance personifying the two sets of fairy women. Proud of their assumed name "Tapairu," they are really the butt of the whole assembly.

A journey to the invisible world.
a Tahitian myth.

Ouri bare Oemā two sons, of whom Arii was the elder and Tavai the younger. On one occasion for a trivial offence some of the father's relatives severely beat little Tavai, who was his mother's pet. Ouri was so enraged at this that her husband Oemā descended to Hawaii to hide his shame. The now regretful wife waited many days ~~for~~ in vain for his return.

Little Tavai, who was naturally a brave child resolved to go in search of his father. On mentioning his intention to his mother and ~~his~~ older brother, the former strongly objected whilst the latter volunteered to accompany him. Said Tavai to Arii, Stay to take care of our mother. But Arii would on no account consent to be left behind by his younger brother.

The mother finding it impossible to detain her beloved children, disclosed to them the secret road to spirit-land and taught them the needful formula.

Using this charm the earth clave asunder and the lads descended. They now found themselves in the land of Kui the Blind. Arii was excessively alarmed at her appearance and confessed his fears to his younger brother, who only remarked, I told you not to come, but you would have your own way.

Now Kui was employed in cooking her daily oven when the brothers approached her and in silence watched ~~them~~ her operations. Kui did not suspect the presence of these intruders. The food in her oven consisted of

2 heads of taro
2 plantains
2 halves of bread-fruit.
2 packages of ~~cooked~~ sour bread-fruit paste.

Laying on a goodly pile of leaves, ~~on this~~ she covered in her oven and pressed it down with large stones. Kui now sat quietly inside her house till it was done, still ignorant of the presence

of mortals.

When she judged the food to be sufficiently cooked, she opened her oven. She ~~began by~~ took up ~~...~~ a taro and placed it her basket. On putting out her arm to take up the second,— lo it was gone! Kui was greatly surprised, but did not speak. She ~~inwardly~~ thought, What daring fellow has invaded my land and come to steal my food?

Kui next took up a plantain and put it into her basket. But on seeking for the second,— lo it was gone! And thus too of the breadfruit and the packages of sour bread-fruit paste.

The old blind woman now thoroughly enraged ~~said~~ exclaim Whoever this is that has dared to come to my land, I will devour him. She then ~~...~~ re-entered her house carrying the diminished ~~...~~ supply of food. Tavai whispered to his elder brother, Beware of her tricks: touch nothing belonging to her. At this moment Kui the Blind came out armed with a terrible fish-hook fastened to a long line. This she swung backwards and forwards, all the while chanting a song, in order to catch the thief. The lads contrived to keep clear of it, but threw a pandanus log at it. The log was hooked. Whilst Kui was pulling in her line with immense satisfaction the boys chanted these words;— { Carefully secure thy fish,
Ere thou be overtaken by a shark.

To which Kui replied;—

For him that is caught by my hook
There is no hope. Strong is my hook;
Its name is "(Furnisher of) food for immortals."
The line is called, "The indivisible."

Kui seized her supposed victim, which proved to be a mere log of wood! Angry at this, she again threw out her dreadful fish-hook. This time she caught the elder boy Arii. Both the brothers wept bitterly. Kui again chanted the former ominous words, For him, &c. When the youthful victim had almost arrived at the doorway where the cruel blind

woman sat, the brave Tavai ran forwards and seizing the fatal string snapped it asunded by sheer force, thus rescuing Arii from her pitiless clutches. The brothers ~~then~~ entered the house of the now defenceless Kui, and discovering the stone axe with which she was accustomed to dispatch her victims, slew her therewith. Her body was next chopped in pieces; the house pulled down and set on fire, thus consuming ~~the pernicious~~ this foe of mankind.

Tavai now proposed that they should resume the search for their father, and that Arii as the elder should take the lead. The brothers accordingly ~~left~~ prepared to leave the land of Kui the Blind. Arrived at the sea-shore, they walked over the ocean and saw a red streak ahead on the surface of the water. On drawing nearer to the red streak, they found a red shark swimming underneath. Arii trembled and entreated Tavai to go in front. As the younger brother sturdily refused, Arii had still to go on. The great red shark now rose to the surface and said,

O ora taata e aere	You daring travellers
Na raro i te moana rarā ē!	O'er the briny sea
Keinga korua e au!	Shall furnish my repast.

These words struck both lads with terror, but Tavai recollecting himself replied, Art ~~&~~ not thou our aged ancestor
Nutaravaivaria? And are not we
The offspring of Vema and Ueri?

The enormous fish now learning that these boys were his own grandchildren allowed them to get on his back ~~and~~ ~~facilitate their mounting he placed his head on the sand of Rauaikanui (the deep blue sea)~~ conveyed them safely to the shore of Rauai'a-Nui, where Tavai landed. The red shark now asked Tavai to give him Arii to eat. But the brave boy said, You must not devour him, for I have but one brother. Three times did the red shark ask for Arii; three times was the request denied by Tavai.

Now there was a great abundance of cocoa-nuts in this new land.

Tavai climbed the trees and gathered the nuts, so that the ground was everywhere covered with the fallen nuts. Tavai's next work was to tie these nuts together in fours and count them. In all there were a thousand nuts, which he with no little labour placed on the back of the great red shark. And not until the last four was delivered up, did the shark give up his brother.

Arii and Tavai spent three days on that island. On the morning of the fourth day the red shark came back. The lads again mounted on his back and were borne over the ocean in search of their lost father. Now the boys had provided themselves with cocoa-nuts to eat by the way. All but one had been disposed of during their long voyage. At their wits end to know how to open it, they broke it on the head of the shark. Pained by the smart blow, the red shark dived down to the bottom of the ocean, leaving the boys swimming on the surface. When at length the strength of Arii was exhausted the red shark again rose to the surface and generously forgiving the late offence carried them to shore. This is the farthest limit of spirit-land.

The brothers now travelled about in search of the inhabitants. ~~Of~~ They fell in with a man who ~~inquired~~ asked what they were in quest of. They told ~~the stranger~~ him that they were seeking for their father, and inquired whether he could give them any intelligence respecting him. The old man advised them to apply to the oracle. Tavai at once started off to the residence of the famous priest; without ceremony they opened the door and entered. The priest sharply asked, What stranger is this that has dared to come to my land? Tavai, annoyed at this brusque reception, struck the priest on his head causing him to writhe in agony. Having thus humbled the priest, he asked him where Vema was. The priest replied, Yonder;— he is dead. Go on until you meet an old woman,— she has charge of the corpse.

At length they met an aged woman and inquired where the dead body of Vema was deposited. She promptly replied, In the "stercus" hole. The brothers said, Go then and fetch it. They

closely followed the old hag. On coming to the place, they found that he had long been dead, for only the skeleton remained. They tenderly took up the bones and ~~carefully~~ wrapped them in a mat. They next killed the old woman and burnt down her house. Not satisfied with this they slew the priest and the first person they ~~fell in with~~ had met and set fire to their dwellings.

Finally, these brave boys Arii and Tavai made their way back to this upper world, bringing to Ewri the bones of her long-lost husband. In doing this they traversed the old road, the chasm opening up again as the words taught by their wise-hearted mother were uttered by Tavai.

Compare this with the myths entitled, "A bachelor god in search of a wife" and "The wisdom of Manihiki". "Hui the Blind" figures in all three versions of their ancient faith.

End of paper

Baldry

Chapter XI. Fairy men and women.

Tapairu or Fairy women and men.

The deformed and ugly Miru has her home in the nether-world, where she cooks human spirits in her oven. Her son Tautiti presides over the dance called by his name.× Besides Tautiti the pitiless spirit-eater has four daughters called "Tapairu" or "Peerless-ones," on account of their matchless beauty. They delight to make their appearance in this upper world whenever a dance is performed in honor of their brother. Thus if a dance took place anywhere in the northern half of the island, they would be sure to make their appearance that evening at sunset, bathing at a little shady stream named Auparu (= Soft-dew). These fairies would then climb the almost perpendicular hill overlooking the fountain in order to dry themselves and to arrange their beautiful tresses in the moonbeams ere proceeding to witness the performances of mortals. But if the dance were to take place in the southern part of the island, these "peerless ones" would make their appearance at the two little streams, named Vaipau and Vaikaute, and then perform their usual toilet on the crest of the neighbouring hill.

These fairies, always associated with the worship of Tane, would even deign to take part in the dance, provided that one end of the dancing ground were well covered with fresh cut banana leaves. But after merrily tripping it over these exquisitely fragile leaves through the livelong night, not one of them would be in any degree soiled or injured! As soon as the morning star rose, they disappeared and returned to their gloomy home in Avaiki.

Throughout these eastern Pacific islands "Tapairu" or "fairest of the fair" is a favourite name for girls.

The names of these fairies are,

1 Kumutonga-i-te-po = Kumutonga-of-the-night
2 Karaia-i-te-ata = Karaia-the-Shadowy,
3 Te-rauara = Pandanus-leaf
4 Te-poro = Point.

× The graceful "Tautiti" dance stands opposed to the "Crab", in which the side movements of that fish are most disagreeably imitated. Dances always took place by moonlight.

A song in honor of Manapa, by Pangemiro
Lord of Mangaia; circa 1816.

Turina eiā ra e te Aumania ra,
Kia turuki te vaine moe atu te tane o,
Na te ei pāpā kura.

Red necklaces for Manapa,
To win the favor of the fair,
Mixed with leaves of purple hue

Riro i Motuenga i te puku
maunga ra i akamae te maire,
Taki rua o rau te tiare tapu

On the mountains sit we down
To interweave beautiful flowers
With double rows of myrtle leaves

Tangi atu au ra i te aunga tiere.
Tei Aupara na vaine tau nongonongo
I te pa etu na Ina ē!
Te aiai a Kura! Euē! Aē!
To are karioi ē Tekura-i-Tanoa.

I love the fragrance of the flowers
At Aupara from fairy women
Arraying themselves by starlight,
Whilst Ina in the moon looks on.
Ah! ye e'en surpass Tekura-of-Tanoa.

In each valley of this island are crevices in the soil through which superfluous waters drain. The direct road to spirit-land, through Tiki's chasm, having long since been closed, fairies avail themselves of these narrow passages to climb up from time to time, in order to be present at the dances of mortals.

The fete of Terangai, ancestor of the present tribe of Tane, was specially honoured by fairy visitors. The fete came off at Butoa. Teporo and Terauara, fair daughters of Miru, availed themselves of the gorge just by, to come up out of nether-world to take part in the festivity. The sound of the great drum used on that occasion reached to the very depths of spirit-land, inducing four other fairies – usually called males and of course connected with Miru – also to climb up to witness their favourite dance, – Tautiti. Oroiti[1] and Teaaotangaroa[2] came up at a gorge known as Tuaoruku, on the south. Marangaitaiti[3] got up through a disagreeable-looking hole on the west. Marangaitaao[4] through a gorge at the north of the island. Guided by the sound of the drum these four male fairy visitors tripped along different mountain ridges until they all met at the fete ground, conspicuous by their unearthly beauty. At dawn they disappeared in the depths of Avaiki through the various crevices.

To this myth the prologue to Potiki's fete-songs alludes. After years of anarchy and bloodshed, peace is proclaimed in the name of the gods. At this the first fete inaugurating the era of peace, it is hoped the fairies will be present as at Terangai's. The greater gods, whose jealousies occasion the wars of mortals, should be chained!

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1 Oroiti = slow-footed 2 Teaaotangaroa = Reign-of-Tangaroa
3 Marangaitaiti = Gentle-east-wind 4 Marangaitaao = Fierce-east-wind.

Prologue to the dramatic fete of Potiki,
On his assumption of the temporal sovereignty, circa 1790.

3 Vāia te rua i Avaiki,	Solo	Open the entrance to spirit-world,
Kia kake mai Oroiti e Tane ōi!		That Oroiti and Tane may come up.
4 Tireia Tautiti,	Chorus	On this merry night
Kia aka i One-ma-kenu-kenu.		The ghosts are dancing on the smooth sward,
Tane aō i te tua o Terangai.		As at Terangai's famed fete of old.
3 Te moko ia Tautiti ē!	Solo	Tane is the patron of dancing.
6 Karēia!		(War dance).
3 Tukua, tukua ē!	Solo	Down with your burdens.[x]
3 Tukua ki rāro.		Down with them and rest,
E ngae pu Avaiki i te papa,	Chorus	Spirit-land is stirred to its very depths,
3 E tukia ma te kaara.		At the music of the great drum.
Kua maū mai nei Teporo ma Terauara.		The fairies Teporo and Terauara have come up.
3 Takaia te papa i maui;		Lead off the dance, ye of the left;
1 Rumakina te papa i katau.		And you too of the right.
E ara te taua i Tuaoruku		At Tuaoruku is a fairy dancing-ground,
Na Oroiti, na Teauotangaroa,		For Oroiti and Teauotangaroa,
Kimi pou enua ke atu.		Who have dared to come up to this world.
Ka tutu Rongo i te rangi ē!	Solo	Great Rongo shakes his ~~spear~~ club.
No te ike tangi reka e papa i tua.	Chorus	Softly sounds the cloth-beating mallet o'er the sea.
4 Putua! Putua!		Beat away! Beat away!
3 Kāno korua kiea?	Solo	Whither go ye, fairies?
Kāno maua a kimi ia Tautiti,	Chorus	We go in search of the pleasing dance,
3 Kua ngaro mai nei.		So long disused.
6 Teia.	Chorus	Here it is.
Teia te okatu, ma te akarongorongo,		Here are the dancers, the torch-bearers,
3 Ma te matakitaki.		And the spectators.
3 Kāno korua kiea?	Solo	Whither go ye, fairies?
Kāno maua a kimi i te mārua kapa	Chorus	We follow the merry sounds of dancing;
Kua ana mai nei.		Therefore have we come.
6 Teia.	Chorus	Here it is.
Teia te akarongorongo ma te matakitaki.		Here are the torch-bearers and the spectators.
Apaina vetia te anau Ātea,		Chain up the gods, the offspring of Vātea,
3 Te papa i te itinga ē!		That our sport be not spoiled.
4 Apaina! Apaina!		Avaunt! Avaunt!
Tautiti ngarue i Teakaruru.		Ah, I hear shouts of dancers at Butoa!
4 Eia ïā! Eia ïā.		{War dance
6 Iā! Iā!		twice performed}

Vāia e Marangaitaao te rua i Avaiki!	Solo	Open up for Marangaitaao an entrance from Spirit land
Kikimi mai! aru mai!	Chorus	Search us out; join our throng!
Vāia e Marangaitaiti te rua i Tipitake!	Solo	Open up for Marangaitaiti the dark gorge.
Kikimi mai! Aere mai!	Chorus	Search us out; join our throng!
Kāno korua i Temangarua.		To what distant spot are these fairies bound?
Pua! Pua!		Beat away! Beat away!
Ereti na virivriri, na varavara,		Give me a many stranded, powerful rope,
Ruia e te matangi mairā, mairā,		Waving to and fro in the wind,—
Ruia e te matangi mairā, mairā,		Waving to and fro in the wind,—
Kua oro Tautiti i Avaiki Nui ma te kaara.		To pull up Tautiti and his drum out of Great Spirit-Land
Teia Marangaitaao te kimi atu nei.	Chorus	Here is the fairy Marangaitaao in search of us.
Tutua! Tutua!		Beat away! Beat away!
Ka apai te tere i mua o te kaarā.		Let the fairies pass in front of the drum;—
E taki aere i te uto o Terangai,		The fairies who once honored the fete of Terangai.
Irakoa! Irakoa!		How dazzling! How brave!
E uru tupu ariki te apai o te pau ē!	Solo	Now for a war-dance as we bear on this drum.
Karēia!		(War dance)
Apai nuku, apai rangi!	Solo	Let all take apart; toss it aloft.
Tuia uta, tuia tai.	Chorus	Those over yonder; those near at hand;
Tuia i te kapa o Tautiti e te aka nei.		Prepare to lead off our fairy dance.
Uakina e Raukare te papa i Teakarurua.	Solo	The dance-loving tribe assembled of yore
Te papa o Terangai.		On the lands of Terangai.
Tatakina te kaara, wrikākā	Chorus	Up with the great drum; toss it in the air.
Rumakina e Rongoimua,	Solo	The illustrious Mautara fought
Te papa i Pekekura, te papa i te ngaere.		And conquered the island for us his children.
Vaoo ra ikona tena kaara,	Chorus	Up with this great drum; toss it in the air,
Ei poani i te rua i Avaiki.		And close up the mouth of Spirit-world.
Te moio o te tatā koe ō!	Solo	Come forward, ye players of melodious flutes
Tautiti te kapa i ātea. Tā	Chorus	In honor of this dance of the gods. (Shouts)

Tanumia Tevoo i Avaiki rangi taea ē.	Call for the dance [illegible]	"Miru's own" kava grows in Spirit-Land
Taipo ē!	Solo	Go on!
Te kava ru au e rupepea	Chorus	The finest and most intoxicating drink.
Ae ē!	Solo	Aye!
E atua nio-renga i Iti, e Tane!	Chorus	Tane, god with yellow teeth, was once expelled Tahiti—
Eaa'ia manu kai tangata ru ē!		Yellow with devouring mankind!
Nai kava kura te kava akiakea'i	Solo	Let the red "kava" be carefully plucked,
Te tere o turina kake ē!		As a draught for dancers in the upper world.
Te rangia te kava no te atua ae ē!	Solo	Let the drink be prepared for the priests.
Te rangia te kava o te atua	Chorus	The sacred bowl of the priests is ready.

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Solo: chorus the chorus

Kia inumia ia pau e i te titara are.	To be quaffed only by yon sacred men.
Kiekie toro e!	Is there not yet another sort?
E rāui tapu e taki na,	'Tis too sacred for mortal use,
Pakina te kava, e vaio te noko	The shoots only may we strip off; the parent stem
Ia Tevoo i akamae ana ē!	Is "Miru's own reserved for the destruction of souls

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× Each fete has its distinctive symbolism. In Captain Cook's song "caulking" is appropriately introduced. In this the employments of peace, as contrasting with those of war. The "burdens" were bundles of long bamboos suitable for fishing-rods. These ~~furnished~~ employment ~~for~~ men in time of peace. "The cloth-beating mallet" was intended to illustrate the work of industrious wives. This could not be pursued with safety in time of war, as the far-reaching sounds would only guide the murderer to his prey. At this fete however men beat mimic cloth-boards. These fairies were acted; one coming from either end met in the middle.

These "Tapairu" or "peerless ones" were sometimes represented as taking up their abode with the sea-side king, who was regarded as being specially under their protection:

Te ui a te Tapairu	The questionings of the "Tapairus"
A vari koe ia Kaputai	Who come up at Kaputai
Te moea ra te enua mārama ē!	To sojourn in a land of light.

After all, these fairies formed one family, known as "fairies from nether-world". Ngaru climbed the sky, in his passion for exploring all nature, and discovered a different set of "Tapairus", — all fair women. Of these the most celebrated is Ina, wife of the Moon; and Little-Matonga. They are known as "fairies of the sky". Like those of nether-world, the heavenly fairies are wondrously skilled in ball-throwing, Ina being able to keep eight balls going at one time. Ngaru learnt the art from the nether fairies in his long residence in their home. So proficient ~~did~~ he become that he actually beat the nether and the sky fairies at their own game, which he afterwards introduced to this world.

Tukia koe tei Apope	Thou wast smitten down at Apepe.
Ka aere ra, e Ati, i te enua poiri.	Ah Ati! thou art bound to the land of darkness
Kua pou au nei, Riuvaka ra.	Woe's me, I am devoured of the gods
Tai kai e ou te atua;	Who have assembled to feast upon me!
Te navea ra e te are Tapairu	I was saved by the friendly "Tapairus"
Tei te ara veerua,	Who met me on the road.

End Ball[illegible]

Berry

99

The fairy of the fountain.

In Rarotonga, at the pretty village of Ararangi, is the small fountain of Vaitipi. On the night after full moon, a woman and a man of dazzling white complexion rose up out of the crystal water. When the inhabitants of this world were supposed to be asleep, they came up from the shades to steal taro, plantains, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. All these good things they took back to nether-world to devour raw.

Little did the fairies think that they had been seen by mortals, and that a plan was being devised to catch them. A large scoop net of strong cinet was made for this purpose, and constant watch set at the fountain by night. On the first appearance of the new moon they again came up and as usual went off to pillage the plantations. The great net was now carefully outspread at the bottom of the fountain, and then they gave chase to the fair beings from spirit-world. The fairy girl was the first to reach the fountain and dived down. She was at once caught in the net, and carried off in triumph. But in replacing the net after the struggle a small space remained uncovered; through this tiny aperture the male fairy contrived to escape.

The lovely captive became the cherished wife of the chief Ati, who now carefully filled up the fountain with great stones lest his fairy spouse should return to nether-world.

Very happily did they live together. She was known all over Rarotonga as the "peerless-one (Tapairu) of Ati." She got reconciled to the ways of mortals and grew content with her novel position. In the course of time she became pregnant, and when the period for her delivery had come she said to her husband, "Perform on me the Caesarean operation, and then bury my dead body. But cherish tenderly our child." Ati refused to accede to this proposition; but allowed Nature to take her course, so that the fairy became the <u>living</u> mother of a fair boy.

When at length the child had become strong, the mother one day wept bitterly in the presence of her husband. She told him that it was grief at the destruction of all mothers in the shades upon the birth of the first-born. Would he consent to her return thither in order that so cruel a custom should be put an end to? Ati should accompany her. This was agreed upon, and accordingly the great stones were dragged up from the bottom of the fountain. All kinds of vegetable gums

were now collected, and the fairy carefully besmeared the entire person of Ati, so as to facilitate his descent to the lower world.

Holding firmly the hand of her human husband, the fairy dived to the bottom of the fountain and nearly reached the entrance to the invisible world. But Ati was so dreadfully exhausted that out of pity for him she returned. Five times was this process repeated, - in vain! The fair one from spirit-land wept because her husband was not permitted to ~~follow~~ accompany her; for only the spirits of the dead and immortals can enter.

Sorrowfully embracing each other "the peerless one" said, "I alone will go to spirit-world to teach what I have learnt from you". At this she again dived down into the clear waters, and was never again seen on earth. Ati went sorrowfully back to his old habitation; and thenceforth their boy was called "Ati-vêê" = "Ati-the-forsaken", in memory of his lost fairy mother. He was surpassingly fair like his ~~spirit~~ mother from spirit-land; but strangely enough his descendants are dark like ordinary mortals.

It is to this lovely fairy woman the old song of the Ati clan alludes; -

Kua vèria te pou enua,
Ka paa'i te rau atua o Ati e i Vaitipi ē!
Akana tu a kino te inangaro!

She has descended again to spirit-world!
Men praised the divine being first-seen by Ati at the fountain.
But his heart is now filled with grief.

Hence the origin of the common name "Tapairu" = "peerless-one", in memory of their fairy ancestress.

Chapter XII. Death-talks and dirges.

Ghost-killing (ta i te mauri).

Upon the decease of an individual, a messenger ("bird", so called from his swiftness) was sent round the island. Upon reaching the boundary line of each district he paused to give the war-shout peculiar to these people, adding "so and so is dead." Near relatives would start off at once for the house of the deceased, each carrying a present of native cloth. Most of the athletic young men of the entire island on the day following united in a series of mimic battles designated "tā i te mauri" or "slaying the ghosts."

The district where the corpse lay represented the "mauri" or "ghosts." The young men belonging to it early in the morning arrayed themselves as if for battle, and well-armed started off for the adjoining district where the young men were drawn in battle array under the name of "aka-oa" or "friends." The war-dance performed, the two parties rush together clashing their spears and wooden swords, as though in right earnest. The sufferers in this bloodless conflict were supposed to be malignant spirits, who would thus be deterred from doing further mischief to mortals.

The combatants now coalesce and are collectively called "mauri" or "ghosts", and pass on to the third district. Throughout the day their leader carries the sacred "iku kikau" cocoa-nut leaf at the pit of his stomach like the dead. Arrived at this third village they find the younger men ready for the friendly conflict and bearing the name of "aka-oa". "The battle of the ghosts" is again fought, and now with swelling numbers they pass on to the fourth, fifth, & sixth districts. In every case it was supposed that the ghosts were well thrashed.

Returning with a really imposing force to the place where the corpse was laid out in state, a feast was given to the brave ghost-killers and all save near relatives returned to their various homes ere nightfall.

So similar was this to actual warfare that it was appropriately named "e teina no te puruki" i.e. "a younger brother of War."

Death-talks.

The "ghost-fighting" took place immediately after the decease; the "dirge proper" months afterwards. The former was common to all; the latter was reserved for persons of distinction. Sometimes the friends of the illustrious dead preferred a grand tribal gathering for the purpose of reciting songs in their honor. This was called "e tara kakai" or "talk about the devouring", i.e. a "death-talk". For when a person died it was customary to say "he was eaten-up by the gods."

A "death-talk", like the festive "kapa" i.e. dance, came off at night: but whilst the latter was performed under long booths, the former took place in large houses built for the purpose, and of course well lighted with torches.

As many as 30 songs called "tangi" were often prepared for a death-talk. These were the "weeping songs." Each "tangi" was supplemented with a song designated a "tiau" or "pèe" proper. Thus in all as many as 60 separate songs would be mournfully chanted in honor of the dead. Of course the merit would greatly vary. Each male relative must recite a song. If unable to compose one himself, he must pay some one to furnish him with an appropriate song. The warrior chief and poet Koroa supplied to different parties ten different songs for one "death-talk".

A near relative of the deceased was appointed to start the first "tangi" or "crying-song". At the proper pauses the chorus catches up and carries forward the song. In the "tangi" the weeping is reserved for the close, when the entire assembly abandon themselves to passionate cries and tears. A song of this description invariably begins, "Sing we —".

The appropriate "tiau" or "pèe" proper follows. "Tiau" means "a slight shower"; and metaphorically "a partial weeping". The songs relating to Vera and Puvai are with one exception "showery songs". In these the chief mourner was the solo. Whenever, as indicated, the entire assembly took up the strain, the former solo ~~&~~ wept loudly ~~as in duty bound~~ until it again became his duty to take up his part ~~again~~ in a soft plaintive voice.

The accompaniments of this performance were the great wooden drum called "the awakener" (kaara), and the harmonicon. Sometimes the "pâu" was added. The musical instruments were called into use between each song;

in the case of the "showery" songs the great drum accompanied the grand chorus. The ~~cha~~ true accompaniment of the "crying songs" was the passionate weeping of all present.

The most touching songs were the most admired and the longest remembered. Several months were requisite for the preparations needful for "a death-talk". Not only had the songs and dresses and complexions to be thought of, but a liberal provision of food for the guests.

If a person of consequence in the same clan died or was slain within a year or two, the old performance might be repeated with the addition of a few new songs. It was then termed "e veru" or "second-hand".

The songs relating to Vera are known as "te kakai ia Vera" = "the death-talk about Vera". So too the dirges for Mourua, the friend of Captain Cook, are known as appertaining to "the death-talk about Vaepae," his mother. These are ancient. Some of the best modern songs belong to "the death-talk of Arokapiti", whose eldest son was the first to embrace Christianity which necessarily put an end to this high effort of Polynesian heathen poetry.

End
Bo…

Eva, or Dirge-proper.

Some months after the decease of a person of note funeral games called "eva" were performed in honor of the departed. These entertainments invariably took place by day.

Véetini was fabled to have been sent back to life for a day, in order to instruct mankind in the art of mourning and to institute solemn "eva" in memory of the dead.

There are four varieties of the "dirge-proper";

1 The "eva tapara"; or funeral dirge with blackened faces, streaming with gore, ~~[illegible]~~ shaved heads, and stinking garments. This was a most repulsive exhibition, and well expressed the hopelessness of heathen sorrow.

2 The "eva puruki", or war-dirge. For this long spears were made, as if for war; only they were adzed out of "orotea" (a white brittle sort of wood), not of fatal iron-wood (casuarina equasitifolia). The war-dirge for *Tuopapa is a famous specimen of the sort. Nearly all the natives of Mangaia were present on that occasion, arranged in two long columns facing each other, with a space of eighty yards between. The performance began with an animated conversation between the leaders of the two squadrons of supposed enemies as to the grounds for war; to excite a lively interest in what followed.

When this is concluded, the person most nearly related to the deceased begins the history of the heroic deeds of the clan by slowly chanting the introductory words. At the appointed pause both companies take up the strain and vigorously carry it forward. The mighty chorus is accompanied by a clashing of spears and all the evolutions of war. At the close of what in writing would be a paragraph a momentary pause takes place; a new story is introduced by the soft musical voice of the chief mourner, caught up and recited in full chorus by both companies as before.

These war-dirges were most carefully elaborated and embodied the only histories of the past known to these islanders.

3 The "eva toki", or "axe-dirge". In this iron-wood axes, not stone, were used; — that is mimic axes as the use of stone axes would infallibly end in bloodshed. In this scenic dirge the axes were used to cleave the cruel earth which had swallowed up the dead. Hades

* Translated by the writer with a number of clan songs, but not yet published.

(Avaiki) was supposed to be under Mangaia. In cleaving the earth a vain wish was expressed that an opening might be made through which the spirit of the departed might return; tears streaming down the cheeks of the performers.

The axe-dirge was appropriate to the artisans only, who enjoyed great consideration, seeing that such knowledge was the special gift of the gods.

4. The "eva ta", or "crashing-dirge", in which each person belonging to the two supposed armies is furnished with a flat-spear or a wooden sword a fathom long. This differs from the war-dirge in the weapons used and in the style of composition. Reasons are assigned for the anger of the gods as shown in the death of their friends. A sort of comedy generally wound up these performances.

The "dirge proper"; dancing-fetes; reed-matches; and "death-talks" were all comprehended under the general name of "eiva" or "amusements" (called by Cook the "heeva").

"Blackened-face" dirge—proper for Atiroa;

By his father Koroneû.

Circa 1820.

Solo

E Pange ōi! e rua raua ia tama.
Kua tomo te vakå!

Alas Pangeivi! The case is hopeless.
The canoe* is lost!

Chorus

Ā, aore e tu, e taû atua.
I naau ai kua oki ō,
E vaorakau rāui naau,
Aore tetai e tukua i te urungā piro.
Ina tika oki Turanga,
E vaimangaro ra taana!
Parau aore, e kai oki taau.
Taparu atura i te koi parara—
Kororo-kururu ua 'tu ra.
E atua te tangata e oia!

O my god (Tane) thou hast failed me!
Thou didst promise life;
Thy worshippers were to be as a forest,
To fall only by the axe in battle.
Had it been the god Turanga—
That liar! I would not have trusted him.
Like him, you are a man-eater!
May thy mouth be covered with stercus:
Slush it over and over!
This god is but a man after all!

Solo

Tiria i mua, e Kori! Ei! Ei! (women's shouts).

Plaster him well, friends. Ha! Ha!!

Chorus

Tutae keinga e te tuarangi!

Stercus is fit food for such gods!

Chorus

Kua kau te metua i te ngarau!
Engarau no Tiki.
Ei eva i te tama akaaroa;
Ei tuveu i te are rangorango,
Kia ara te tangata mate.
E takangā mate no Tutaemāro,
Te taka ra i One-mākenukenu.
E kimi i te ara,
Kia kitea te ara i keinga'i!

Itia e Ruatiātonga te ii
I te keremuta o Vātea
Ia amamā Avaiki!

We parents are in deep mourning,
Like that first used by Tiki.
We mourn for our beloved first-born
O that one could stir up the gods,
And cause the very dead to awake!
Yonder stands thy weeping mother.
Thy spirit wanders about Onemākenukenu
Inquiring the reason
Why his poor body was devoured (by the gods)

Fairy of the axe! cleave open
The secret road to spirit-land; and
Compel Vātea to give up the dead!

Solo

Ūa, e Tiki, i te ā tuarangi!

Fart, Tiki, a fart such as only ghosts can!

Chorus

Aria!

Wait a moment.

Solo

~~Aria~~ Ūa, uaia!

(Again I say) fart, fart away!

Kō!   Chorus of pretended farting!

To taringa, e Pangeivi;	Chorus	A curse upon thee, priest Pangeivi.
I kai koe i tâu tamaiti na!		Thou hast destroyed my boy.

As no one would undertake to compose an atheistic dirge for the angry mourner, Koroneu made his own. It was performed successfully amongst the other more regular dirges for Atiroa.

* "The canoe is lost" = "The child is dead."

The first murder and the first battle.

The earlier part of the reign of Rangi was "the golden age" of these people. Children grew up to maturity; men became aged — their limbs tottering, their backs curved, and their teeth dropping out, so that they were fed again with the expressed juice of the cocoa nut, poured into the mouth by means of the leaf of the "tiere" (Cape Jessamine) — still Death had not made its appearance; and of course war, famine, sickness, and pain were unknown.

But this happy state of things did not last. Even during the lifetime of the famous Rangi a mighty change took place.

There lived in those days a famous man named Matoetoeā. Many had tried to kill him; but in vain. For as soon as the arms of an adversary were uplifted to strike him, a violent shivering and trembling would seize the limbs of the would-be murderer, so that the weapon would fall to the ground and Matoetoeā ~~still~~ escape unharmed. Hence the saying in daily use, when any one shivers and his skin becomes rough in consequence, "he has been smitten by Matoetoeā" (te kiri o Matoetoeā).

There lived in spirit-land (avaiki) a "brave", named Tukaitaua, ever ready to perform the behests of Rongo. Hearing of the marvellous power possessed by Matoetoeā, he longed to measure his own strength with one of earth. With this view he came up to this upper world and searched over the island for his foe until he found him. For the first time Matoetoeā's power of self-defence was at fault, and he easily fell under the blows of the redoubtable Tukaitaua. Ngakè and Akuru were also slain by this "brave"; in all, three persons were murdered successively on one night by Tukaitaua, one from each of the three primitive tribes.

Thus death entered into the world (Mangaia). Matoetoeā was the first to die a <u>violent</u> death, as Vèètini afterwards was the first to die a <u>natural</u> one. Rangi was much grieved at this violent breach, now first made, in his hitherto peaceful domain. He sought everywhere for the unknown murderer; but to no purpose. He therefore descended to (avaiki =) Nether-land to pay a visit to his grandfather Rongo, as the only possible way of discovering the murderer. Upon entering the presence of the great Rongo, he found Matoetoeā there, his head and face all covered with blood. Rongo asked Rangi what he had come for. Rangi replied, "To ascertain who ~~had~~ murdered Matoetoeā." The war-god now inquired, "Have you not seen any new face in the upper world?" "I have," replied Rangi. "<u>He</u> is the murderer," rejoined Rongo.

Rangi now thirsting for revenge, asked how he a mortal could kill Tukaitaua. Rongo said, "Go back to "daylight"; <u>you</u> cannot conquer Tukaitaua. <u>I</u> will send

some one to punish him". Upon this the king left the shades and returned to his old home in this upper world of light.

The war-god kept his word. There lived with him in spirit-land another "brave", Tutavake, cousin to the redoubtable Tukaitaua, who represented the elder branch of the family. The father of Tukaitaua was Tavarenga (Deceiving); the parent of Tutavake was Tauatakiri (Entirely-brave). Summoned to the presence of Rongo, Tutavake was ordered to go at once "to daylight" and slay Tukaitaua. How can I manage it? asked Tutavake. Rongo directed him to search through the six districts of Mangaia. "And if you cannot then discover him, climb the hills and you will be sure to find his whereabouts. Only do not attack him early in the morning, for then he is in his full strength; nor in the evening, for as the shadow lengthens he strength increases. Recollect that as the shadow of morning shortens, Tukaitaua's strength wanes. At midday it is at the lowest point. Stand erect on a hill in the sun until its rays are vertical, then go and attack him."

Tutavake obeyed; coming up to "daylight", he found the inhabitants of Auau (Mangaia) crowded together in the interior in terror of the unknown murderer of mankind. For some time he could get no clue to the exact whereabouts of Tukaitaua. He had indeed been seen occasionally performing his wonderful war-like evolutions hitherto unknown to mankind. Ascending a hill (which represents the left heel of the giant "Te-manava-roa"), he espied a small cloud of dust rising from a spot not far from "the-chasm-of-Tiki" by which constant communication was at that time kept up with nether-world. Tutavake cautiously approached the spot, and peered through the dense growth of trees and bush which surrounded the open space cleared by Tukaitaua for spear-exercise. There indeed was his unconscious foe vigorously fighting the air. Day after day, from dawn to sunset, this was Tutavake's sole delightful employment. On this occasion Tukaitaua was somewhat exhausted, for the sun was vertical. Ever and anon an "ugh" would escape the accomplished warrior, as he failed in some delicate movement. Encouraged by these heavy grunts of disappointment, Tutavake spear in hand suddenly darted from his hiding place to the edge of the circle inside which his cousin was practising. The astonished Tukaitaua exclaimed -

Ana mai ta Tauatakiri,	The son of "Entirely-brave" did not come
Kua pakua ta Tavarenga	Until the son of "Deceiving" was exhausted

Yet Tukaitaua did not for a moment cease his spear-practice. Very adroitly did his antagonist follow him as he went round and round the great circular area, in order to avoid a hasty meeting. This was in accordance with the instructions of Rongo. Tukaitaua's obvious aim was to close in with his foe as quickly as possible & to give the death-blow. Seven times Tukaitaua wheeled round, but was skilfully avoided by Tutavake. The eighth time

he made the circuit, it was evident that his strength was much impaired. At this Tutavake suddenly swung round in the opposite direction and dealt the hitherto invincible Tukaitaua a fatal blow on his head. 107a

Rangi was delighted that the death of Matoetoea and his friends was thus speedily avenged. Tutavake returned to the shades. But the former peaceful state of things could never be enjoyed again. Blood had been shed; first in sheer wantonness, next in just retribution. Ever since, mankind has been engaged in either aggressive or defensive warfare. Diseases of various kinds followed in the train, and lingering death; Vèetini being the first. Hurricanes and famines came too into existence.

Tukaitaua when prowling round the island in search of Matoetoea, &c. discovered in the exterior pile of rocks surrounding the fertile interior, a remarkable narrow ~~passage~~ gorge which runs right round, — not unlike a wide road fenced on either side with imperishable walls of hardened sharp-pointed coral. Yet, strangely enough, in this coral large trees and beautiful creepers of different kinds grow luxuriantly. At various points in this natural road round Mangaia Tukaitaua had cleared the bush and removed the rough loose stones in order to prosecute his favourite pastime; at one time with a long spear; at another with a double-edged wooden sward; anon with a curved club; occasionally with a sling.

The inhabitants of the world (Mangaia) contrived to get glimpses of the proceedings of this extraordinary fellow from behind trees or elevated blocks of rock; without, however being seen by him. For it was evidently a dangerous thing to go near a native of nether-world possessed of such fearful strength. It was in this furtive manner that mankind first learnt what sort of weapons to make and how to fight with them.

This knowledge was very seasonable. For not long afterwards there arrived at Tamarua, on the south of the island, a fleet of canoes of "Tongans-sailing-through-the-skies" (Tongaiti-akareva-moana). The leader of this formidable band was the first high-priest of the god Turanga (now in the L.M.S. museum). The secret of his successful navigation was (credat Judaeus) a vast ball of string which he held in his hand during his long voyage, and which was quite exhausted upon their safe arrival on the southern coast of Mangaia (other side). Hence his name Te-aò-roa, or "The-man-of-the-long-string". In those days the now unruly ocean was smooth as the little lake in Veitatei; its surface occasionally disturbed with gentle ripples, so that it was the easiest thing possible to voyage over it at any time and in any direction. But in after ages ceaseless wars and shedding of blood disturbed the course of the elements, and so gave rise to the fearful storms and cyclones we now suffer from.

a battle ensued between these driftaways from Tonga and the original possessors of the soil, who claimed to have come up out of nether-world. This was the *first* of the 42 pitched battles which have been fought on Mangaia. This primary conflict took place at ~~a place called~~ "Te-rua-noni-anga" or "*Valley-of-spoil*". Of this battle it is expressly asserted that as men fell in the ranks of Rangi, their places were immediately filled up by new warriors from the shades! Sceptical moderns think their places were filled up from a reserve force hidden behind the rocks. However, the result was that the warlike invaders who had despised the small army of Rangi, and who were sure of securing the entire island to themselves, fled in utter disorder. The numerous names of different points of road across the island to the cave of Tautua where the remnant took shelter, are but so many memorials of those slain in the pursuit.

Of Rangi's victorious force three fell; – one out of each of the three original tribes. And thus was established the ancient doctrine (ara taonga) that victory and chieftainship of all degrees can only be secured by *first* shedding the blood of some of the *victorious* party, so as to secure the favor of Rongo, the arbiter of the destinies of war.

In the persons of Rangi and Tiaio, but in no other, the secular and spiritual sovereignties were united.

Peace was secured by the offering up on the altar of Rongo a human sacrifice, Vaioeve. Rangi now consented that the unfortunate Tongans should permanently occupy that part of the island where they had so recently landed. The art of war would not however have reached perfection ~~if~~ but for these Tongan settlers who had the credit, or discredit, of introducing the iron-wood tree, from the wood of which in after years *all* weapons of war were manufactured.

The settlement of a Tongan colony on the South and their first conflict with the earlier inhabitants are historical facts. Their bravery is universally admitted. Until the advent of Xty it was the invariable last wish of the scattered slaves of that most unfortunate tribe, to be buried in the marae of "Aumoana" = "*Ocean-current*", at Tamarua; or else to be thrown down the awful chasm Raupa; – the whole district now occupied by the village and especially by the church and Mission-House being regarded as holy-ground. The very existence of those buildings cuts up the ground of the superstition, root and branch.

The restless character of these Tongans is indicated in the proverb; "*A stone-mouth* is needed to exhort the Tongans to keep the peace", i.e. lips that never tire.

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x Until lately was shown the hole in the coral reef where "The-man-of-the-long-string" tied *this* end of the enormous ball of string! The bit of rock is now destroyed.

When dealing a death-blow it was sometimes said, "Go, eat the stale food of Tukaitaua"; the food in question being the club and the spear which Tukaitaua loved so well.

The drum of peace.

Upon gaining a decisive victory the leading warrior was proclaimed "temporal lord of Mangaia". The kingly authority was heriditary and distinct from that of the warrior chief; — the former representing the spiritual, the other the temporal power. I believe this to be the only island in the Pacific where this distinction obtained. Kings were "te ara pia o Rongo" i.e. "the mouth-pieces, or priests, of Rongo". As Rongo was the tutelar divinity and the source of all authority, they were invested with tremendous power, — the temporal lord having to obey, like the multitude, through fear of Rongo's anger. Peace could not be proclaimed or blood spilt lawfully without the consent of the king speaking in the name of the god Rongo. So sacred were their royal persons that no part of their bodies might be tattooed; they could not take part in dances or in actual warfare.

It sometimes happened that the temporal chief was at enmity with the king of his day. In this case the king would refuse to complete the ceremonies for his formal investiture; life would remain unsafe; the soil could not be cultivated, and famine soon followed. This state of misery might endure for years, until the obnoxious chief had in his turn been dispatched and a more agreeable successor fixed upon. All the multitudinous idolatrous ceremonies to secure peace would be now easily arranged by the king.

Seven distinct journeys would be made round the island by the victorious warriors, who with their women and children had hitherto huddled together in one encampment. Fully equipped, as if for battle, they would one day march round the island defiantly, ~~as if~~ to assert the absolute supremacy of the winning party. Man, woman, or child crossing their path that day was slain. Subsequent processions were of a more peaceful character, in order to perform idolatrous worship at each of the principal maraes. One of the more interesting of these was the ceremony of spear-breaking in token of the cessation of war. After a renewed circuit of the island, the warrior chiefs would with great formality beat to pieces a number of second-rate spears of various shapes against a great chestnut tree (cut down a year or two since) growing opposite the principal interior marae. Another interesting symbol of peace was the setting up in each principal marae a forked stick, well-notched and called "supports", intimating that the leading men who worshipped there should prove "supports" to the reign of peace now inaugurated. Miniature houses were erected on all these maraes; each house being a fathom long and well-thatched, with a little open door neatly screened with a strip of the best white cloth. These tiny houses were designated "conservators of peace" (are ei au) The idea was, that all the gods and all their worshippers should lay aside their animosities and unite in keeping the peace. In the language of those days, the entire assembly of gods ~~and men~~ form but "one house"; the great point being that no divinity should feel himself neglected and

and so take umbrage, and thus a hole be made through which wind and rain (war and bloodshed) might enter. If all the gods be propitious and united, they form a well-thatched house which no evil can invade!

The seventh and most important procession of all was to beat the drum of peace all round the island. But the indispensable preliminary to this was the securing an acceptable offering to Rongo, arbiter of war and peace. A man or woman must be slain, but not needlessly battered, for the express purpose and laid upon the altar.

The victim was first exposed on a platform of pandanus-wood in the sacred district of Keia, and opposite to the idol-house;—hence the name often applied to such "pange-ara" or "sacrificed-on-a-pandanus-tree." The entire body of victors now assemble in their gayest trappings and well-armed in front of the victim, whilst "the-praying-king" (te ariki karakia) slowly chanted twice over the following—

Prayer over a human sacrifice to Rongo.

E kaūra! ura pīa!	Stately, noble priest!
Ura vanānga, ura turou,	Sweet peace, pleasant offering!
Turoua takaīa, takaia e māna,	Securely fastened and well-tied
Rimarima tangata, angaanga tangata,	These human hands and human form,
Atīa a mana airi a tāpu.	Devoted to this fate by the gods:
Atia te iō, te io no Rōngo.	Doomed to sacrifice by the god Rongo.
O Vātea te awanga moana,	Great Vātea is the guardian of the ocean.
Te ruā rua'i au,	By him it is ruffled:
E ruā rua'i toro.	By him it is calmed.
Ka tupu o te tōa,	Here is iron-wood of noble growth.
Ka rito o te tōa,	A most graceful tree,
Ka rārā o te tōa,	With numerous branches.
Ka kokoti o te tōa,	Fell this iron-wood tree;
Ka era o te tōa,	Divide its trunk;
Ka maikuku o te tōa,	Split it with wedges
Ka ngaa o te tōa.	For the making of spears.
Tupu akera ïa uki e toa	In every age the iron-wood has yielded
E maori no taua puruki;	Death-dealing spears
No taua te arutoa	For the use of warriors only;—
No tupuranga taua,	From time immemorial.
No taua kiea, no taua kiea!	And bravely have we wielded them!

End Berry

*

E tī o te maunga o te matēni;	The wild tī root of the hills (was our food).
Teniteni te matakeinānga;	But now we shall enjoy plenty.
Kōakōa te matakeinānga!	This day we heartily rejoice.
Taua ra i te makitea,	Lately we hid in the rocks —
I te punanga o te āo.	The refuge of the conquered.
Teniteni te matakeinānga;	But now we shall enjoy plenty.
Kōakōa te matakeinānga!	This day we heartily rejoice.

The painfully interesting part of this incantation is lost, — the stanzas relating to the division of the lands, when the nose and ears of the victim were cut off and formally presented to the expectant chiefs. The "prayer" only was chanted on this occasion.ˣ

After a few days the warriors would again deck themselves in their gayest trappings and well-armed, stood in front of the wooden altar. The "praying king", assisted by his friends, now came forward with a large coarse scoop-net of cocoa-nut fibre, ~~and~~ used only on such occasions; and carried off the decayed sacrifice to the pebbly beach at some distance. It was laid this time on a smooth block of sandstone in front of the great national stone idol, Rongo. Hence the name frequently applied to human victims, "ikakaa", or "fish caught in the net of Rongo. The incantation slowly chanted at the wooden altar in the interior near the marae of the god of day, was repeated at the natural stone altar on the shore at the marae of Rongo, god of night (atua po).

The "praying king" with a bamboo knife now cut off the ears of the victim; the right ear representing "the right" or southern half of the island; the left ear representing the left or ~~northern~~ northern half. Each ear was then subdivided into ~~into~~ as many small portions as might serve to represent the various minor districts (tapere) of each half. The king now demanded in a loud voice, Who shall be lord, or warrior chief, of Mangaia? According to a private agreement, the leading man amongst the winning tribes rose and with dignity said, "Ei iaku Mangaia" = "Let me be lord of Mangaia". The entire assembly of warriors by profound silence confirmed the appointment. This chief now resumed his seat on the ground; but to him as supreme temporal lord no part of the victim was given. In a prescribed order, the names of all the district-chiefs and landowners were proclaimed, each receiving from the hand of the king a portion of the ears of the victim wrapped up in a tī leaf. The great temporal chief invariably recd. the first portion, in the inferior capacity of district-chief. These bits of human ears were deposited in the different family maraes. They constituted an investiture to all offices and right to the possession of the soil. Without a human sacrifice there could be no formal possession of dignity or estate.

The nose of the victim was the portion of the kings and their recognized assistants.

* Dracoena terminalis

ˣ The spot, "Akaoro", on which the victim was laid when this "prayer" was first offered, was many years since presented to the Missionary as a cattle-pen, in token of the mighty change which the Gospel has induced.

Thus the guardian of and performer on the sacred drum of peace had a share. The man who had the arrangement of all great feasts, and was supposed to make the food grow, came in for his share of the rose. The "praying king" however was the great spiritual dignity or pontiff, and as such came in for the best lands, in addition to the daily offerings of food of best quality.

And now the famous drum of peace, expressly made for this solemn occasion, would be beaten; — or, strictly speaking, would be played upon with the lips of the fingers. A feast occupied the attention of the warriors and chiefs between the presentation of the bits of human-ears and the drumming. The performance first took place on the marae of Rongo; a procession was now formed of all the victorious tribes headed by the king and the hereditary drum-beater, who carried the big-drum. This object of mysterious reverence was simply part of a tree dug out at one end with stone adzes; the aperture being covered with a piece of shark's skin. Each relative of the hereditary drum-player carried a small drum to increase the volume of sound, thus assuring fugitives hiding in the rocks and thickets that better days were dawning. The "praying king" at the head of the procession chanted in a pleasing tone a prayer for peace to the gods. At a certain point all the males of the kingly families united their voices; and all the drums sent forth their agreeable, although monotonous, accompaniment.

I give the exact words from the lips of the aged king, who minutely related to me the whole of the ceremonies connected with the offering of human sacrifices and the drum of peace. For any but kingly voices to recite these "karakia" or "prayers," would have been to invoke the anger of the gods!

Prayer for peace.

The single voice of the "praying king"

Akiakia Maruata ikitia takua atarau.	A bleeding victim has been chosen for our altar.
Tāia ia vaerea te tarutaru enua	By it are weeded out the evils of the land
O Avaiki mai raro ē!	Which spring up from nether-world.

All the drums and all the voices.

Teimāia rangi maia, rangi vaerea.	Let peace begin. May the sky be cloudless!
Teimāia rangi maia, rangi vaerea.	Let peace begin. May the sky be cloudless!
Vaerea tai taru; vaerea.	Weed out all evils. Weed them out.
Vaerea; vaerua i to makita, makita.	Weed, weed them out; utterly and for-ever!
Makitaria kitariā, kua rangi riri ē!	Aye, let each threatening cloud entirely disappear.

Upon entering each district the performance began anew. The circuit of the island was made in one day; — the prayer being many times offered. At a certain spot, still marked by three stones, a spear was thrust into the big drum

of peace, in token that the work was accomplished. Peace was secured. The great drum was hidden away in a certain cave kept an inviolable secret to this day. So that for each proclamation of peace a new drum (pau) must be dug out.

No music was ever half so sweet to the ears of the vanquished as the monotonous notes of the drum of peace. By it human life became sacred. Wretches nearly dead from starvation and terror hiding in the desolate "raei", now came forth boldly. Everywhere the fertile valleys became again dotted over with the dwellings of the victors and their vassals. These houses might be covered with substantial thatch; — for had not the gods in each district been honored with tiny ones of their own? Thatched houses were not lawful until the drum had been beaten. A miserable shift was made with split cocoa-nut branches.

In the hope of winning the favor of the new lords of the soil, the survivors of the beaten tribes brought out from their hiding places in the rocks fine braided hair; white shells for the arms, used at dances; fish-nets of the best quality; wooden troughs and stone adzes. Some were fortunate in being protected by relatives, who usually allowed their unfortunate friends to retain part of their treasures. Some were avowedly protected to furnish human sacrifices at a future day. The birth of a child by such serfs was regarded with satisfaction by the unfeeling masters. As a rule, the wives of the conquered were the property of the victors. The serfs were expected to fish daily for the benefit of their lords, who generously permitted their dependents to eat the small, inferior fish themselves.

A feast was given by the victors to these serfs, — a public recognition of their safety. This was called "taperu kai."

The coral-tree (erythrina coralodendron) which attracts every eye with its symbolical blood-red flowers, was now formally planted in the vallies in token of peace. This plant is almost imperishable. It was vainly hoped that the reign of peace might be equally enduring. Cocoa-nut trees were also planted all over the island to mark the duration of peace. The only warrior chiefs under whom peace prevailed long enough for a cocoa-nut tree to bear were Tuanui, Mautara, Ngarā, Potiki, and Pangemiro. Two only of these were long reigns, — Mautara's 25 years, Potiki's about 20 years. The other three certainly did not exceed 7 years apiece. Sages praise these five great chieftains for causing peace to prevail so long!

Tradition tells of a period when war and bloodshed were unknown. That was in the days of Rangi, before Rarotongan chiefs had taught them to be cruel. — Thanks be to God, that for more than 40 years, under the benign influence of Christian truth, human life has been sacred.

After the drum of peace had been beaten, it became unlawful to carry weapons of any description. Aged men however were permitted to carry about a staff five or six feet in length, to support their tottering limbs. Men daily carried about with them, in symbol of peace, an outrageously large fan, now obsolete,

This fan was sufficiently large to protect the upper part of the body from sun or rain. The writer found it necessary to forbid its use ~~as a fan~~ in the church, as the face of the owner was completely hidden behind it. During the season of peace it was considered a most grave offence to cut down iron-wood on any pretence whatever; as under pretence of obtaining strong rafters for their houses, or the making of spades ~~of iron-wood~~ for husbandry weapons of war might be manufactured.

When the martyr Williams touched here in 1823 he learnt that a decisive battle had been fought two years previously; but the drum of peace had not been beaten. Hence their favourite saying, that the men of that generation were awaiting the arrival of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, whose word and reign constitute the true drum of peace. Davida and Tiere first caused them to hear the sweet melody; they emerged out of their hiding places into the peace, light, and freedom of Christianity. The Sacrifice laid on the divine altar was no longer an unwilling victim selected from the slave tribes; but the freewill offering of the Son of God.

The native words for "peace"[x] ("mangaia", "au"), also denote "rule" or "reign"; the rule of the temporal lord lasting only so long as no blood was spilt. Once the charm broken, murders and reprisals might daily take place provoking a pitched battle, sometimes a war of extermination. When the victors felt themselves secure, a human victim (sometimes more than one) must be secured and all this burdensome ceremonial gone through again, ere peace and order could ~~once more~~ prevail. Hence the difficulty of native chronology; the "reigns" or "periods of peace" are most carefully enumerated; the years of war and anarchy are invariably omitted. The means for correcting their chronology is supplied by the lifetimes of their priests, which are well-known. It is impossible that the errors should be serious, seeing the names of the three contemporaneous orders of priests (Motoro, Tane, and Turanga) are definitely ascertained.

The last time the peace-drum was played was about the year 1815. The victim selected was Teata. Of course the poor old bald-headed fellow was kept in ignorance of the intentions of the sacrificers. On a certain evening the victim-seekers assembled on the level top of the central hill to receive at the hands of the king "the sacred girdle". Upon reaching by an unfrequented mountain-path the hut of Teata, they found it empty! They were not a little perplexed; for should their presence in the village be known their intended victim would

[x] The Bible phrase "the peace of God" is rendered "te au o te Atua" = "the rule and consequent peace of God."

effectually hide himself in the rocks. At last under cover of darkness, some of them asked the assistance of Rakoia. But Teata was maternal uncle to Rakoia, who well knew that the old man was liable to sacrifice at any time, as his ancestors had been before him. Rakoia resolved to secure to himself the merit and profit of delivering Teata into the hands of his foes. A few minutes previously he had left his uncle in a lone house built on poles in the middle of the taro patches. A short ladder led up to the hut. With another relative (still living in 1875) and Teata Rakoia had been rehearsing songs. Then they chatted pleasantly about the dire famine then prevailing. The old fellow patted his head and remarked, "Could they get this (as an offering), the gods would send plenty again". At length Teata and Vainekavaro snored; and Rakoia quietly slipped down the ladder and went home. As soon as the victim-seekers told him of their perplexity, Rakoia said, Follow me and you shall have your "fish". A race now took place between ~~a friend~~ two warriors as to the honor of giving the death-blow. Rakoia led the way; on arriving at the top of the ladder he carefully pointed out the sleeping form of his uncle Teata. A single blow from the axe of Arokapiti ended the career of the old man, who an hour or two later in the same night was laid on the altar. And thus it was that the drum of peace for Pangemiro's temporal sovereignty came to be beaten. Hence the consideration ever paid amongst the chiefs to the word of Rakoia, who in 1846 succeeded his brother as chief, or governor, of Tamarua. Rakoia was one of the first to embrace Xty. and until his death in 1865, I never saw anything inconsistent with his profession as a disciple of Jesus. He was a faithful friend to the Missionaries, and his last intelligent words were addressed to me expressive of his hope.

At the period of his death he was about 80 years of age. He had fought in four pitched battles, besides several minor engagements. He was accounted the best poet of his day.

A month or two before the landing of Davida a sacrifice was sought for the public acknowledgement of Pangemiro's second election to the supreme temporal chieftainship. Reonatia was waylaid and slain one night, upon his return from baracoota-fishing. A companion of his was uselessly slain at the same time. A long spear was driven through the body of the victim; and the body borne on a litter across the island to the altar. The coolness of the night revived Reonatia, after he had been laid on the altar, and the warriors had retired. He even descended to the ground, and despite the ghastly wound unsteadily ran up the hillside a few yards. In a short time it was discovered, and this time a stone-adze was employed to give the fatal blow, and the offering was replaced on the altar. But the dissentions which arose on account of this occurrance (that the gods were angry) prevented the completion of the ceremonies necessary to peace. Reonatia was the last human sacrifice ever laid on the altar of Rongo.

The betrayer of Reonatia was Rouvi who took part afterwards in the destruction of the maraes and the king's idol-house, and become one of the brightest ornaments of our church. At a very advanced age; say 85; he passed away from our midst a few days ago. The heathen prophesied that he would speedily die through the anger of the gods; but he outlived every vestige of the heathen party, and was universally respected for his consistent attachment to the truth. He was scarcely ever absent from his place in the house of God.

After the death of Rokoia, a tract of taro-planting land in the possession of his nephews became a subject of discussion. None of the younger men had a clue to the title by which it was held. Some proposed to give it to another tribe, to whom it anciently belonged. The old men of the tribe confessed that the land in question was Pangemiro's formerly; but was formally given to Rakoia as the price of Teata's blood! Shame had till then closed the lips of these old men; — a shame which would never have been felt but for the Bible. According to the ancient dictum, "blood only can purchase what blood formerly secured". Of course Rakoia's family retain the land.

After the drum of peace had been sounded over the island, the king again employed his great net to remove the putrid carcass of the victim — now minus ears and nose — to a certain place in the bush, within the limits of the marae. It was now designated an "ika ana na Papa" or "<u>fish-refuse thrown to Papa</u>", mother of Rongo. She was supposed to come up at night to feed up this ghastly banquet. The net itself was wrapped round and round the stone image of "Great Rongo", and there allowed to decay. Inside this coarse net was the ordinary "tiputa", or loose covering; on the head was a a sort of hat made of folds of dark native cloth, giving to a spectator the impression that he was gazing at a living person!

Near the image of "Rongo the Great" stood ~~in the skeleton there is~~ a small stone figure bearing the name of "Rongo-i-te-arero-kute" = "Rongo-of-the-red-tongue". This little unclothed, unworshipped divinity seems to have been placed at the back of his friend to give emphasis to the title Rongo Nui = "Rongo-the-Great."

At Rurutara human sacrifices were continually being offered to "Rono" (our Rongo); but the "drum of peace" was unknown.

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Kirikovi's Sacrifice; circa A.D. 1772.

After the battle at Teopu, the temporal lordship of Mangaia devolved upon Kirikovi. It was in his chieftainship, of some five or six years duration, that Capt. Cook touched at Mangaia. The first victim uselessly placed on the rude altar of Rongo, in order that the drum of peace might be beaten, was Arawru who with the rest of the Teipe clan had been hiding with the ancient tribe of Ngariki inside a grand inaccessible cave named Erue. For a consideration of some valuable lands, Tôê, cousin to the doomed man, engaged to lure Arawru out of his secure hiding place to his death. Nor was this a difficult task, as this treacherous relative himself lived inside the cave. Ere it was quite day Tôê proposed to his victim that they should go fishing. Arawru objected on the ground of danger; but Tôê assured him that their foes had that day started off in a different direction. Accordingly they left Erue and with some difficulty made their way through thickets towards the sea. When half-way (opposite to the present church) Arawru was startled by the loud chirp of a cricket in the air, and said to his deceitful companion, "Ara! tera rava te Atua karanga!" = List to you warning voice! Twice did the unseen insect mysteriously address the infatuated Arawru, who kept on his way, and soon found himself encircled by armed men. That same day the unoffending victim was laid on the altar of Rongo. But Uanuku, the "wise man" (koromedua*) of his day and the author of a well-

... many owners of his tribe,

Apāpatai ua taparirí.	That but few now survive!
Pikao rauti ra I te taringa kotikoti O Maruata ia ōtōra!	(Chorus) Wrapped in green leaves, Slices of Maruata's ears Announce all new possessions.
Nā Rongo te take i tingeti Ua kakina ē!	Thy head, sacred to Rongo, Was hit and split in his name!
Ua kakinā Maruata nei. E kitia mai nga erepua tei iaau E Mai ē!	(Tojo) Yes, Maruata, thy head was hit and split; Though many were the promises To thee, O Mai!
Atuia mai taua ē! Pae atiuti Ngariki ē!	(Chorus) All, alas! soon broken by Deceitful, lying Ngariki.

* A second name for Maruata.

remembered dirge for Vera wept and protested against the prayers for peace being chanted over his relative. The body of Arawru was accordingly thrown down a neighbouring chasm.

A new and unobjectionable victim must be sought. Who so suitable as Maruata who had no family ties to the winning tribes? Despite all pledges of safety for himself and his children, he was in the dusk of evening enticed out of the cave Erue to a short distance and dispatched. The prayers were duly offered and all the other ceremonies performed. Then Kirikovi was installed paramount chief.

As there were several Maruatas, this one is known as "Maruata who fell at Ioapa"; the place where the victim was clubbed being so named.

The wife of Maruata, who at an earlier period so narrowly escaped being eaten by Ngako, not only witnessed the cruel sacrifice of her husband but also of some of her children in after years.

Toê was himself offered in sacrifice at the commencement of the next reign.

Arawru, Maruata, and Tôê all worshipped the lizard-god Teipe.

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* Hence the modern name for "missionary", Orometua; meaning literally "a wise man". "Orometua" is Tahitian for "Korometua".

A "crying" song for Maruata;

Pertaining to the "death-talk of Puăi": by Koroa, circa 1795.

Used only by the altar-tribe Teipe.

Tumu.

Tiō ra, tinaoia Maruiata ē! —
E kitea mai nga erepua tei iaau
E Mai ē!

Atuia mai taua ē!
Pae atiati Ngariki ē!

Introduction.

Solo: Sing we of Maruata slain for the altar,
Though many were the promises
To thee, O Mai!

Chorus: All, alas! soon broken by
Deceitful, lying Ngariki.

Papa

Akamoe ana ēra, e Mai ē!

Akamoe koe i te ivi-roa:
E tamaki kiato i Erue, ua tanimo ē!

Ua tanimo tai kopu.
Te raka nei tai aiai: ua ē ia Mai ē!

Maruata rā, tei o Toapa ē!

Foundation.

Solo: The clans were united, yet Mai[+] fell!

Chorus: Solemnly united to the ancient chiefs,
Yet brother sold brother to death at Erue.

Solo: They cruelly sold thee.
Thou was deceived to thy death, O Mai!

Chorus: Yes, the Maruata who fell at Toapa.

Unuunu Tai

Tinaoiā Maruata ra ē!

Tinaoiā Maruata nei:
Ua koā tei Ngariki.
Ua lapaia tai apaki,
Apāpatai ua taparirī.

Pikao rauti ra
I te taringa katikati
O Maruata ia ōtoia!

Nā Rongo te take i tingeti
Ua kakina ē!

Ua kakinā Maruata nei.
E kitia mai nga erepua tei iaau
E Mai ē!

Atuia mai taua ē!
Pae atiati Ngariki ē!

First Offshoot.

Solo: Alas for Maruata slain for the altar

Chorus: Maruata was slain for the altar, —
(Ngariki only smiled thereat)
Like so many others of his tribe,
That but few now survive!

Wrapped ~~up~~ in green ti leaves,
Slices of Maruata's ears
Announce all new possessions.

Thy head, sacred to Rongo,
Was hit and split in his name!

Solo: Yes, Maruata, thy head was hit and split;
Though many were the promises
To thee, O Mai!

Chorus: All, alas! soon broken by
Deceitful, lying Ngariki.

+ A second name for Maruata.

Umuunu Rua

Solo.

Na Paeru te ivi i akamoea'i!

Chorus.

Na Paeru te ivi i akamoe ái.
Ua ū taua i te mate o Uarau,
Atuia mai e ua tapariri.

Pikao rauti ra
I te taringa kotikoti
O Maruata ia ōtōia.

Na Rongo te take i tingeti
Ua kakina ē!

Ua kakinā Maruata nei.

Solo.

E kitea mai nga erepua tei iaau,
E Mai ē!

Chorus.

Atuia mai taua ē!
Pae atiati Ngariki ē!

Second offshoot.

Solo.

The chief Paeru made league with thee.

Chorus.

Paeru himself made league with thee.
We too faithfully followed their fortunes
Who betrayed thee to thy death.

Wrapped in green tī leaves,
Slices of Maruata's ears
Announce all new possessions.

Thy head, sacred to Rongo,
Was hit and split in his name.

Solo.

Yes, Maruata, thy head was hit & split,
Though many were the promises
To thee, O Mai!

Chorus.

All, alas! soon broken by
Deceitful, lying Ngariki.

Rimacas

The death of Ngutukū (circa 1810).

Arranged for the native Harmonicon.

Voices only; as many as 10.

Ngutukū te tuku, e te matakeinanga;	Ngutukū is doomed to perish, friends;—
O taua teve mangeo ua ra!	He who is as dangerous as the deadly "teve".
Gena te tamaki, e tiki ia Kū teiroto i te rua.	Let us attack the guardian of the cave.
Kua motu i te rauaika.	His hour has come.
Nana ïa ka ora.	He vainly dreams of safety.
E tiki e ta i te rua o Tongaiti.	Up, attack the stronghold of the Tongan clan.
Vaarire te ika i te kapua e tangi ra.	Vaarire is the (fish) offering for the altar, the price of peace.

Music & voices

Tēra! Ngutukū, Ngutukū, Ngutukū titiri!	Look yonder! Ngutukū, Ngutukū, Ngutukū has fallen.
Ngutukū oki ka apai na	Ngutukū is destined for the altar,
I te kapua ei ika na Rongo.	As a peace-offering to Rongo.
Anatia kia mou, kia ketaketa.	Secure the victim well to the litter.
Kotia Vaarire, kotia Vaarire, kotia Ngutukū	Vaarire is slain, Vaarire is slain, Ngutukū is slain!
Ngutukū, Ngutukū titiri!	Yes, Ngutukū, Ngutukū is hurled down.

Voices only

Kua maranga o Vaarire i te kapua!	Ah, Vaarire is borne to the altar!
E uru tupu ariki, e ika na Rongo!	Dance* in triumph before this offering to Rongo
E apai e takitaki aere.	Lift it on high; bear it carefully on.

Music and voices

Vaarire te ika i mua.	Bear in front the (fish) sacrifice Vaarire.
E Vaarire te ika i te kapua!	Vaarire is destined for the altar.
Tei runga au, na Gamarua,	We scaled the entrance to his cave at Gamarua
Na Piti, e Piti, Piti.	We now bear him along the road
I na Veitatei ra: tukuroi ra i Vaipia	Until reaching Veitatei we rest at the stream.
A na! Īā iā!! tataki na!	And now for the war dance. Up with him.
Kua nauā. Oie puruki Rongo,	We have succeeded. Such is the feat of Rongo!
Oie puruki Rongo.	So wills the god of war!

Romia mai, e te matakeinanga	Onwards, onwards, brave friends.
Kia takitaki tatou: tataki na uriuri	Toss him aloft. Dance the war dance.
Ka apai ei kapua koe.	Thou art on thy way to the altar!

2

Music and voices

Kua roiroi ka aere, a tau te vaapiro,	Once thou didst dispatch thy hurried meal;
Anatia te poru aō;	The well-secured basket of tackle
Akairi ra i te ua,	Slung to thy shoulder —
Kia aere atu i te taatuatini, i te taatuatini!	Thou madest thy way to the sea for sport.

E vaka no Ngutukū, e vaka taki koatu;	A canoe for Ngutukū. Put in some stones.
E vaka taki aere,	Launch thy frail bark.
Kua kakaro i te matangi.	Note well the wind.
Kua tu te rirei; kua tu te rirei!	The tokens are favourable; 'twill be fair.

Music and voices

E maro tikoru e! itikitiki rouru ē!
Itikitiki rouru ē!
Kotia ra e Kauare to metua, e Mua.
Kotia ra Ngutukū. Tena oa te tamaki!
Kotia ra Ngutuku! Tā ē!
I koia koe i te rakau.
A puta koe i te puruki a Rongo ē!
Oi tatamaki koe; oi tatamaki koe.

O Taura tei mua; Atiati te teina;
O Paraakere, o Veruara.
Ka apai na to metua i te kapua!

Thy girdle is secured: thy hair tied up,
Ready for the altar.
O Muare! thy father was slain by Kauare
Yes, Ngutukū was cut down by his hand.
Ngutukū fell! (War-dance)
The axe entered thy brain!
Such is the resistless will of the god Rongo;
For thou art of a restless and doomed race!

Thy daughter[3] Taura leads the way: Atiati follows.
Then comes (the youngest) Paraakere with her mother
Your father is being borne to the altar!

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1 Vaarire was the original name of Ngutukū. Wherever I have translated "offering", the original is "fish." It was usual to offer fish to all the other gods; but Rongo being the greatest of all, demanded "a fish" of a superior kind. He is invariably represented as feeding solely on slain human beings; when gorged with blood the refuse was thrown to his mother Papa. Miru feeds on the spirits of those who die a natural death.

2. Ngutukū was an expert fisherman; hence the reference to his daily avocations in this and the following stanza.

3 By a refinement of cruelty only possible to heathenism the bearers of the sacrifice address the weeping children in the words — "Your father is being borne to the altar" Muare ~~was~~ the only son of the victim did not follow the corpse, as he would have been put to death. He survived to Christian times and became a member of the church. Years before the first teachers landed, he induced Rening to compose this song in commemmoration of Ngutukū's tragical fate. Muare found a melancholy pleasure in chanting this song to its proper accompaniment of the Harmonicon: indeed he quite excelled at this outrageous performance. A few years ago he died the death of a Christian. His sister Paraakere died still more recently. ~~after giving to me a most pleasing testimony of her simple trust in the one Great Sacrifice for sin.~~

Makitaka's Lament on the loss of the temporal sovereignty, recited at a reed-throwing match. 111

Composed by Tuka, circa A.D. 1815

Taku pua i tanu reka ē! Ua tanu ake koe i Tamarua, E tupu te au ē!	Solo	Fair tree planted by my hand! Alas for the tree of peace which Once flourished at Tamarua!
Teipoi ārike riro akera Mangaia i te rave!	Solo	Alas that Mangaia should be snatched from my grasp.
Ia Makitaka te ua. A motu te toa ia Ngaki te miro.	Chorus	Makitaka once supreme chief; Now dispossessed by the fiat of Ngakiau.
Ia Ngaki te miro ia Teata: O te uri oki na Aemata: Tei nunga ē i te kapua. Kore rai ooku taeake! Kore kore rai e taeake tangi ē!	Solo	Ah! Ngaki* directed the sacrifice of Teata; Like all the descendants of Aemata, The victim was laid on the altar, Unpitied – unsaved! Alas, unpitied – unsaved!
E tini na Tane i ka riro Mangaia	Chorus	Mangaia is now transferred!
Ua riro rai Mangaia rai, e Teau. Ua ē ia Ngaki, O te ivi koia i akamoea'i ē!	Solo	Mangaia, friends, is lost. The chiefs dealt treacherously After plighting their solemn troth.
Unuunu Tai		**First Offshoot.**
Vaekura te pia i tara ē!	Solo	The priest of Tane planned it:—
Vāia te Amama, Amama o Makitaka. Vaekura te arataki. Arataki aere atu Eia te eia toa? Ei Mangaia, ei Ngariki; Ngariki o Makitaka. E oa i te upoko; E oa i to rae. Ia tangi a pu; Ia tangi kekina; Ia ara i te pa;	Chorus	Split up the priestly tribe of Makitaka. So willed Vaekura. Do thy worst! Why this bloodshed? To win Mangaia for a new dynasty. The fame of Makitaka is gone. Strike the head (of the altar-victim). Strike the temples. As if a conch-shell sounded Is the falling of the axe. The wounded are shrieking:

Ia ara i te mate.
A tara nei e Tane.
Karē kaiti kau rere!

Ua riro rai Mangaia rai, e Teau
Ua ē ia Maki,
O te ivi koia i akamoea'i ē!
Teipoi ārire riro akera Mangaia e i te rave

Ia makitaka te ua.
A motu te toa ia Ngaki te miro.

Ia Ngaki te miro ia Teata:
O te uri oki na Aemata:
Tei runga ē i te kapua.
Kore rai ooku taeakē!

Kore kore rai e taeake tangi ē!

E tini na Tane i ka riro Mangaia.

Unuunu Rua.

Tutukiria nga ivi ē!

Ka tu au ka aere,
Ka aere taua ē!
I runga i te tuaronga.
Taukarokaro i reira.
Tena te vai maka.
E vai koatu ē!
E vai rakau ē!
Ka ui te vai.
A pa te vai.
A pa te toa ia Tauokura.
Ia katamutamu ia kariarea.
Te vaa i koma'i.
Te vaa i tara'i.
Ka tara nei, e Tane.
Karē kaiti kau rere!

Chorus
Are awakened only to die!
Tane has gained the victory
Alas! Alas!! Alas!! Alas!!

Solo
Mangaia, friends, is lost.

Solo
The chiefs dealt treacherously,
After plighting their solemn troth.

Solo
Alas that Mangaia should be snatched from my grasp

Chorus
Makitaka once supreme chief;
Now dispossessed by the fiat of Ngakiau

Solo
Ah! Ngaki directed the sacrifice of Teata;
Like all the descendants of Aemata,
The victim was laid on the altar,
Unpitied — unsaved!

Alas, unpitied — unsaved!

Chorus
Mangaia is now transferred.

Second Offshoot.

Solo
Let brother slay brother.

Chorus
I will arise and fight.
Join our band.
Away to yon plain
To fight our foes.
Stones are flying about,
but of the slings of the brave.
Spears are uplifted.
The chiefs pause a moment
To examine the omens.
Death-blows are being dealt.
Fearful are the shouts of the victors.
Alas those lips that once spake!
Alas the mouth once shouted!
Tane has gained the victory.
Alas! Alas!! alas!! Alas!!

Ua riro rai Mangaia rai, e Peau.	Solo	Mangaia, friends, is lost.
Ua ē ia Maki,		The chiefs dealt treacherously,
O te ivi koia i akamoea'i ē!		After plighting their solemn troth
Teipoi ārire riro akera Mangaia e i te rave!	Solo / Chorus	Alas that Mangaia should be snatched from my grasp!
Ia Makitaka te ua.	Chorus	Makitaka once supreme chief;
A motu te toa ia Ngaki te miro.		Now dispossessed by the fiat of Ngakiau.
Ia Ngaki te miro ia Teata:	Solo	Ah! Ngaki directed the sacrifice of Teata;
O te uri oki na Aumata:		Like all the descendants of Aumata
Tei nunga ē i te kapua.		The victim was laid on the altar,
Kore rai ooku taeakē!	!	Unpitied — unsaved!
Kore kore rai e taeake tangi ē!		Alas, unpitied — unsaved!
E tini na Tane i ka riro Mangaia.	Chorus	Mangaia is now transferred.

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* Ngaki is a shortened form of Tane Ngakiau

End Rumacres

This dirge was performed by the mother's clan under the direction of Arokapiti. There happened to be thunder and lightning on the day Rureu died; which was of course regarded as a celestial compliment to the dying chief.

All the minor gods (i.e. reptiles and insects) have resolved to kill the illustrious Rureu. None of the major gods pitying him, his ghost sorrowfully enters the shades.

* As Rureu did not die a warrior's death, his spirit necessarily enters the domains of cruel Miru, the Pluto (despite her sex) of Mangaian mythology.

** "Tiairi" is the warrior's paradise, in which the clan of Gane is supposed to have a large share, most of them having died a violent death. The reference is introduced to distract attention from the dismal fate of all who fall into the clutches of Miru.

*** This is a sort of comedy. The performers now divide themselves into two bands, alternately addressing each other. At length two men, calling themselves mice, actually climb a pandanus trees well-laden with ripe fruit and squeak! Showers of nuts are scattered over the performers to their great amusement.

† The "eva" or "dirge properly so called" was always performed by day; usually in the early morning.

‡ The "rave", "papaka," and "tupa" are well-known varieties of the land-crab.

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Arokapiti's dirge-proper (eva) in honor of Ruru.

Circa A.D. 1816.

Eva toa or Crashing-dirge.

Ia Ruru te toko i te rā ōi!
Tira, e Ruru, to uira vananga ei unui i to manava!
O Ruru atia vaie —
Te kutu i te mangungu e karara i te rangi.
Tie-koko-koko!

Vāvaia, e Rongo, te rua i te matangi,
Ia katamutamu Avaiki.
Koia aea i te kopuvaru.
E maiti te pura o Tutavake e rere i te rangi.
I aa to taumaa, e te rangi maoaoa?
To punanga, e te veri tautua?
Ka pura te ē i Ikurangi.
Reia e te moko i Enua-kura.
Ka moe koe, e te karaunga, i tona are.
I akaaraia atu koe, e te tukununga.
E tu ra koe, e te veve:
To peau, e te manu ka rere.
I narea koe e te potipoti, —
I narea koe e te vāvā, —

Solo

Hail Ruru, predestined chief!

Chorus.

O Ruru, the flashing lightning came to fetch thy spirit!
Cut down with a stroke —
The crashing thunders of heaven salute thee.
(War-dance)

Great Rongo, cleave an aperture in the horizon
Through which may be heard the whispers of spirit-land.
Each (god) wields an octagonal club.
Sparks of fiery-war fly up to heaven.
Why this curse, ye angry skies?
Art thou offended, O Centipede, everywhere present?
The enraged Mantis flits over mount Ikurangi.
The irate Lizard has arrived from the shades.
Art thou, Earwig, in haste to occupy the dwelling (of the dead)
The ever-watchful Spider is already weaving its web;
And the drowsy Beetle is on the move.
Each insect is on the wing.
Horrid vermin are devouring thee.
The Cricket too is eating thee up,

Oai te tiaki i te are o Tongaiti?
O Teio, a tai. O Tevaki, a rua. Tirango, a toru.
O Paia, ka ā. Teuira, ka rima. O Rarea, ka ono.
E akaara i te moe o te korometua i Mangonui,—
E tu, e ara! E tu, e ara!
E ara na tokorua te papakura.
Ka eva Tane i Tiairi.
Te tu ra oa Ruaika i Tikura, ua mau te rakei.
Na Rerepuka i aae i te tua o Tukutukiu,
I rauka i tana taua.
Na makona o Tutavake e tu i te taua,
E akaara i te tiraa i te rau tamanu.
Tu iora ikona e Kotuku.
Aore e taea teia paepae,—
E paepae tua-manomano.
O tai i taeō, o Teiiri o Teraarama.
O tai i taeō, a tai paepae o Rongo.

E Ina ōi! E Ina ōi!
Ua akia oa to puta vai na, e Ina! E Ina!

Chorus

Who maintained the ancient fame of the Tongans?
Teio, Tevaki, and Tirango;
Paia, Teuira, and Rarea;—all six famous warriors.
They loved to waken the slumbers of the wise man at Mangonui,
(With the words) Get up! Get up!
Day would dawn upon these watchers.
Ah Tiairi* * is filled with the tribe of Tane!
Brave Ruaika gaily equipped was speared.
Rerepuka attacked his foes from behind,
And gained a decisive victory.
Successful fishermen of the war-god
Avenged him who sleeps under the "tamanu" tree,
The fearless Kotuku.
This place is henceforth sacred.
None dare approach.
Only the fairies may come, Teiiri and Teraarama.
Rongo himself has been here!

* * *

Solo

Hail Ina! Fair Ina!
Thy fruits are stolen. Alas Ina, the moon-goddess.

a mau! Tira rava te masaoa.		Catch the thieves. The sky is threatening.
E kake ra koe, e te unga.	One half	O robber-crab climb and catch them!
Auā au e kake; na te irave e kake.	Other half.	I will not climb; let the "Irave" catch them.
E kake ra koe, e te "Irave".	One half	O "Irave" climb and catch them!
Auā au e kake; na te "Papaka" e kake.	Other half	I will not climb; let the "Papaka" catch them.
E kake ra koe, e te papaka.	One half	O "Papaka" climb and catch them!
Auā au e kake; na te tupa e kake.	Other half	I will not climb; let the "Tupa" catch them.
E kake ra koe, e te tupa.	One half	O "Tupa" climb and catch them!
Auā au e kake; na te karaii e kake.	Other half	I will not climb; let the tiny crab catch them.
E kake ra koe, e te karaii.	One half	O tiny crab climb and catch them!
Auā au e kake; na te kiore e kake.	Other half	I will not climb; let the mouse catch them.
Noai teia ngai?	Two	Who is up there?
Ake! Ake! Keka! Keka!! Tutute! Tutute!!	Chorus.	What noises are these of nibbling and crunching;
Ngengene! Ngengene!! Kaika! Kaika!!		Squeaking and fighting?
Akaruke i te katu!		The hard shells are falling.
Pururu te katu a te kiore, te katu a te kiore.		They are scattered in all directions by the mice.
Tai naku, e Kio! Tai naku, e Kio!		O mouse, give me some! Pray give me some!
Tira ake ra te kurisi!		Hark to the song of the birds!
Tikaroa te iroiro.		Our amusement is concluded.

Chorus

E atare kai roro i te kikau.
Taumaa to pauru, e te ro;
To komata toto, e te namunamuā,
Na Tiereua koe e anau.
E manu tu ē mai koe, e te keretiki;
Tokoa e te iva i vaenga moana.
I turuanuku koe e Tutavake.
I turua mataotaoa te apai o te rangi.
Eia e manu e pungavererere.
Eieinuku na manu o te rangi.
Pirake e piri te pāpāo!

Chorus

Na tamaroa e tu i te tana,
Anaua te tamaroa e Tutavake ō!
O Miru te metua!
E enua akarere Mangaia.
Puputa motu no Tirango.
E pa te rongo i Avarua.
Taevaia e Tane te manavaroa o te Keanui.
Oaia te ara puku i tu i Maungarua.
A puta koe i te rangi, e Rongo!

(In league with) the despoiler of the cocoa-nut palm—
A curse upon thy head, O Ant!
And on thee too, Mosquito, ever-thirsting for blood:—
All children of the god Tiereua.
Ha! there is a Grasshopper in the cruel throng,
Followed by a Dragon-fly from mid-ocean.
Oh that war-loving Tutavake would pity thee!
Oh that the fierce demon of the sky would save thee!
Thou art doomed like a fly in a spider's web;
Snared by the relentless fairies of the air;
Helpless as a fish in the meshes of a net.

Alas brave sons destined for fight,
Begotten of war-loving Tutavake,
Dread Miru* awaits you.
Mangaia will soon fade from your sight
Even great Tirango was slain,
He whose fame reached other lands.
The clan of Tane was cut up by the shark-worshippers,
Who love to worship on steep Maungarua,
Favoured children of the god Rongo.

3 The vast concave above was symbolized by a calabash, in the lower part of which a series of small apertures was made to correspond with the various wind-holes at the edge of the horizon. Each hole was stopped up with cloth. Should the wind be unfavourable for a grand fishing expedition, the chief priest began his incantation by withdrawing the plug from the aperture through which the unpropitious wind was supposed to blow. Rebuking this wind he stopped up the hole, and advanced through all the intermediate apertures, moving plug by plug, until the desired wind-hole was reached. This was left open as a gentle hint to the children of Raka that the priest wished the wind to blow steadily from that quarter.

The operator having a good knowledge of the ordinary course of the winds and the various indications of change, the peril of the experiment was not great.

Mosquitoes.

These most annoying insects ~~been~~ are said to have unknown in Mangaia until a woman named Vēvē landed here with her children from Aitutaki. In those days ear-ornaments of a prodigious size were worn by men and women. To admit these clumsy adornments, the ears were slit in childhood and extended by constant pressure, until at last a small cocoa-nut × (vāō) could be inserted! Fragrant leaves and even flowers were put inside and the opening carefully plugged up.

Now Vēvē on leaving her native island filled up the hollow of her enormous ear-ornaments with mosquitoes, so as to have the pleasure of hearing their continual hum! But shortly after landing on the eastern part of the island, she went to a pleasant, retired little stream to enjoy the luxury of a bathe, and left her singular ear-ornaments on the grassy bank. That same night she went torch-fishing on the reef and there recollected her missing ear-plugs. Upon returning home, she found two of her children stung to death by the mosquitoes, which had by their loud humming contrived to burst their prison-house! Her other two children had escaped with their lives by entirely immersing their bodies in the neighbouring stream, their mouth and nostrils only being above water.

Vēvē set fire to her dwelling, hoping to exterminate the noxious insects she had thoughtlessly introduced to her future home. The majority indeed perished; but a few escaped to the neighbouring rocks. From that remnant the present disagreeable race of mosquitoes are descended. To this old belief Pemio refers in his fete song,—

Kua topa te poe i te taringa:	Thy ear-ornaments were lost;
Kua vare paa i Vaikaute.	When bathing at Vaikaute.
Na tangi namu i vāvai.	The loud humming burst them open.
Kua kai te namu ka pou paua!	Alas! they stung both children to death.

It is the custom of the natives to keep burning outside each house a log of dry iron-wood, which if left alone will like touchwood smoulder on until the whole is consumed. Of course the smoke speedily penetrates the reed sides of a native hut and drives away the mosquitoes. But as

× This is literal truth

the smoke does not invariably suffice to expel these irritating foes, it is the ~~invariable~~ custom to sleep with the head and face well wrapped up.

In the hot damp season if a native cannot sleep on account of masquitoes, he lights a torch and waits until all his pertinacious little foes are delighted(ly) buzzing round it. He then slowly carries the light outside, of course conducting the insect-army with it. Suddenly quenching the torch, he now rushes back inside the house and closes the sliding door.

Polynesian Plurals.

Nearly all the plurals in use here have a definite signification as nouns. 1. A common plural is "are" which literally means "a house": in its plural use it may be rendered "a-house-full-of" i.e. "many." Thus,

"e are atua" = "a number-of gods"; literally "a-house-full-of-gods"

"e are apinga" = "a number-of valuable things"; literally "a-house-full-of-valuable-things".

2. A second plural is "vaka" = "canoe": or as it may be rendered "a-canoe-full-of". Thus,

"e vaka angela" = "a host of angels"; lit. "a-canoe-full-of angels"

"e vaka puruki" = "a host of warriors" .. "a canoe-full-of-warriors"

3 Another frequently used plural is "pa" = "enclosure: door". Thus,

"e pa puaka" = "a pig enclosure"

"e pa maunga" = "a range of mountains," as enclosing a valley

"e pa enua" = "a group of islands", as if a portion of the ocean were thereby marked off or enclosed

4 A commonly used plural is "ata" = "shelf to place all sorts of food on". Thus

"e ata pa" = "a number of doors"

"e ata kete" = "a number of food-baskets"

5. A still more interesting plural is "rau" = "leaf". Thus we may speak of "te rau tangata o te Atua" i.e. "a people numerous, as the leaves of a tree, worshipping such and such a god". The figure is of a vast tree, the growth of ages. The huge trunk represents the god; the branches the lesser divinities; the leaves the worshippers, — ever dropping off by death and ever being renewed by fresh births. This is constantly applied to the servants of the true God; Jehovah being the trunk and branches, believers the leaves.

6 The last instance of plurals is "maru" = "shadow" or "shade". Thus we daily speak of "te maru tangata o te Atua" i.e. "the people who sit under the shadow of God". The old idea was still of an ancient tree overshadowing the marae filled with worshippers. The noblest trees affording the best shade were planted in their idol groves; not a twig of which might be plucked. As applied to Christian worshippers gathering Sabbath after Sabbath in the house of God to take refreshment under the shadow of the Almighty (Psalm 90:1), the figure is extremely beautiful.

In the Tahitian dialect the "r" is dropped, "maru"[x] becoming "mau," the ordinary plural of that group. Doubtless our common plural "au" is the same as the "mau" of the Eastern Islands.

The full form "maru" is the dignified form to be used whenever the gods and chiefs are spoken of.

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x The Aitutakians speak of "te taru ariki" = "the chiefs" or kings. Mangaians speak of —— – – – —— : "te tau ariki". "Taru" here is a verb "to heap up," or to "cover over with new soil." It is easy to trace the connecting link of thought: i.e. the entire assembly of chiefs.

It is scarcely fair to regard "anau" = "family" as a plural. Thus the natives speak of

"te anau ika" = "the whole family of fish"

"te anau kai" = "the whole family of plants"

A very polite mode of address in the Mangaian dialect is the use of the third person singular, dual, and plural, where in other languages the second person would be appropriate; — reminding one of the use of the German Sie.

Polynesian Numeration.

The mode of counting in use amongst the Papuan population of the Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and the New Hebrides is worthy of notice. They enumerate by fingers up to five, which makes "one hand," ten is "two hands", twenty is "an entire man", i.e. ten fingers and ten toes. A hundred is "five men," and so on.

This plan is ingenious, but clumsy; being applicable only to small numbers. Missionaries labouring in those islands have wisely discarded it. I was much surprised when first I heard the school children at Aneiteum, Mare, and Lifu, repeating the English multiplication table with great facility and correctness; and on the Sabbath to hear the chapter and hymns announced in English figures — the natives readily turning to the right chapter or hymn in their own books. This innovation, however, has brought down upon the Missionaries the ire of the French.

Throughout the Eastern Islands there has been no need for changing the original system of numeration. In the Hervey Group we have two distinct bases — four and ten. The former base is used in counting cocoa-nuts, which were from time immemorial tied up in fours (kaviri):

5 bunches (kaviri) of cocoa-nuts	make one "takau"	i.e. 20
10 takau (=20)	" " " " " "rau"	i.e. 200
10 rau (=200)	" " " " " "mano"	i.e. 2,000
10 mano (= 2,000)	" " " " " "kiu"	i.e. 20,000
10 kiu (= 20,000)	" " " " " "tini"	i.e. 200,000

All beyond this is uncertain: to express more the natives simply heap up the highest figures, without any attempt at a definite signification; thus "mano, mano; tini, tini", literally "2,000 on 2,000; 200,000 on 200,000"; much as we say "myriads on myriads," or "millions on millions", i.e. innumerable.

In measures of length they were from time out of mind accustomed to the fathom (the outstretched arms of a tall man), half-fathom, span, and finger's length.

Ten fathoms (paru) make one "kumi". In this way 100

would be called 10 "kume"; 200 would be 20 "kume", and so on.

Through these Eastern dialects there is a very close resemblance of the primary numerals. In the expression for five i.e. "e rima" or "a hand", we may trace a point of resemblance between the Papuan and Malay systems of numerations. Throughout the Ellice's Group ten is expressed by "katoa" = all (i.e. the fingers).

The "rau"* is a favourite number, continually occurring in their stories of the past. In a decisive battle fought circa 83 years ago, Potai boasted a "rau" = 200 warriors; whilst the winner Potiki had only 120 (6 takau).

"Eternity" is often expressed by the phrase "e rau te tuatau" i.e. "200 ages." This is less poetical than the common "e ~~tuatau~~ rimua ua atu" = "until covered with the moss of unknown ages": as of a lofty cocoa-nut or other tree entirely moss-grown.

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* "Rau" also means "leaf" or "pandanus thatch". A native house requires about 200 reeds of thatch to complete one side: "rau", ~~may~~ therefore, may mean indifferently a leaf, 200, or a "tua-rau" i.e. thatched side of a dwelling.